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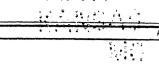
AN INTRODUCTION TO AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BOOKS BY E FTUART BATES

Touring IN 1600

Modern Translation

Inside Out: An Introduction
to Autobiography



INSIDE OUT

AN INTRODUCTION TO

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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BY E. STUART BATES

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SHERIDAN HOUSE · NEW YORK

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION Published 1937

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To
BRIAN & DARRELL

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PART I

Christian: 'Is there in this place any relief for Pilgrims that are weary and faint by the way?'

The Shepherd of the Delectable Mountains: 'The Lord of these Mountains hath given us a charge not to be forgetful to entertain strangers; therefore the good of this place is before you.'

TOHN BUNYAN.

'La plume se met à la disposition de tous pour devenir l'interprête du cœur, la récréation de l'esprit, la consolatrice de l'absence, la gardienne du souvenir. Et cette communication des âmes vous est transmise, franchissant l'espace, par une feuille légère.'

LÉONTINE DE VILLENEUVE.

'It is not a bad idea, if you wish to learn about life,' went on M. de Charlus, 'to include among your friends an occasional foreigner.'

MARCEL PROUST.

CHAPTER I

VARIETIES OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND OF AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MATERIAL

'Man is not born with a soul; he dies with one which he has manufactured. And the purpose of life is that he should manufacture a soul, and that soul immortal; and his very own work. For, in the hour of death, a man leaves a skeleton to the earth and a soul—a product—to history . . . the life of the soul—spiritual life—is a struggle against eternal oblivion.'

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO, L'agonía de Cristianismo.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY is a big subject. So big that to reprint, to edit, to analyse, to index, the subject-matter would be a life-work for a syndicate and staff; and the resultant cyclopaedia would be out of date when published, by reason of the number of fresh accessions since completion.

Selection, then, is the first principle in writing a book about the subject, and one volume can be no more than an introduction to some of its aspects. My book aims mainly at introducing writers whom I like to readers who would wish to know them; writers and readers, namely, who set least store by humanity's less significant interests, who think of civilization as consisting in doing more than one is obliged to do, and who look primarily for those more intimate qualities of personality, in the presence of which we feel that life becomes worth while, and, failing which, we-that is, my friends and I-feel that it is not worth while; qualities best summarized in Shakespeare's phrase about 'spirits finely touched to fine issues.' But, whereas these qualities spring from the rankness of living matter, as an iris from mud, that rankness cannot be ruled out, even from the limits of a single volume; since it comes to be no more unsuitable for consideration than lacking in interest; and greatness, in particular, does not exist without it.

One must take into account, too, the biological point of view, from which every variant of human life has an equal claim on attention; and, for that reason, many autobiographies may be utilized which do not come under the first heading, but which do stand out as typical of one way or another in which human beings live. Some such, in any case, must be included for purposes of comparison, to throw into relief those intrinsically more valuable: and one or two others which, as books, are dull, in order to exemplify how it becomes impossible for an autobiography to be dull, that its very dullness as a book gives it an interest as an autobiography. The nearest approach to dullness is brought about by volubility.

Next, to define autobiography. From a librarian's point of view, an autobiography is a book which believes itself to be one. Essentially, however, no species of literature will bear being defined; and this as little as any. To say that an autobiography is a narrative of the past of a person by the person concerned is quite satisfactory as a definition, provided one has no need

to apply it; but only so.

To begin with, the idea that it must be written by the person concerned must be abandoned at the outset. Many are the work of editors and amanuenses working uncontrolled, even in a language unknown to the original person, or on behalf of illiterates, while others consist of posthumous patchwork by loyal friends. It need not take narrative form; and de Maupassant in 'La Horla' wrote an account, not of his past, but of his future. Moreover, anyone's life is infinitesimal in comparison with the influences, inheritances, circumstances, and personalities that surround and delimit and inspire and compel: wherefore on any page of an autobiography one may find oneself confronted with the query—is this page part of an autobiography or not? Autobiography, in fact, is not so much a species of literature as an idea. It can, however, be said that autobiography is distinguished from diaries, on the one hand, by being written subsequently, instead of at the time; as from memoirs, on the other, by being concerned primarily with the writer, whereas in memoirs other people and other subjects are introduced for their own sake. Nevertheless, there do exist autobiographies which are in diary

form, while others take on memoir form as a result of the writer's kinship with, or interdependence on, the rest of humanity.

manity.

And then again, when we consider what may be included, and also what proportion of a life is requisite, i.e. how much we may accept and what is the least we may put up with; and thirdly, what constitutes authenticity?—we shall straightway be submerged in a series of problems which are essential and attractive, but which will put an end to the inquiry ever proceeding unless we adopt some rough-and-ready solution, or reconcile ourselves to continuing temporarily in a state of suspense on such points. Let us continue in that state of suspense for the present; and consider the above-mentioned problems.

What may be included?

What may be included?

First, must not more latitude be allowed to an autobiographer than to a biographer? The latter must be expected to do his best to put us in possession of all that made up the life of his victim; but the former may permit himself to deal with whatever he considers essential. While he will be found omitting, as a rule, whatever he may feel ashamed of, he will often be enlarging on special aspects of his life, such as the influences that moulded him, or the growth of his mind, or the services that he rendered to what he most cared about; or self-apotheosis; a vindication for this world; credentials for the next; and so on: in fact, he may ramble off into anything, from Human Geography to recrimination, turn his book into a Litany, a Te Deum, or a Nunc dimittis, or a collection of marketable anecdotes, or a laundry for the dirty linen of his dirty soul. He may begin where he likes and end where he likes; or must. He will be found turning up in the most unlikely places; in isolated essays, in prefaces, in insertions in books written by others, in cyclopaedia articles; even in notes to pianola-rolls. And the nominal subject of his book need not even be himself: certain occupations will predispose a writer on them towards implicit autobiography; the intensity of the observation of the finest naturalists, such as Fabre, and especially bird-lovers like Audubon or Delamain, reveals their own lives when they are

only conscious of revealing the lives of others. Five examples will make all this clearer.

In the case of so egotistic a person as Hazlitt, whose essays are at their best when he is speaking most directly of himself, a volume of *Selected Essays* becomes autobiographical.

Secondly, there was a Portuguese painter, Francisco de Hollanda, who went to Rome, and there, in 1539, listened and talked to Michel Angelo and Vittoria Colonna, and their friends. He was twenty-two; these few months remained the most memorable period of his life, and the only one he was moved to record.

A third is Mary Cholmondeley. In her family record thirty-eight pages are given to the father, fourteen to the mother, sixteen to the nurse, ninety-five to the sister who died young and to whom, and to whose mass of writings, the book is a memorial; and that is all. It is a study of a way of living and an environment; but that way of living and that environment are the author's; and thereby the book becomes autobiography.

A fourth is an Italian girl, Lidia Morelli, whose mother

A fourth is an Italian girl, Lidia Morelli, whose mother monopolized the house-keeping to such an extent that when she died the daughter had a very high standard to live up to and no knowledge of how to do it. The thoroughness with which she set to work ended in her producing a book on the subject which is a model of its kind, and one which, however and whenever superseded technically, will retain the values given it by the personal qualities and experiences contained therein.

The fifth is Charles M. Doughty, whose Travels in Arabia Deserta is the only record of himself by one of the most remarkable men of our time. It covers two years only, but is the outcome of many more, and, as he says, 'the haps that befell me are narrated in these volumes: wherein I have set down, that which I saw with my eyes, and heard with my ears and thought in my heart: neither more nor less.' Here, then, we must note that books of travel divide themselves into two groups: those that are concerned with latitudes, attitudes, and platitudes in the ordinary way; and these others that concern us. None, in fact, of these five books, nor of hundreds similar, can be excluded from autobiographical material except by an abuse of classifica-

tion. What they have in common is that each deals with what is of fundamental significance as regards a self-revealed personality, after thorough reconsideration. It is that factor of reconsideration that is the distinctive characteristic of autobiography. This is apparent in the fact that the best specimens are generally the shorter ones, written late in life; that is, those to which reconsideration of the life in question has been most thoroughly applied. People become ripe for the purpose of recording their past in so far as what has been sub-conscious has penetrated into consciousness. But I have not used this test in this volume because the need is rather to concern myself with attempts quite as much as with successes; with the range and diversity of the material, indeed, rather than with the finished product.

Completeness in point of duration, then, is not to be demanded. Yet, even when attempted, there are necessary limitations.

What proportion of a life is requisite?
To begin with, the first nine months of a life—those before birth—during which the greatest changes occur and the most decisive factors are established, leave no trace of articulate recollection. And few people have any connected, or many defi-nite, impressions dating before the fifth year; and the period when more or less continuous remembrance begins is infinitely variable.

Autobiography, at any rate, normally begins years later than biography: and, of course, ends earlier, too. But, in practice, there are more exceptions to the latter than one might think. An extreme case is that of Johann Dietz, who ends with the words: 'And in the year 1738 I died, my age being seventy-two years and two months': and there is reason enough for accepting this, since, having had a life-long experience as barber-surgeon, and having gone to the wars as well, Dietz must have had intimate acquaintance with the signs of approaching death. In the previous century there was Uriel da Costa continuing his up to the date of his suicide; and, in our own time, Chief-Justice Alpers of New Zealand has written his Cheerful Yesterdays while dying of cancer, to contribute as far as might be to his

wife's and children's maintenance. There is likewise *The Story of my Death* by Lauro de Bosis, the Italian aviator, who left it behind him when he set out on his last flight, dropping revolutionary pamphlets over Rome, and so out to sea; and was never heard of again.

If one looks to record-breaking in point of duration, there is the case of the Turk, in England in 1931, and claiming to be 157 years old; but beyond a few facts such as that he first met the English when he fought against them under Napoleon 132 years earlier, and that he lost his last tooth during the Franco-German war, he has told us very little about himself. And besides, there is the Chinese who was said (cf. The Times, 8 May 1930) to be going about lecturing on Personal Recollections of the last Two Centuries, being 250 years of age. The longest record in book form seems to be that of an American Indian, Chief White Horse Eagle (107 years). Those covering eighty years are too numerous to mention.

As to a minimum in quantity, we find Nobel limiting himself to saying: 'Alfred Nobel—his miserable existence should have been terminated at birth by a humane doctor as he drew his first howling breath. Principal virtues: keeping his nails clean and never being a burden to anyone. Principal faults: that he has no family, is bad-tempered and has a poor digestion. One and only wish: not to be buried alive. Greatest sin: that he does not worship Mammon. Important events in his life: none.' Another kind of minimum is that of R. Henebry, in his Handbook of Irish Music, wherein of the structure of autobiography there is nothing, of its substance very little, but of the spirit a great deal: namely, all the trained and indefatigable devotion of a lifetime coming now and then to the surface incidentally in some personal way.

Most of all to the point is this, that many find that a clear break with the past has occurred at some point in their lives, which up to such points form periods that can be written of as completed wholes, and often that to write of them as such relieves the mind and helps towards living through the succeeding period.

AUTHENTICITY

What constitutes authenticity, i.e., what we may accept and what we must reject, is the most difficult problem of all. We must reconcile ourselves to being deceived at times; like the miner who knew one J. P. Beckworth and thought he was listening to Beckworth's autobiography being read out—tall stories of Red Indian and frontier life, with the author in the limelight—in a mining-camp, when the reader had really got hold of the Bible by mistake and had started on the story of Samson and the foxes. 'That'll do,' he called; 'I'd know that story for one of Jim's anywhere.'

In the first place, we are dealing with cases where the medium used is words. Not, of course, that musical and pictorial material are not entitled to much space. Smetana's two quartets, Aus meinem Leben, is the most definite example, but much other music might be analysed and found to the point. The mere recollection of Johann Strauss's music compared with Vincent d'Indy's is enough to prove it: the absence of it in the one compared with the presence of it in the other. One French writer, André Pézard, is to be found introducing musical notation into his text when that seems to him to elucidate his meaning better than phrases. Among painters Goya may be instanced, whose every picture tells his story. And the collective autobiography of races to be found in architecture must not be ignored.

But, for the present, we must confine ourselves to words. These form a medium both elusive and inadequate in all cases, and one of which few are masters; given to run away with those to whom its use is most familiar and leaving in the lurch those unfamiliar with it; and often, in either case, the process is unconscious. People speak of those matters to which their vocabulary is adapted, and leave the rest. And even before the autobiographer comes to put his matter into words, there has already been the trouble that all our means of self-expression are so abundant and so defective that everybody is for ever expressing himself or herself and simultaneously giving different impressions from those they think they are giving. When words define, they tend to overdefine; when they state, to overstate; when

they suggest, to transpose. And all this is intensified when the writer is speaking of himself at an age earlier than that at which he is writing, and, simultaneously, subjecting his personality to much the same kind of petrification as that to which his face is subjected when he sits to the photographer.

The problem is epitomized when conversations of bygone days are recorded verbatim. Yet it so happens that as regards this particular aspect, and, indeed, for the whole problem generally, the material for setting one's mind at rest is available, thanks to one particular research-worker, J. N. Cru, who, in his Témoins, analyses one class of autobiographical matter with such extraordinary thoroughness and perspicacity that his criticism disposes of the essentials of the whole subject, and, indeed, has a bearing on all literature.

The class of books he selects is the war literature of France. When the author went to fight against Germany in 1914, he found that war was very different from what he had been led to believe, and that the other soldiers thought so too. His ideas and theirs, he observed, had been influenced by theorists, of whom only those were popular who gave wrong impressions. He set to work at once, collecting what really did constitute evidence, and so continued till 1927, the last four years being spent on the compilation of the book itself, and to complete it within that space the author had to abandon newspaper-reading. Yet he analyses 250 books only. These are limited to books originally published in French, concerned with war on land, and written by men who took part in the fighting and confine themselves to their personal impressions. It excludes manuscripts and borrowed books, because it was necessary for the author's purpose to have his material always at hand for comparisons; it excludes maritime war, because the author had no experience of that; and all staff-officers' accounts, because they had no experience of fighting. Readability counts for nothing; value as evidence is everything; the cross-indexing is a marvel of diligence; in fact, as critical bibliography it must be examined to be believed. Yet the author is never over-weighted by his own methodicalness.

In order to link it up with our subject, one has only to

substitute the word 'life' for 'war'; he speaks of what can and cannot be done by the written word as a means towards preserving personal experience. In both we have to contend with an immense body of codified and authoritative opinion, all misleading but accepted, to which the inhabitants of a given region conform unconsciously. But whereas, according to Cru, what is truth and error about war can be ascertained by systematic analysis of written experience, tested by one's own personal knowledge, life in general is more complex than his subject. Most of his matter refers to experiences over a period of four years only and to writers of approximately the same age: autobiography to all ages, all periods, all civilizations; and, whether autobiographers exemplify, or transcend, the public conicion of their even environment both classes are not at least opinion of their own environment, both classes are none the less autobiographical. The former are valuable historically, the latter spiritually; but both may be equally authentic. Cru's method, then, cannot be applied by us, as he applies it, in its entirety; but his conclusions can. Where, for instance, he helps to separate the sheep from the goats is in his insistence on literariness as the chief source of falsification where falsification exists; and, to return to where we started from, the reporting of conversations, his evidence is just the contrary of what one might expect. The writer whom Cru finds, after tests more searching than have ever been applied hitherto to books, to be the most reliable of his witnesses, Maurice Genevoix, is the one who carries verbatim records farther than any of the others. He finds it proved that Genevoix had an exceptional capacity for recollecting spoken words and that the vividness in which, with these conversations to reinforce it, he excels others is just another aspect of his faithfulness to fact.

It happens that this case also throws light on the other main problem as regards authenticity; namely, the relation between autobiography and fiction. Critics who had not been combatants have been inclined to regard Genevoix's work as in some degree fictitious; had they taken part in the fighting, Cru says, they would have appreciated his accuracy. There is, in fact, no dividing line between autobiography and fiction. Some writers find the direct form more congenial; others the

indirect form. All autobiography contains a percentage of fiction; and the fiction best worth attention tends to be autobiographical. A case in point is *The Reds of the Midi* by Félix Gras, the first volume of a trilogy of tales about the French Revolution, as compared with the two subsequent volumes, into which latter no personal experiences enter.

All these subjects are dealt with in very summary fashion here, inasmuch as light will be thrown on them incidentally by practical examples in subsequent chapters. No more need be said now than that, the better one becomes acquainted with the material, the more one finds rules and solutions disappearing, and insolubility remaining. By way of illustration and further information, both as to authenticity and to the relations between fiction and autobiography, here are some illuminating sentences fiction and autobiography, here are some illuminating sentences from different sources:

'It was always my habit, when I had some trifling adventure to report, to garnish it up with so much detail and circumstance that nobody who had witnessed my small affair could have recognized it as the same. . . . The truth is that everything that happened to me really loomed great and splendid in my eyes, and I could not, except by conscious effort, reduce my visions to their actual shapes and colours. If I saw a pair of geese leading about a lazy goose-girl, they went through all sorts of antics before my eyes that fat geese are not known to indulge in. If I met poor Blind Munye with a frown on his face, I thought that a cloud of wrath overspread his countenance; and I ran home to relate, panting, how narrowly I had escaped his fury. I will not pretend that I was absolutely unconscious of my exaggerations; but if you insist, I will say that things as I reported them might have been so, and would have been much more interesting had they been so.'

"... no pretension to veracity except in what concerns my sentiments: with regard to facts I have always had a bad memory."

'I do not pretend to paint a picture of things themselves, but only of their effect on me.'

'I am lost if I try to be chronological.'

It is not probability that I am after but the truth: and is it not just when it is least probable that it best deserves to be told?'

'All my life I have seen my idea and not the reality (like a nervous horse).'

'This is one of the faults of my mind: I ruminate incessantly on what interests me; by dint of looking at it from different mental positions, I end by seeing something new in it, and I change its aspect.'

'I cannot reveal my inner self. It escapes from me, seeming to metamorphose itself hour by hour. It would be difficult for me to make any statement about it which would not ring untrue immediately after being made.'

'The cold water that I felt in the mood for ran from the tap not so much like falling water as like a solid aching iron bar, and the strength of its smooth straightness was painful to the fingers and seemed to bruise their very bones. Then I arranged my shoes in a line and tidied the few things in the drawer, feeling my overcoat, meanwhile, to make sure it was not still damp. . . . Yes, it was the early afternoon, the very start of another desert of time. I went all through the chest of drawers again, counting the collars and hand-kerchiefs, and, even, to spend the moments, inventing a subtle game with my two ties, numbering first one and then the other as first or last in the count.'

'My brain twitched like a polypus that has been thrown into vinegar.'

Now, what can be done with a team like that? Why, face the facts;—like Pontius Pilate.

So-called historical fact, warp and woof as it is to the more ordinary type of records, is always disputable and open to manipulation. In so far as the autobiographer gets value out of opportunities, it recedes farther and farther into the background, and its place is taken by the emergence of such qualities as being true to type, sanity, and, above all, sincerity—qualities that take upon themselves different forms in every book, and the extent of whose presence in any given book will be differently estimated by every reader. And even so, how, to take but one instance, can the autobiography of the insane (not uncommon specimens) be both true to type and sane? Well, if I have tied myself up in a knot by entering into the metaphysics of the subject, it is but the common lot of all metaphysicians.

Here arises another problem: to be metaphysical, or not? The subject demands it: readers mostly do not. The more one realizes the possibilities of the subject, the more one looks to

the activities of mind and spirit alone to fulfil them; but, whether from want of preparation or from lack of faculty, the majority of readers are not ready to admit all that that implies. What, then, will be super-fact to a few will seem unreality, or hair-splitting, or overwroughtness, to more. Here is a case for compromise.

The two writers who, to my knowledge, carry the subject farthest are Marcel Proust and Dorothy M. Richardson, the former explicitly, the latter implicitly: both in the form of fiction, and both at great length. And re-reading is essential in both cases. No summary of mine could both duly and briefly expound their methods, or their merits, their subtlety, clarity, receptiveness, in extracting from the mass of human consciousness what is individual to themselves and common to us all, the ways of living of those who, like Proust's Swann, die before that truth which is meant for them has been revealed to them. To those two, then, can those likeminded be referred, and all of us pursue what remains.

A rough-and-ready test can be suggested: side by side with any autobiography read Albert Schweitzer's Memories of Child-hood, and the qualities and defects of the other will straightway stand out in relief. And to formulate some working definition, the following may serve: that autobiography is a by-product of an entity which has suffered the worst of all misfortunes—it has been born, a calamity for which there are but two remedies, living and dying; and up to the time of writing, it has preferred the difficult, but interesting, one of living to the easy, but unattractive, one of dying. The entity is a species of animal, moreover, which has acquired and used the faculty of recording its impression about its past life, or what it believes to be such, or wishes others of its species so to believe.

HISTORY

In default of other evidence, doubtless, autobiography may be said to begin with Lucian's Vision.

It begins by telling how, when his school-days were over, a family council was called to decide what career he was to take up. The life of culture was represented as expensive and needing

a private income, whereas the family resources were restricted; and handicraft would provide a speedy, if modest, income permanently. One of the boy's uncles was a statuary; and the verdict was to apprentice the boy to him. This was done. The apprenticeship lasted one day. He began very cheerfully and willingly; thinking it very amusing that his companions should see him chiselling gods for himself and his favourites. But the damage he did the first day caused his uncle to beat him so hard that he ran home saying his uncle was jealous lest he should prove the better sculptor of the two.

That night came the Vision, of which you can believe as much as pleases you. How, that is two famile forume appeared

That night came the Vision, of which you can believe as much as pleases you. How, that is, two female figures appeared to him, one representing Statuary, the other Culture; how they stated their cases for the respective careers to him; how the latter won, hands down; and Lucian 'never looked back.'

The Vision has this to be said for it, that the contrasted methods of autobiography could not receive better exemplification; and here are both in ten minutes' reading.

Its subsequent history must be regarded mainly as that of an epidemic. Apart from isolated cases elsewhere, it occurs chiefly in Western Europe and its sphere of influence—like syphilis. Its germs, a synthetic reaction of self-consciousness, egotism, and what not—mathematical formula, I^N+x—incubated by the Renascence, cultivated by Descartes and Montesquieu, who, while no autobiographers themselves, were nevertheless the cause of autobiography in others—its germs, I say, could not attain their full power of infectiousness and virulence previous to the advent of compulsory reading and writing. But now there is no knowing where it is going to stop. However, in the fourthere is no specific reference to autobiography, nor any mention of it in the index.

SCOPE

O Considering the amount of material available, it is clearly inadvisable to duplicate references to that which other writers on the subject have used. Such books are Misch's Geschichte der Autobiographie (1907), A. R. Burr's The Autobiography

(1909), Th. Klaiber's Die Deutsche Selbstbiographie (1921), and, best of all short summaries, the article in the Enciclopedia Italiana. Besides these limitations, I have omitted all Iberian writers, hoping to give them the separate book they so well deserve; and many others typical of various interests and occupations for which there is no room in the present book, but to which, again, I hope to be able to give yet another volume.

When, however, all these deductions have been made, anyone with any knowledge of the subject will still be more surprised by my omissions than by my selection. This is due partly to my writing mainly for English readers and therefore preferring books written in, or translated into, English; partly to my refraining from speaking, with few exceptions, of books that I have not read at least twice; partly to my age, which obliges me to make a start with what material I have, rather than risk doing nothing at all with a more adequate supply; and partly, of course, to plain ignorance. It must be added that, in order to facilitate reading, book-titles will be dismissed to a bibliographical index; and that I have drawn on 410 books, written, in all, in six languages which I understand, five others which I misunderstand, and twelve more in some translation or other. The other 2,531 languages I leave for the present.

Well, then, this is a book about life, as seen by some of those who have recorded their experiences of it; some exceptional people, some typical; everyone speaking for multitudes of others, either by reason of his or her ordinariness or by virtue of some special insight or opportunities. It distils quintessences, selecting and summarizing, preferring books in which the writers set out to put aside illusion and pretence and traditional notions, and face the facts of life: people chosen from a variety of classes, races, and temperaments. Fragmentary, elusive, inconclusive, as such books are liable to be, what they say does constitute evidence—social, historical, medical, spiritual, etc.—indispensable to those who wish to make the most of the present

and the future, for themselves or for others, supplementing and correcting the more usual sources of information in ways whereof the latter are grievously in need, especially in relation to children.

And now that, in every subject, the mass of printed matter has long become so vast that to keep abreast even of what is annually put at his disposal is beyond the capacity of any student, there comes to be an increasing need of such attempts at critical bibliography, which also aim at being readable. While disclaiming, moreover, any ambition to compete with Thomas à Kempis, there certainly is material here brought to notice of service to readers who wish to use their time as well as to those who wish just to pass the time, and yet of a kind which specialists need and which is likely enough otherwise to escape their notice.

And further, there are three more assets which autobiographies possess. First, that therein men and women are on level terms; secondly, that they constitute so adaptable a form of literature—like milk, it may be said, pleasanter when fresh but quite useful when turned sour and even better so for some purposes; and thirdly, that all have two characteristics in common—a workshop and a shop-window: the latter consisting of the writer's daily and social life, and the former—the brain—existing inside the writer's head, born with him, dying with him; born alone, living alone, dying alone; defective in lighting, in heating, in drainage, in construction; usually in bad repair and compelled to have all repairs done while carrying on business as usual; and yet with work done and results obtained that are clearly as marvellous as the marvels of any other construction or organism and indeed more than will ever be known or credited, even in the most insignificant of us. What is most marvellous of all is that such an entity could ever have come into existence.

And while, herein, I speak to my countrymen, whom nothing shall wean from morality and utility, I also appeal to the elect of every nation, to whom life itself, in whale or weasel, louse and liar, is the miracle—their pillar of cloud by day and of

fire by night—and who expect of a book some sort of magic, such as the *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili* promises—'nella quale se contiene che ogni cosa sono sogno, e molte altre cose dilettevole ad udire.'

And now, as Stendhal says, I will be born.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST SEVEN YEARS

'Cui Dux est Ratio: cui Deus Ars et Amor.'

LAWRENCE OF DURHAM.

'In this theatre it is not the stage, it seems to me, which deserves our attention; but rather the spectator. A strange one, and, to tell the truth, unimpressive; a defenceless, speechless, toothless, dwarf whose limbs are absurdly small and whose head is disproportionately big. But, set in that head are two eyes, two clear, intelligent, eyes, which, without experience, without knowledge of what they see, without distinguishing between what is at a distance from what is near by, observe intently, absorbing and deducing; and behind those eyes there is a something on the watch, the greatest something of which we are aware, the living soul.'

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"In the beginning is Sleep"; say a thousand years of observation. "In the beginning was dream"; so my memory says. No one dream ranks first in time; even the farthest away is the recollection of another, earlier, dream. I speak of dreams within Sleep, the phenomenon wherewith grown-up people are acquainted; the silent awakening of the timid soul when all those who watch over it, the Spirit, the Will, the Senses, are tired and rest. . . . Innumerable details and incidents of the life of reality leave the blunted senses of the grown-up person unstirred; but nothing of it is wasted on the perceptions of the child, to whom all Earth's details are novelties. . . . I have only to ask my personal experience for examples; the sight of railings round a house, a fleeting glance into a basement, brought about earnest, questioning, dreams that night; and, when more striking novelties occurred, when, for the first time, I saw running water, my dreams were as if storm-tossed. However exquisite the landscapes that illumine the dreams of adults, those which tinge a child's dreams are lovelier still, and softer. The dreams of

my first two years are my most beautiful collection of pictures, my most cherished poetry-book. Nobody need expect me to narrate them; it is the special characteristic of dreams that they cannot be narrated. They vanish when cold-blooded reason comes with its words and wishes to lay hold of them.'

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'Year after year has gone by. The spectator has had time to turn actor, without his opinions or wishes being even consulted and he has had to learn a very difficult part, without help from book or teacher, a part in the cruel dream, in the course whereof one is always falling foul of something or other and being penalized so grievously for not knowing one's part. And then the soul has forgotten how to be surprised—more urgent business has driven the faculty away—and the dust of years has buried one's earliest pages in oblivion. It sometimes happens that fragments of literary works, venerable and mysterious in their antiquity, are dug up amid ruins. So, only so, do single recollections filter in to our memories from those hours wherein the soul, a new arrival on earth then, and supposed to be barely awake, was ravished by surprise at the sight of all around it. Just so do I recall, as when enthralled by the contemplation of some profound and inspired work of Art, just how and where (I could point out the places) I have, for the first time in my life, contemplated a forest, learnt what rain is by feeling it fall on me, saw a river flow, and so on.'

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'I must not forget to speak of two matters that I began to learn in my nursery. An infant does not arrive in the world young and grow gradually older. Rather the contrary. One begins with a consciousness of extreme old age and acquires a sense of youthfulness later. Furthermore, there is no consciousness of being a child. The "child" is a poetic invention of adults.'

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Again—'If anyone asked me: "At what period of your life have you been most yourself? Of all the stages of that life, which is the one during which your 'ego' has been closest to your real self? Which would you present as yourself, if you could choose?" I should answer, "The 'ego' of my earliest infancy."'

CARL SPITTELER

HE writer here quoted is Carl Spitteler, the Swiss poet. His Autobiography is unique inasmuch as it ends with its author's fourth year. Not only that, but his recollections are allocated each one, to his first, second, third, or fourth year; as the case may be. They were set down when he was fifty-two. As to their authenticity, the evidence is mainly inherent; it would be denied by everyone who had not read the book, and by nobody who had read it. Here is one example: there was one recollection which Spitteler himself found hard to credit—how he had seen, at Mr Meyer's farm, rabbits with blue necks, red tails and ears, hens with white and green feet, and little pigs all colours. In later life, he learnt that Mr Meyer had been in the habit of painting his livestock. And, indeed, the uniqueness of the book lies not so much in the earliness of the recollections, because clear recollections dating from the second year, though rare, are not very rare, but rather in the continuity and segregation and orderliness of them, whereby they give a completer picture, with less of sophistication and alloy, than can be pieced together from the best of other such records. For example:

'Among dreams that partake of home-sickness there is, however, one that children experience, namely, the love-dream, the one which suffuses, touches up, familiar scenery with the spiritual influence of a beloved person, without any necessity that the face of the person shall come visibly into the picture. So with my grandmother and me. Marvellous as was the scenery that my dreams called up, the spirit of my grandmother ever hovered over them.

'Day, night, and always, over and over again, day, night. Why? Things everywhere; heaps of things and nothing to do with one another. Why?

'Out from this wild confusion, nevertheless, there emerges from time to time an inspiring countenance and each time it comes near you, you feel the better for it. No question "Why," arises then; it is all-sufficing.

'This countenance I settled down to love, and, in time, when I began to understand words, even, after a fashion, to utter them, I was taught its name; "grandma." It is possible to love with more

fervency, more passion, but not more happily and profoundly, than I loved my grandmother; a calm unvarying love, unruffled, radiating happiness, telling all its cheerfulness inside me, with a simple-minded certainty of being loved in turn; a love without yearning or mourning; no rivals, no pretences, no reserves; unmitigated blessedness; consoling, comforting, inspiriting.

'If my grandmother was near me, I caressed her, I did not kiss her. Ah! those grown-up persons with their stupid kisses! I let my hands travel tenderly over the beloved face, anywhere, over the mouth, the forehead, the eyes, the cheeks, with their lines like no other lines. This went on until she would be made to murmur, to endeavour to grumble, to find fault. And why not? I ask you. Harsh words, from that mouth? I just didn't take them seriously; I just laughed.

'It was, perhaps, in absence that my grandmother made her chief contribution to my happiness. Her name, implying as it did everything desirable in the world, tinged my dreams with gold, heightened the charm of countryside and flowers. The world around me gazed at me with a stare uncomprehending and cold. But supposing an indication reminded me that grandmother was not far off, straightway the scene was purged; a blessing descended on it; it became akin to me.

'It was a real love. It endured ten years without diminishment; . . . and when, later, it lapsed, this was none of my doing. During that dawning period of my life it was of the last degree of importance to me. In my first year the word "grandma" meant happiness for me, poetry, transfiguration of my existence.'

Or, again, there are the following extracts, in explanation whereof it must be said that Spitteler spent his earliest years at Liestal, near Basel, and that these refer to his being taken for the first time to Basel, and, subsequently, home again.

'Accordingly, one morning, I was set beside my grandfather, as if I was a living bundle, on a country cart—without me being able in the least to grasp why this should be nor what it was going to lead to. The only thing I was clear about was that I was being trailed about all over the house, that everybody hugged me in turn and spoke to me carefully in a different voice from the ordinary one. I suffered all this patiently, without understanding it; accustomed as I was to find myself picked up and carried off according

to anybody's whim. As to being in a mood for travelling, the inquisitiveness of the adventurer, no trace of it arose in me; I did not even realize what travelling was.

'The country cart bowled along the highroad, to the other side of reality, passing an endless number of uninteresting objects, always fresh ones . . . (Finally) grandfather pointed with his whip to something far away; "Look, there's Basel." That meant nothing to me. "Basel?" What was Basel? My eye had had no training to read distances. On the other hand, the foreground that did catch my eye, a stretch of river outlined by tall, lean trees, impressed me greatly. For the first time in my life I saw all the detail that goes to make up the countryside as forming one picture, and it found its way to me as a spiritual influence. The impression that the river and its setting made on me has remained vivid throughout my life.

'The next day, on looking round at the household at a meal-time, I suddenly became aware that I was no longer at Liestal—and that everything that had made up my life hitherto belonged to the past. This idea set going in me an effect of light, exquisite in colour but without form; something which moved me strangely, deeply, and left me feeling that I had been raised above myself. It was as if my personality had been enlarged by the fact of this extraordinary change of state.'

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'I remember seeing my grandfather pointing out to me a series of houses, huddled up close together, so as to form a single block; "Look," he said, "there's Liestal." There was pleasure in his tone, and he intended, I think, to cheer me up. But what was Liestal to me? My ideas about a native land could not expand so far as to take in the whole of a small town. My native land consisted of my room and my father's office; grandmother included. The rest was the universe; and cold at that.'

How differently did Liestal seem to him in later life! When Spitteler was five the whole family removed to Bern. So far as language went, he completely changed over to the Bern dialect in six months, in spite of his parents retaining their own Basel speech, but as regards everything else he remained permanently attached to the Basel district, his love for which seems to have been fixed, in the photographic sense of the word, first, by the sudden break; secondly, by his love for his grandparents, who

remained there; thirdly, by the continual looking forward to the rare but regular visits to Liestal, and lastly, by the habit of homesickness, in relation to Liestal, which the above-mentioned factors set up. For instance, one of the walks around their new home which they liked best nevertheless made him sad because, in the course of it, they passed the river Aar, which ran thence to Liestal; or, again, frequently he or his brother would say one to the other, on awaking in the morning, 'I have been dreaming of Liestal.'

The earliest basis of this, occurring in babyhood, had better be given; as follows:

'In the ordinary way I was taken, for fresh air, to my grand-father's field, on the hill behind the house; but it did happen that the nurse might be taking me in the direction of Liestal, following the high road but returning by a back way—or vice versa. These departures from custom link themselves up with my earliest entirely clear recollections of a prosaic life into which I entered fully conscious.

'I felt myself being carried on the arm of someone who had carried me on previous occasions, and who was not my mother. Light and air in plenty met me full in the face. Wheresoever I turned my eyes I saw dumb things of incredible height. I saw them clearly but I did not understand them. From time to time other objects, similar, incomprehensible, inordinately high, seemed to come towards me from either direction. I looked at this double procession of dumb monsters without astonishment or tribulation, only feeling out of my element, perhaps somewhat intimidated. As this did not come to an end, I felt melancholy stealing over me. The adventure began to inconvenience me inside and outside. I was not old enough to think; I could go no farther than sensation. Translated into thought, my sensation would have said, "I have had enough of this." On our return, between a hedge and a field, comfort descended upon me all of a sudden; "these things around me-I know them; from now onwards we draw nearer and nearer to a familiar abiding-place, to beloved people whose intentions towards one are good." Inasmuch as I had recognized this corner of the earth, a beautiful light diffused itself over it, marking it off from the alien waste of the outer world. That loveable light has never grown dim; thenceforward and for always, that narrow path up

my grandfather's hill has remained for me the original centre of my native land.'

'You will perhaps feel driven to exclaim, "But these are mere trifles, everyday commonplaces." It strikes me differently. Happiness is no trifle; and it isn't an everyday affair, either. . . . For example, take all my travels together, what do they amount to as compared with that little quarter of an hour along the road one evening when I was carried from the field belonging to my grandfather beside the "long hedge" as far as the little "stone bridge"? The dimmest illumination radiating from one of these pictures which my memory retains from the time when I was a speechless spectator, matters as much to me, is as sacred, as the Bible to a believer.'

W. H. HUDSON

Perhaps there will be occasion to put Spitteler in the witnessbox again, but, for the present, it will be better to introduce others, others with different methods; since there are other ways of reinstating one's childhood than that of never forgetting it.

There is W. H. Hudson's. His recollections remained as scanty, as isolated, unrelated, confused, as other people's until, when past middle-age, he became seriously ill for six weeks. On the second day of the illness he fell to thinking of his childhood; and then the mistiness lifted, and there came back to him his early life on two farms in the Argentine, the first of which he left when he was at the same age as that of Spitteler's transplantation, five, life amid a world which has passed away for ever, a world of wild life where now is agriculture, of luxurious wild semi-tropical vegetation, of myriads of birds, of mirages, of cattle-breeding, of hailstones as big as eggs, of seven kinds of snakes, of armadillos, opossums, wild pigs, deer, and skunks; of freedom and danger. He would lie in bed at night and listen to the snakes wandering about inside the wainscoting, and conversing, hissing, beneath the floor; and go out in daytime to marvel at the peach-trees blossoming into great mound-shaped clouds of exquisite rosy-pink blossoms, on trunks as thick as a man's body, visited by flocks of green parroquets, or thousands

of yellow finches singing in perfect unison until the sound produced an effect like that of flowing water. And he, the while, lying propped up with pillows in a dimly-lighted room, at death's door, with the night-nurse dozing by the fire, and winterstorm outside.

Any summary of the book must needs be a failure from any point of view but one, that of directing attention to one of the best books of one of the best minds. But for the present purpose, that of utilizing the most authentic and enlightening material concerned with a child's perceptions and their value, some passages may be drawn upon. As regards the nearness of children to the earth he says:

'the fresh penetrating scent of the moist earth had a strangely exhilarating effect, making us wild with joy. I am now able to recall those sensations and believe that the sense of smell, which seems to diminish as we grow older, until it becomes scarcely worth calling a sense, is nearly as keen in little children as in the inferior animals, and, when they love nature, contributes as much to their pleasure as sight or hearing. I have observed that small children, when brought on to low moist ground from a high level, give loose to a sudden spontaneous gladness, running, shouting, and falling over the grass just like dogs, and I have no doubt that the fresh smell of the earth is the cause of their joyous excitement.'

And again, as regards a consciousness of Nature generally:

'The first intimations of the feeling are beyond recall; I only know that my memory takes me back to a time when I was unconscious of any such element in nature, when the delight I experienced in all natural things was purely physical. I rejoiced in colours, scents, sounds, in taste and touch: the blue of the sky, the verdure of earth, the sparkle of sunlight on water, the taste of milk, of fruit, of honey, the smell of dry or moist soil, of wind and rain, of herbs and flowers; the mere feel of a blade of grass made me happy; and there were certain sounds and perfumes, and above all certain colours in flowers, and in the plumage and eggs of birds, such as the purple polished shell of the tinamou's egg, which intoxicated me with delight. When, riding on the plain, I discovered a patch of scarlet verbenas in full bloom, the creeping

plants covering an area of several yards, with a moist, green sward sprinkled abundantly with the shining flower-bosses, I would throw myself from my pony with a cry of joy to lie on the turf among them and feast my sight on their brilliant colour.

'It was not, I think, till my eighth year that I began to be distinctly conscious of something more than this mere childish delight in nature. It may have been there all the time from infancy—I don't know; but when I began to know it consciously it was as if some hand had surreptitiously dropped something into the honeyed cup which gave it at certain times a new flavour. It gave me little thrills, often purely pleasurable, at other times startling, and there were occasions when it became so poignant as to frighten me. The sight of a magnificent sunset was sometimes almost more than I could endure and made me wish to hide myself away. But when the feeling was roused by the sight of a small and beautiful or singular object, such as a flower, its sole effect was to intensify the object's loveliness. There were many flowers which produced this effect in but a slight degree, and as I grew up and the animistic sense lost its intensity, these too lost their magic and were almost like other flowers which had never had it. There were others which never lost what for want of a better word I have just called their magic.'

Home influences reinforced outdoors. The latter could not have been utilized to the full by any but a fearless boy, and fearlessness was taken for granted in the family. Rats were so abundant in the house that the noise they made at night was terrifying; if the child woke up the household in terror when a rat got mixed up in his bedclothes and could not escape, he would be rebuked for being such a poor little coward and waking up people for nothing. The same as regards physical fitness; he was accustomed to stand up to his elder brother in boxing and take whatever punishment came along.

It was in such matters, and in the choice of surroundings—indirect ways—that his father's influence made itself felt; most direct and most influential was his mother's influence. Of mothers in general he says that civilization has rendered the relation between mothers and their children like that existing between a hen and the ducklings she may foster:

'the civilized woman, the artificial product of our self-imposed conditions, cannot have the same relation to her offspring as the uncivilized woman really has to hers . . . the mother with us being practically step-mother to children of another race.'

Hudson's parents had a policy of non-interference, and the relations between mother and son were, moreover, silent ones, but of a silence based on mutual understanding, on the same sensitiveness and harmony of feeling about deeper matters; and receiving a permanence beyond death by reason of the gentleness and non-insistence in all that went before. He speaks of the silence he preserved with regard to his innermost feelings as being due to a powerlessness to convey in words what he felt, which left him a mystery to others but not to her; and he knowing it; the feelings being divined on the one side, and the divination on the other. He was the nearest of her children to her in his intimacy with Nature, and this to such an extent that everything beautiful in sight and sound came to him associated with her in his mind. But chiefly flowers. Her favourites those growing wild on the pampas; and his, too; but not necessarily the same ones; and trees evoked the same feeling in him more powerfully than did flowers. This fact that the flowers that Hudson and his mother most cared for were alike in kind but different in species is one that calls for generalization, allied as it is to a factor that perpetually arises to notice. It may be suggested that each one cared specially for such flowers as had come to the notice of each by way of special surprise, suddenly, at some specially receptive moment. He recognizes that factor in relation to flamingoes. Hundreds of times, he says, did he see them; but never did any vision of them equal the marvellousness of his first, unexpected, sight of them.

So, too, with Spitteler; to whom on the first occasion on which he saw, say, a backyard, or a duck, these would appear to him with a brilliance that was never repeated and which no subsequent experience of the ordinariness of backyards and ducks could ever efface. Spitteler carries the matter farther, too; it was this series of first impressions that provided him with the whole of the material whence he drew his poetry. If he had

occasion to write of the building of a house, he would always write as from the recollection of the house that his father built when the boy was two years old.

when the boy was two years old.

And again, in his 'Prometheus,' when he describes a journey by the children of the gods, he remembers he could never have written that passage but for the remembrance, also at two years old, of seeing his father one evening, after dark, taking his hat and leave the house. The boy had, up to then, never been out of bed after dark, and imagined that at night everywhere outside the house was forest, just as in 'Dear Brutus,' just such a forest as that in which took place the fairy tales told him by his grandmother; full of magic, into which none would go of their own accord, or with expectation of ever returning. And yet his father went out without any trace of fear, and as if it was not the first time he had done so.

SERGHEI AKSÁKOFF

Serghei Aksákoff, born 1791, must here be introduced, because between him and Spitteler there is a bond; they, and they alone, apparently, among autobiographers, retained an undimmed memory of their childhoods throughout life as of the period when they were most themselves. Aksákoff went farther; he never had any other period. Sixty years afterwards he sat down to write; he wrote of his childhood; he became a famous writer thereby; and wrote some more; and became more famous; and deserves it. But in spite of riches and intelligence and opportunities, nothing else happened throughout his life that mattered so much to him as his childhood.

His mother was the decisive factor. She was so passionately fond of her only boy that her friends feared for her sanity during his babyhood; she would turn the father out of the nursery to prevent the baby breathing air that had been already breathed. And then, when the boy was two years of age, he came very near to dying. Owing partly, it would seem, to his gaining access to some fresh air by accident, and partly to discontinuing his medicines, he recovered, and grew precocious enough to develop a capacity to talk to and listen to his mother throughout his waking hours (his bedtime, at seven years of

age, being 10 o'clock); and often, it is clear, both would be talking and listening at the same time.

So perfectly attuned did their two minds become that Serghei ended his literary career by writing what is to all intents and purposes an autobiography of his mother; writing down her life as he had heard it from her before he was eleven, but writing it sixty years later, from memory.

As to his own life, there is another difference between Spitteler and Aksákoff. The latter sets out to describe where the former tries to suggest. But both are alike in that they under-went no essential change, or even modification, after the age of five; and both were singularly free of any suppression of any characteristic during their childhood. Volubility was too deeply ingrained in Aksákoff for him to be represented by quotations of a reasonable length, but this is of the less consequence inasmuch as the edition of his books in the World's Classics provides a book-buyer with as good value for his money as can be got.

Since so much has been said of Aksákoff's mother and Hudson's, it is time to speak of Spitteler's, who had one characteristic in common with Hudson's, namely, muteness; and that in an even more strongly marked degree. At the same time, once, in his second year, when Spitteler did not see his mother for a fortnight, he did not recognize her when she returned: not because she was such a person as another autobiographer's grandfather was, of the kind that 'if you did not see him for three days you forgot him,' but because Spitteler had little sense of persons. Aksákoff's and Hudson's books would be remarkable for their character-sketches alone: Spitteler has none such. But he remembers that if his mother started to speak of anything she felt deeply about, words would fail her after two sentences, though what she felt expressed itself very clearly by the tone of the voice, and, even in pleasure, by the tears in her eyes. Just as his sense of words was developed by his grandmother, so was his sense of visibility developed by his mother. 'All my life, I have contemplated the visible world through my mother's eyes.'

Spitteler always remembered the nasturtiums his mother intended to plant, but never planted, as the loveliest flowers within

his recollection; and, when in Russia, he never dreamed of

Liestal, his native town, but of Solothurn: and always the same dream—visiting it with his mother, 'passing under a tremendous bastion, entering a Church marvellously big and magnificent, and both of us feeling beatified by it.' He remembered the town as having golden roofs.

'I have often been back at Solothurn, and each time I note that the roofs are not of gold. But that makes no difference. The gold is for ever reappearing on those roofs; and all this because one day, when 3 years old, I passed through Solothurn in the company of my mother, spending an hour and a half there.'

YOSHIO MARKINO

A method of recollection different from any yet mentioned was that of Yoshio Markino, a Japanese artist who lived in England early in this century and writes in an English of his own.

'It has been my ambition with this book to give ample materials for your psychological study.'

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'Now let me tell you how I have recollected my past life. I kept myself quite alone in my room, and shut my eyes and asked my brain about my past. First I saw all surrounding views in my imagination, then I began to make mental pictures of my family, relatives, and friends. Then I began to hear their voices exactly as they used to talk to me, and I heard my voice plainly—that of my childish days. I tried to put down on the paper all my childish feelings as they were on each occasion . . . now my memory of my childish words and my thoughts are thickly enveloped into my grown-up thoughts. It is very difficult for me to make my childish thoughts entirely divorced from those of my present life.'

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'Another difficulty delayed my mind. When I was a child I had rather good memory, and if my memory was absent there was only a dark blank in my brain. To-day it is different with my brain. Since I am grown I began to have such great imagination. (I think I have got much imagination since I have become an artist.) Therefore, if I recollect my past life, I don't see any dark blank. It is because my imaginations fill up the places where my memory is lost. This is most dangerous thing, and I have been very careful

about it. It was almost one year and a half ago since I started to write this book. During all this time I have had constant communications with my brother and many relatives and friends in Japan. They have been always confirming my writings. Especially my brother has been helping me by sending from time to time many snapshots around my village, which helped my memory very much indeed.'

MAXIM GORKI AND MARY ANTIN

But Markino's most characteristic reminiscences belong to years later than infancy. Proceed, then, to two who alike present a further contrast to the preceding cases inasmuch as both passed their earliest lives amid all sorts of antagonistic influences. Both were born in Russia: Maxim Gorki and Mary Antin. The latter was a Jewess, of Polotsk; born about 1884, who migrated to U.S.A. She did not have recourse to outside help in reconstructing her childhood, but strings together by herself, she says,

'those glimpses of my earliest days that dangle in my mind, like little lanterns in the crooked alleys of the past and show me an elusive little figure that is myself, and yet so much a stranger to me, that I often ask "Can this be I?"'

Her first recollection dates from four years old, and is of death, the commonest kind of 'first recollection.' The most distinctive part of her account of herself is concerned with her life as a Jewess.

'When I was a little girl, the world was divided into two parts; namely, Polotzk, the place where I lived, and a strange land called Russia. All the little girls I knew lived in Polotzk, with their fathers and mothers and friends. Russia was the place where one's father went on business. It was so far off and so many bad things happened there, that one's mother and grandmother and grown-up aunts cried at the railway station, and one was expected to be sad and quiet for the rest of the day, when the father departed for Russia.'

In time Mary Antin realized that there were other places besides those two; among the former was one called Vitebsk.

While still a child she went there; and was overjoyed at the sight of all the wonderful things she saw; but most of all surprised that

'... the Dvina is in Polotzk. All my life I have seen the Dvina. How, then, could the Dvina be in Vitebsk? ... I had always supposed that it stopped where Polotzk stopped. I had never seen the end of Polotzk; I meant to, when I was bigger. But how could there be an end to Polotzk? Polotzk was everything on both sides of the Dvina; ... and the Dvina, it now turned out, never broke off at all. It was very curious that the Dvina should remain the same, while Polotzk changed into Vitebsk.'

The mystery of this transmutation led to much fruitful thinking.

'The world went like this now: Polotzk—Polotzk—Vitebsk. And Vitebsk was not the end. The Dvina, and the rail-road, went on beyond Vitebsk—went on to Russia. Then was Russia more Polotzk? How I wanted to see Russia! But very few people went there. When people went to Russia it was a sign of trouble; either they could not make a living at home, or they were drafted for the army, or they had a lawsuit. No, nobody went to Russia for pleasure. Why, in Russia lived the Czar, and a great many cruel people; and in Russia were the dreadful prisons from which people never came back.'

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'Ever so many people came to Polotzk, with stories of cruel treatment in Russia; and although they were nobody's relatives, they were taken in, and helped, and set up in business, like unfortunates after a fire. It was very strange that the Czar and the police should want all Russia for themselves. . . . I do not know when I became old enough to understand. The truth was borne in on me a dozen times a day, from the time when I began to distinguish words from empty noises. My grandmother told me about it, when she put me to bed at night. . . . My playmates told me, when they drew me back into a corner of the gateway, to let a policeman pass. Vanka, the little white-haired boy, told me all about it, when he ran out of his mother's laundry on purpose to throw mud after me when I happened to pass. I heard it during prayers, and when the women quarrelled in the market-place; and some-

times, waking in the night, I heard my parents whisper it in the dark. . . . The world was divided into Jews and Gentiles. This knowledge came so gradually that it could not shock me. . . . By the time I fully understood that I was a prisoner, the shackles had grown familiar to my flesh. The first time that Vanka threw mud at me, I ran home and complained to my mother, who brushed my dress and said, quite resignedly, "How can I help you, my poor child? Vanka is a Gentile." The next time Vanka abused me, I did not cry, but ran for shelter, saying to myself, "Vanka is a Gentile." The third time, when Vanka spat on me, I wiped my face and thought nothing at all. I accepted ill-usage from the Gentiles as one accepts the weather. The world was made in a certain way, and I had to live in it.'

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'I was afraid of the cross. Everybody was, in Polotzk—all the Jews, I mean. For it was the cross that made the priests, and the priests made our troubles, as even some Christians admitted. The Gentiles said we had killed their God, which was absurd, as they never had a God—nothing but images. Besides, what they accused us of happened so long ago; the Gentiles themselves said it was long ago. . . . Yet they put crosses up everywhere, and wore them on their necks, on purpose to remind themselves of these false things. . . . To worship the cross and to torment a Jew was the same thing to them. That is why we feared the cross.

'Another thing that the Gentiles said about us was that we used

'Another thing that the Gentiles said about us was that we used the blood of murdered Christian children at the Passover festival.

... It made me sick to think of such a thing. I knew everything that was done for Passover, from the time I was a very little girl. The house was made clean and shining and holy . . . special dishes were brought for the Passover Week. . . . I used to help unpack the special dishes, and find my own blue mug. When the fresh curtains were put up, and the white floors were uncovered . . . and I sat down to the feast in my new dress, I felt clean inside and out . . . did I not know all about Passover, and what was on the table, and why? . . . It was not so bad in Polotzk . . . but in the country districts . . . somebody would start up that lie about murdering Christian children, and the stupid peasants would get mad about it, and fill themselves with vodka, and set out to kill the Jews. They attacked them with knives and clubs and scythes and axes, killed them or tortured them, and burned their houses. This was

called a pogrom. Jews who escaped the pogroms came to Polotzk with wounds on them, and horrible, horrible stories of little babies torn limb from limb before their mothers' eyes. Only to hear of these things made one sob and sob and choke with pain. People who saw such things never smiled any more, no matter how long they lived; and sometimes their hair turned white in a day, and some people became insane on the spot.

lived; and sometimes their hair turned white in a day, and some people became insane on the spot.

'Often we heard that the pogrom was led by a priest carrying a cross before the mob. . . . I remember a time when I thought a pogrom had broken out in our street. . . . Yes, there were the crosses and the priests and the mob. The church bells were pealing their loudest. The Gentiles were going to tear me in pieces, with axes and knives and ropes. They were going to burn me alive. The cross—the cross! What would they do to me first? There was one thing the Gentiles might do to me worse than burning or rending. It was what was done to unprotected Jewish children who fell into the hands of priests or nuns. They might baptize me. Rather would I rush out to the mob that was passing, and let them tear my vitals out! Sooner would I be seized with the plague, and be eaten up by vermin! I was only a little girl, and not very brave; little pains made me ill, and I cried: but there was no pain that I would not bear—no, none, rather than be baptized.

'There was one thing that the Gentiles always understood, and that was money. They would take any kind of bribe at any time. Peace cost so much a year in Polotzk.'

'I was very fond of playing Gentiles. I liked everything that was a little risky. I particularly enjoyed being the corpse in a Gentile funeral. . . . As I lay there, covered over with a black cloth, I felt as dead as dead could be; and my playmates were the unholy priests in gorgeous robes of velvet and silk and gold . . . ; my flesh crept, not because I was about to be buried, but because the people crossed themselves. . . . When I arose from that funeral I was indeed a ghost. I felt unreal and lost and hateful. I don't think we girls liked each other much after playing funeral. Anyway, we never played any more on the same day; or, if we did, we quarrelled. Such was the hold which our hereditary terrors and hatreds had upon our childish minds that if we only mocked a Christian procession in our play, we suffered a mutual revulsion of feeling, as if we had led each other into sin.'

Gorki's earliest recollection, too, was of a funeral—his father's. But what made the deepest impression on him was not the event itself, or the grief of his mother, but the fact that two frogs were sitting on the coffin and got buried with it.

Life was no less hard for him than for Mary Antin. His

Life was no less hard for him than for Mary Antin. His grandfather used to thrash the child till the latter became unconscious and had to spend days in bed and yet would say afterwards, 'In my young days, my lad, we were treated very harshly. What you have to put up with is nothing to it.' Almost incredible ferocity and bestiality were the normal setting of Gorki's early life. 'My grandfather's house simply seethed with mutual hostility.' Murderous feuds were always brewing between the uncles and dependants. One uncle had killed his wife.

'How? Why, like this. He was lying in bed with her, and he threw the counterpane over her head and held it down while he beat her. Why? he doesn't know himself why he did it.'

The children in the house were subdued and neglected: 'beaten down to the earth like the dust by the rain.'
So outside the house. Neighbours avenged themselves on one

So outside the house. Neighbours avenged themselves on one another by cutting off the tails of their enemy's cats, or killing his hens, or by creeping into his cellar in the night and pouring kerosene over his cabbages. One used to catch flies and cockroaches and boil them. Others would catch two rats, and tie their tails together, and loved to see how they pulled in different directions and bit each other. And sometimes they poured paraffin oil over the rats and set fire to them. Three families once fought so ferociously with sticks, over a broken pot worth twelve kopecks, that an old woman's arm was fractured and a lad's skull smashed in. Brawls like this took place almost every week.

And the whole of their sexual life was on the same level: openly so.

But there is so much else. In fact, the three volumes which tell his story from his fifth to his twenty-fifth year form one of the best of all autobiographies: depth and breadth and sincerity and personality and movement and vivid charactersketches of a multitude of strongly-differentiated people. Dominant, however, especially to him as a child, was his grandmother. Married at 18, and losing her first fifteen children in babyhood, she acted as doctor, midwife, adviser and peacemaker to all her neighbours and when there was a fire, she it was who saved all that was saved. But it was not so that she was known to this grandchild.

'Everything about her was dark, but within she was luminous with an inextinguishable joyful and ardent flame, which revealed itself in her eyes. Although she was bent, almost hump-backed, in fact, she moved lightly and softly, for all the world like a huge cat. Until she came into my life I seemed to have been asleep and hidden away in obscurity: but when she appeared she woke me and led me to the light of day. Connecting all my impressions by a single thread, she wove them into a pattern of many colours, thus making herself my friend for life, the being nearest my heart, the dearest and best known of all: while her disinterested love for all creation enriched me, and built up the strength needful for a hard life.'

"Lord, Lord, how good everything is. Don't you see how good everything is?"

'This was the watchword of her whole life.'

'When she spoke about God, or Heaven, she seemed to shrink in size: her face grew younger and her eyes emitted a curious warm radiance. I used to take the heavy satiny plait of her blue-black hair (which reached the ground) and wind it round my neck as I sat quite still and listened to the endless but never tedious stories. The fairy-tales, stories of old times and poems which she knew were without number.'

'She used such peculiarly harmonious words that they took root in my memory like fragrant bright undying flowers. . . . She would tell stories softly, mysteriously, about kind-hearted brigands, holy people, and all sorts of wild animals and evil sprits. . . . Her prayers were always non-liturgical, full of sincere praise, and very simple. Every morning she seemed to find fresh words of praise and for that reason I used to listen with strained attention.'

'When she had been drinking she was even more attractive: her eyes grew darker and smiled, shedding the warmth of her heart upon every one. . . .'

'Once, out with Grandmother early morning, a dog sprang out and growled and Grandmother was afraid. "It is all right," she said, "it is only a dog, it's too late for the devil. . . . Look here, doggie, you mustn't frighten my grandson."

'The dog rubbed itself against my legs and the three of us

went on.

'In the forest she was like the mistress of a house with all her family round her: she ambled along like a bear, seeing and praising everything and giving thanks. She was never afraid and found her way unerringly. By the smell of the grass she knew what kind of mushrooms were to be found thereabouts: by hardly visible scratches on the bark of a tree she showed me where the squirrel had made his home in a hollow.'

'When I thought of Grandmother, all that I found so bad and repulsive in life seemed to leave me, everything was transformed and became more interesting, pleasanter, people seemed to be better and nicer altogether.'

M. F. MCHUGH

Next is quite a different case from any of the preceding, a case of a girl who had certain affinities and antipathies, which were very definite; and lived, alternately, amid the surroundings best calculated to define each in turn. Her affinities were with sea and country, her antipathies against town and school; and her name M. F. McHugh.

Her first five years were spent in Dublin; her subsequent years on the Atlantic coast of Ireland; her school life took her to and from Dublin three times in every year. Of her first five years she remembered nothing but the policemen and seaside holidays and the first acquaintance with the country and the flowers growing there wild instead of in 'dull beds'; and, once by the sea for good, she forgot the city as if she had never known it. And then, later, the going away and the coming back, in regular rotation, to and from the hated and despised school, seem to have intensified the love and observation and

receptiveness in regard to all that lay around her at home, and clarified her recollections.

The book would be memorable enough for its character-sketches of her human friends alone; but it is her intimacy with herself in relation to ocean and countryside that gives it preeminence

'Childhood once gone, that vehement unconscious consciousness of existence is gone too, and gone for ever. As grown-up people we live distractedly, half our being either projected into a longing for some future ineffable bliss, or drawn backward away from us into a passionately remembered past. But as children—we are simply children, soulless and exquisitely absorbed in the passing moment of happiness or grief—opening to the sun, darkening to every cloud, trembling to each passing wind.

'Let sun and sky look upon me in a certain way, and I am a

child again.'

'Each day of my childhood taught me the joys of yielding in unresisting welcome to every moment of each succeeding season. The hurried scamper, drop overtaking drop, of rain down our window-panes, was scarcely less wonderful than the long slow glory of sunsets beyond the western sea; and to find our friend the shy rock-lizard, all a-glitter in his emerald coat-of-mail, sunning himself on a ledge of our sea-park, was just such a glad sign of spring as the sudden rosiness of blossom on the old crabtrees.'

'Everybody has experienced in some degree, as the years roll on, the pitiful decrease in stature of childhood's old wonders. Those places which our childish eyes knew as forests and lofty mountains and wide lakes and big houses become in a few years mere thickets and gentle hills, shallow ponds, everyday little villas. . . . Nevertheless the mind and eye of early childhood occasionally drink in peculiarly accurate impressions. Out of the haze of the years some little incident stands forth, with every hair-like detail; or a dazzling or catastrophic experience, with a clear-cut and passionate intensity. I remember the perfume of yellow roses when the low bushes on which they grew were to me great trees with thorns like crimson spears-there is a bunch of such roses in a florist's shop to-day, and suddenly, without seeing them, I know the race that they belong to—I look, and there they are, soft pools of creamy whiteness, though their great branches and crimson thorns may be found by me no longer save in fantastic memory.'

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'On summer days in my childhood, the thousand things which tyrannously clamoured to be done made the longest day too short by many hours. Mealtimes were cruel interruptions, however much our eager little bodies asked for food or sleep. Like bees or dragonflies, we seemed to spin dizzily through the sunny hours. Spring and autumn were almost as miraculous, and even winter was tolerable.'

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'Once, when I was yet so much a child that I was compelled to use a certain stealth in my adventures, I rose in a dawn of early spring, and, standing in my nightdress at a window, leaned out and gazed about me in a world which, in its unearthly loveliness, gave me an unforgettable poignancy of delight. The solid ground had disappeared in thick mist, dense whiteness to something more than twice the height of a man; but above that all was clear and growing gradually clearer in a silvery pinkness of dawn. For several minutes I watched this enchanted world where housetops stood out half a mile away, little dusky islands on a white sea. As I watched, the mist foamed and eddied in circling wreaths, melted and rose; and suddenly day broke, with its glittering crimson and gold.

'This trick of hanging out of a window like a bird from a bough, and gazing one's fill, gave rich reward in every season of the year. By its means one attended the birth-mysteries of dark and dawn, and saw yet another world besides the familiar one glimpsed from the level of road and field. There were, moreover, other smaller pleasures, marvellous also in their way. This land, so desolate in winter, was carpeted in summer with the loveliest wild flowers, and filled with the music of birds. These sang in full-throated ecstasy from skiey heights, and from the rare trees—our queer, lopsided little trees, bent almost double by Atlantic storms. From the grasses of the meadows birds stormed the days with shrill sweetness, and pierced the twilight with lonely calls. We had them all, blackbirds and thrushes and finches, robins and wrens, corncrackes and the bold cuckoo; but the swallows and skylarks were lords of the air. The larks, singing as early as February over the sodden fields, spilt down a spirit of daring and delight in their song—but the swallows came nearer than any to human company, and built their nests in the eaves. How unutterable was it to lean out of a window and see within a few inches of one's face the exquisite little clutching

claws, the slender body of blue and bronze, the creamy-tawny throbbing throat of song!'

'It is curious how the memory of certain places awakens emotion in the heart, and not always for obvious reasons. We are grown men and women, and we have all but forgotten our childhood, men and women, and we have all but forgotten our childhood, when suddenly we live again some brief moment in a long-forgotten day. There is a dazzle of sun, and the hot perfume of flowers; or the grey veil of rain, and our cheek wet with it. Amazingly we see ourselves not as we are now, but children playing with small children, our brothers and sisters—to-day like ourselves, alas! grown sad and wise, or, it may be, dead; and the poignant realization of this reflection thrown up from the dark backward of time shakes our hearts and catches the breath in our bosoms with its mingled represe and grief. In the same way, places arise suddenly before our hearts and catches the breath in our bosoms with its mingled rapture and grief. In the same way, places arise suddenly before the mind's eye. More than once in the throng of a city street I have seen before me for a long moment a few square yards of scant-grassed brown hill; not a picturesque spot, or one that I had ever consciously loved, but simply a place that my heedless steps had trod, nor had my mind ever turned to it again. Yet here now it had come back to me out of the whirling universe with an inexplicable rush of emotion. More consciously than this have I remembered Kilfearboy; more consciously still, a grey rock hung over the whispering ocean, which at any moment I can see again in its austere unchanging beauty, under any season of the sun or moon.

'Once something made me speak of my Atlantic rock to one who was almost a stranger; I spoke idly, caring little whether my feelings were understood or not. But the eyes of the youth with whom I was talking darkened suddenly with the hunger of his heart; and as one who has long been silent among strangers to his spirit, he started to tell me how, when he was alone, he loved to think not of his West Indian home, but of the island of Tobago, and a dark rock rising stark from the sea, and silvered by the southern moon. And suddenly we were at one, silent in our understanding—he on his Tobagon rock, and I on my bird's ledge on the fringe of the Western Ocean.'

of the Western Ocean.'

'Just with the faintest effort of my mind, I see and smell our ocean on a hot summer's day. The tide is out, . . . and the three of us are let loose over a great bay. The bay is full of numberless tidal pools, great and small; and contains, we think, at least a million huge

rocks, which have to be walked around and crawled under, and prodded at . . . fishes flop hurriedly out of our reach; and sea-anemones and crabs and curious shell-fish make ugly faces and sucking noises as they fold up offended tentacles and shut their doors against us. . . . Now and again we fall and cut ourselves on the rocks, or drop unintentionally, clothes and all, into a pool whose tenants are especially elusive and alluring.'

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'We have all the shore mapped out. There are a small bay and a sort of park with sea-worn seats and ledges, named after our father and mother; a pool called Susan Sea; and little runnels and creeks named after ourselves.'

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'Winter cut us off from small intimacies with the sea; . . . but the great old ocean itself was more awake than ever. It rumbled dully, day and night; sometimes, during storm, breakers seemed to crash thunderingly under our very house.'

'Love of our great ocean coloured all my childhood. A large part of that love was for her might, her terror—for a vast spirit which dwelt ever unsleeping beside us. As to a god I could have prayed to her; I watched her dark heaving breast for the expression of a thousand moods. According to my fond belief, to us the ocean was benevolent; never would she hurt or drown us; and with a sort of passive unprotesting fascination I watched her cruelty.'

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'Her murmuring voice, with us night and day, is as much a part of us as the surging of blood through our veins; . . . sea and sky and cloud-grey hills make a spacious, a limitless world after which all other scenes are crowded, and the loveliest wooded lowlands stifling and wearisome.'

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PIERRE LOTI

So far, nothing has been said about learning to walk. Here, then, is a passage written by Pierre Loti, notable for other reasons also. His recollections, as a whole, date back earlier than any but Spitteler's; and as a record of the processes of earliest mental growth are as satisfying as any. He has much first-hand material, with words at command to suggest, imply, reveal, and

define: he clarifies with a minimum of sophistication and gives the impression that, as he developed, just so do all of us: only that, in his case, by reason of his surroundings and qualities, events and processes became polarized in his mind, as compared with the nebulousness of our minds.

Perhaps it will be as well to preface this quotation with another, explaining how his infancy and his remembrance of it stood depicted in his mind.

'It is with some degree of fear that I approach the problem of my perceptions when my life was just beginning—uncertain whether they were really mine or whether they are not recollections of an even earlier date reproduced no one can say how. I hesitate to analyse as if religion was concerned in it.

'On issuing from my original darkness, my mind did not receive enlightenment in any orderly and graduated way, but by fits and starts, of a kind likely to make my child's eyes open wide and plunge me motionless into all-observant meditation—and then the light would go out, plunging me back again into that state of complete un-selfconsciousness characterizing newly-born animals or seedling plants.

'I should therefore like to make notes, no more, notes devoid of consecutiveness or interconnection, concerning times when my attention has been thus caught, and which I still recollect with perfect clearness.

'In the beginning my head, brand-new and still in darkness, may accordingly be compared to a camera loaded with sensitive plates.

"... My earliest recollections, indeed, are throughout of the full impact of the high-lights of summer, of blazing noon-tides, or else of great red flames upspringing from wood-fires."

'One evening stands out as clearly in my mind as if it were last night—the one when I all of a sudden found out how to run and jump: and how carried away I was by the exquisiteness of this new

idea, so much so that I could not stand up straight.

'This would be about the beginning of my second winter, during the hour of gloom when night is falling. In the dining-room of our ancestral home—an enormous place, it seemed to me—no lamp had been lit but a servant came and threw an armful of twigs on the dying embers in the fireplace, and straightway a gay and beauti-

ful set of flames illuminated everything and a semi-circle of light radiated into the middle of the room, along the floor, on the carpet, around the feet of the chairs, flooding just those lower levels in which, of course, I was then living. And these flames danced, changed their shapes, intermingled: leaping and rioting more and more, causing lengthening shadows of things to run up the walls. Oh, then I stood straight up, astounded, in ecstasy . . . and moved nearer these flames and, within that semi-circle of light, began to walk around, turning quicker and quicker until I suddenly felt an unaccustomed elasticity in my legs and invented a new and most entertaining way of behaving, striking the ground sharply with my two feet and lifting both together for half a second and dropping back again, and making use of my excitement to ascend again, and again, and again, making a lot of noise, when I bumped down below, and feeling a trifle giddy in my head, in a way that pleased me exceedingly. . . . Thenceforward I knew how to jump, how to run. . . . But, furthermore, when I ran, I was thinking, thinking very hard and differently from usual. When my legs woke up, my mind woke up too: a clearness and a vividness shot through that brain of mine whose ideas still lay amid the mists of dawn. And it is doubtless due to that awakening within that this fleeting moment owes its unfathomable depth, and, in particular, the persistence wherewith it remains graven in my memory. . . . Next, I found myself looking at the chairs ranked along the walls, and recalling the grown-ups who usually sat on them. . . . Why were they not there? I would have liked to have had them there encircling me: no doubt they were near, in their rooms on the floor above; but between them and me there were dark staircases, full of shadows which made me shiver. . . . And my mother? I should have especially wished her there; but I knew that she was out, out in those long streets which I could not think of as having any ends. . . . Yes, my mother was out . . . it gave me an unpleasant feeling, that knowing she was out . . . those streets . . . perhaps it was that evening, too, my sense of home, and an affection for it, began to germinate, and a sense of the endlessness of an unknown world beyond, and, it may be, there and then began a consciousness of affection for aunts and grandmothers whom, amid that twilight and the vague fears it aroused, I wanted to see sitting around me, as usual. Those lovely madcap flames had begun to show signs of dying down; the lamp was still unlit: it began to grow dark. At first, I experienced a queer pleasure in venturing into dark corners, but soon returned to take refuge in the light, looking back fearfully to make sure that nothing was coming out after me from those shadowy corners. In the end the flames died down altogether, and then I became really afraid. Even the chairs had a disturbing effect on me by reason of the great flickering shadows which, as the flames descended to their last gasp, ascended behind their backs in exaggeration of their height as they stood there against the wall. And, most of all, there was a door, half-opening on to a pitch dark passage, which itself gave on to the big drawing-room, emptier and blacker still; oh, that door, I kept my eyes fixed on it, and not for anything would I have dared to turn my back to it. There and then began those winter-evening panics which, in that house which I have loved so dearly, have done so much to sadden my childhood.

'What I was afraid of seeing approach through it did not then take on any definite shape . . . but the fear was none the less actual: it transfixed me there, with my eyes wide open, beside that fire which no longer gave any light, when, suddenly, from the other side, through another door, my mother came in. Oh, then I hurled myself at her: I hid my head, I buried myself in her dress: there was shelter beyond words, the refuge where nothing could touch me. . . .

'And, from that moment onwards, the thread of my recollections is broken; I can no longer recall a fragment.'

Here, then, is the beginning, not only of walking, but also of fear: and the stimulant towards both lies, in this instance, in a marvellous keepness of the visual sense.

FRANK KENDON

Among innumerable other aspects of early life which this or that person illuminates, going-to-sleep and waking-up are two which are markedly different amongst those whose blood is fresh as a mountain-stream in contrast with those older ones who, by comparison, stagnate. Simple events enough they seem, these two; commonplace routine, no more bewitching than extracting what one expects to extract from an automatic machine. But how differently do they occur to a child; how different, still, to those who still remember their childhood!

Such a one is Frank Kendon. And he convinces us that he has elaborated a vocabulary to introduce his dreams and doings

to us rather than elaborated his infancy, as so many others do, to introduce us to his vocabulary. Yes, it did happen just so. We, too, dreamed and did like that; but we had forgotten till We, too, dreamed and did like that; but we had forgotten till he reminded us. And not only in going to sleep and waking up; but also in measuring distance not by length but by remoteness, in the haunted parts of the house being the sunless parts, in the unutterable pleasures and treasury of piled-up recollection of what seems idleness to the middle-aged, of the voice of solitude and silence, of time ceasing to exist, of losing one's identity, of the transfiguration that the most ordinary and familiar scenes and sounds are capable of outside ordinary hours and associations of the marvellousness of a warm towal after a both of tions, of the marvellousness of a warm towel after a bath, of how our dreams are schools to us, and how the gods of the Greeks still abide beside us in a wood out of sight of the house, of the history of early childhood being built up from the first occasion of this or that discovery happening, of how the world is never the same again afterwards, for better or worse, of a world ten miles across to the feet and twenty miles to the eye, but yet large enough to get lost in and to go on learning in, containing immensity and infinity and innumerability and self-sufficiency, the known and the unknown and the unknowable. sufficiency, the known and the unknown and the unknowable. And sometimes there would happen the destruction of what was taken for granted to be indestructible, and faith had to begin again. And overhead the talk of the grown-ups would drone interminably, unheeded except as a noise among other noises, not thought of as possessing meanings, a feature among other features of that grown-up world which was part of the established order of things, passing and passing, uncomprehended and uncriticized.

GEORGE STURT

Next, another English boy, George Sturt, whose preface illuminates the books of others as well as his own. He says he is going to write of two kinds of memories; with reflections thereon. The reflections are concerned with the town of Farnham as it was, town and people, in the 'sixties,' while the first class of memories is to consist of minute perceptions, or sensations, such as become cumulative by repetition, and familiar,

and formative of his mentality; the recurrence, for instance, of periodical events, such as fairs, or Sundays, and

'pleasing sensations experienced over and over again until I began to know what I liked-certain attributes-the colours of meadow or woodland or heath, of cloud or distance; the shapes of fossils or fruit, or of animals or limbs, of Greek casts, of gentle valleys. The quality of sounds, wind, rain, horses trotting; the lines traced by things in motion—balls, birds, "ducks and drakes," and so on. . . . But above all, the limpid caress of the daylight. I realize now how excellent it was, and how it pervaded my childhood, though I hardly noticed it then, but took it for granted.'

The second class of memories consists of isolated incidents;

The second class of memories consists of isolated incidents; where no repetition comes into play. Such rarely occurred with him except when he was in the company of others. Among the latter may be mentioned the visit of a menagerie to the town; of which visit he only retained the vaguest recollection; but yet, later, on reading *Peter Simple*, it seemed to him that he had had experience of the menagerie therein mentioned; he found he had mental pictures wherewith to illustrate it; and connects the two.

He was not strong and took no part in games; not only by reason of physical disabilities (he was asthmatic), but also for want of competitive spirit; he would start a race with another boy and slack off because of a 'precocious realization that being first didn't matter to me very much.' One great virtue of the book is the clear communication of the gradualness of processes; for instance, the freedom from disappointment when the first visit to the seaside was put off; the loss of anything so unfamiliar conveyed no sense of loss. His father was a wheelwright; his mother kept a newspaper-shop; his recollections of both are ideal; and he does not seem to have any recollections of any unpleasant people. pleasant people.

'Peacefulness was in fact the pervading atmosphere of Victorian Farnham. . . .'

^{&#}x27;... the restful townsfolk, sauntering in the golden evening light, sauntered to such purpose that the delight of it all has lasted for sixty years in my memory. . . . '

'I have no recollection of ever feeling bored.'

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'For a change, it was a happy treat sometimes to wander over to Frensham with my father, to see Uncle Richard. I say "wander," because no doubt the expedition took a long time. Why should it not? There was no hurry. There were no motor-cars then to destroy the Sunday morning quiet; no villas to ruin the heaths. My father could go dreaming quietly forward along the empty road and we children could clamber and scramble near him, into the ditches and up the roadside banks . . . clear woody scents from heath and brake fern were plentiful before the road was tarred and while the whole upland lay unfenced on the slopes. And of course it was sunny. It had to be nice summer weather, or we should not have started. The road was solitary, but always alive and full of light.'

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'One childish memory clings to that cool shaded spot beside the stepladder. For it was only there as far as I remember, though it must have been elsewhere, that I used to caper to and fro astride of Old Polly—the only horse I ever rode. I think Gargantua, in his childhood, had similar horses. To my grandfather Old Polly seemed an old walking-stick with flattened blobby head; but she always carried me as far as I wished and as fast. A capital horse.'

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(Brewing at home) 'All that is left to me of those delectable times (the more delectable to me because my father was at home) is an impression of busy and peaceable work, in fragrant air and soft autumn delight.'

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'One advantage of being on that northern side of the street was that at both places' (i.e., at home and their workshop next door) 'we got the sunshine in at our front doors, and very good it was to see that warm light on the wheelwright's floor, yellowish and quiet and soft over the litter of chips and shavings.'

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'Farnham Park has quite a large share in the memories of my childhood. . . . Sweeping slopes of grass, with plentiful trees, were

the park's main features. . . . The remoter corners of the Parkthose solitudes, wild and romantic-these were seldom if ever visited until later years; nor were the ponds. . . . Time was not yet when I lay on a sloping bank under an oak and watched the line of deer trip down for an evening drink, and grew familiar with their coughing to one another or with the twinkling of their tails. . . . I had not yet hunted in the stream for caddis cases, or caught the glint of a kingfisher flitting in and out of the tree shadows along the winding sunlit stream bank. . . . These delights were for later years. As yet, in my earlier childhood, it was enough to have the vast expanse of glamour at my back door, so to speak. For the Park was not very far from 18 Borough. From out attic bedroom we could see the nearer trees, could sometimes hear the wind roaring through them; could see, could hear, the rooks cawing homewards like the very voice of quiet summer evenings. It all seemed near, for outside our shop door, just round the corner, was Bear Lane, leading gently up to the Stile, some two or three hundred yards away. . . . Our stile—the Stile—five or six wide oak steps up, a narrow sill, then three steps down the other side-there was only that delightful clamber between us and bliss. . . . Once over the stile, the Park lay tilted up before one's eyes-lower then, and seeing distances larger therefore; . . . always and everywhere the thick velvet of grass. I think this turf was the real fascination of the place. . . . We sprawled on it as on a cushiony bed; sat down on it when and where we chose; rolled over and over down in its hollows, in jolly laughing safety. And it allowed us to get very near to the soilnearer than is possible in age—as we lay on our faces, peering into the thickest sward and watching the struggling progress of this or that small insect.'

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'Even to a man five feet up the May meadows are sunny with buttercups spread out in sheets, but to a little child down in the very glory itself the flower-growth was wide and lavish rapture.'

The foregoing are the principal witnesses.

They have, for the most part, this in common, namely, that they present, as far as may be, typical and clear pictures of infancy. Of other conditions under which children may grow up, other chapters will provide examples; and something towards it will be provided immediately; but more briefly. But, in order

that all may be set in perspective, some gathering-up of the threads, as regards the foregoing, may be convenient.

First, the material is the more adequate inasmuch as it has all been considered and re-considered in the light of years and years of experience and comparison; and secondly, it is the less adequate inasmuch as much has been forgotten and, in varying degrees, a mature point of view has insisted on creeping in.

Where the latter makes itself most felt is probably—for, of course, we can only guess—in selecting sensations. All are chiefly, some wholly, concerned with visual impressions alone; some, but few, concern themselves with sound, touch, taste and smell. Would babies confirm this order, and degree, of importance among the senses? If not, then autobiographers are by that much defective and untrustworthy.

Another common factor with these same people is that they are all, more or less, trained writers. But there is cause and effect at the bottom of that; we need not, on that account, put ourselves on our guard against them. The fact is, as will become clearer later, that in so far as a boy or girl has had a happy childhood in an unhindered fashion, so far does he or she grow up wanting little else than to go on just so, and remember and remember; it is so that poets are made. When they have childhoods of the kind that get forgotten, they tend to become business-men; and when they have childhoods they want to forget, they tend to become criminals or revolutionaries. Geniuses, like Gorki, are, of course, not to be accounted for by rough generalizations like these.

What, moreover, brings it about that, among the millions of impressions that are received, some abide and the vast majority fade? It would seem that unexpectedness is the deciding factor, and that a capacity for being taken by surprise is a characteristic of the kind of mind that remembers most and longest.

Let us pile up the evidence about this factor of unexpectedness, not insistently, of course, and still less dogmatically, but simply because such evidence occurs so often that what seems at first sight to be disproportionate attention is really no more than its due.

WALTER PATER

Here is one instance from Walter Pater's brief but marvellous outline of his childhood (written in the name of 'Florian Deleal'):

'I have remarked how, in the process of our brain-building, as the house of thought in which we live gets itself together, like some airy bird's nest of floating thistle-down and chance straws, compact at last, little accidents have their consequence; and thus it happened that, as he walked one evening, a garden gate, usually closed, stood open; and lo! within, a great red hawthorn in full flower, embossing heavily the bleached and twisted trunk and branches, so aged that there were but few green leaves thereon-a plumage of tender, crimson fire out of the heart of the dry wood. The perfume of the tree had now and again reached him, in the currents of the wind, over the wall, and he had wondered what might be behind it, and was now allowed to fill his arms with the flowers-flowers enough for all the old blue-china pots along the chimney-piece, making fête in the children's room. Was it some periodic moment in the expansion of soul within him, or mere trick of heat in the heavily-laden summer air? But the beauty of the thing struck home to him feverishly; and in dreams all night he loitered along a magic roadway of crimson flowers, which seemed to open ruddily in thick, fresh masses about his feet, and fill softly all the little hollows in the banks on either side. Always afterwards, summer by summer, as the flowers came on, the blossom of the red hawthorn still seemed to him absolutely the reddest of all things; and the goodly crimson, still alive in the works of old Venetian masters or old Flemish tapestries, called out always from afar the recollection of the flame in those perishing little petals, as it pulsed gradually out of them, kept long in the drawers of an old cabinet. Also then, for the first time, he seemed to experience a passionateness in his relation to fair outward objects, an inexplicable excitement in their presence, which disturbed him, and from which he half longed to be free. A touch of regret or desire mingled all night with the remembered presence of the red flowers, and their perfume in the darkness about him; and the longing for some undivined, entire possession of them was the beginning of a revelation to him, growing ever clearer, with the coming of the gracious summer guise of fields and trees and persons in each succeeding

year, of a certain, at times seemingly exclusive, predominance in his interests, of beautiful physical things, a kind of tyranny of the senses over him.'

FORREST REID

And here another instance, from Forrest Reid's tale of our own time, located in Northern Ireland. It tells us about his nurse own time, located in Northern Ireland. It tells us about his nurse Emma who was all that she should have been in a large household where all the other members were, from the boy's point of view, just the reverse. It goes on to tell of her stories and how, one day, she read to him for the first time, instead of narrating, and of the effect that story had in chiming in with ideas that had for long been developing within his mind subconsciously, and how that story was never finished, for when he woke up next morning, the nurse had left, left for ever, and no word of it to him heferehead. him beforehand.

As a picture of the power of events over a child's mind, and of the effects of congenial and uncongenial people on development, the book does as much as a single book can do. All is exceedingly well remembered and well written. It also deals with ante-natal, in fact, pre-conception, influences: perhaps more explicitly than most readers are prepared to consider. Gorki goes as far as may be considered here in discovering in himself an innate aversion from all the bestiality in sexual matters that went on as a matter of course around him.

'... I had a curious and hazy recollection that somewhere '... I had a curious and hazy recollection that somewhere beyond the bounds of reality, at some period in my early child-hood, I had experienced a violent mental shock, some delightful thrill of perceiving or rather preconceiving harmony, as if I had experienced a joy brighter than the rising sun in the morning. Perhaps this happened in the days when I was still in my mother's womb, and the thrill of happiness which sprang from her nervous energy, communicated itself to me in the warm impulse that created my soul and kindled it for the first time into life. Perhaps this stirring moment of happiness for my mother reflected itself in me all my life, and caused me to wait in anxious expectation for some extraordinary experience which should come to me from a woman. 'When you don't know, you imagine, and the greatest wisdom

'When you don't know, you imagine, and the greatest wisdom

that man has attained is his knowledge of loving a woman, and worshipping her beauty: from love of woman has sprung all the beauty of the world.'

Of course, here it would be quite out of place to discuss the validity of such ideas; all that is to be done is to find room for as great a variety as possible of the elementary perceptions of which there is record by those who, as children, experienced them.

When, however, Forrest Reid speaks of his fear of the dark,

he is certainly the spokesman of a multitude.

'... Before Emma had gone, the darkness had presented no terror, had been merely a part of my sleepiness, through which I could call to her as she sat reading or sewing by the nursery fire. I never wanted to call, because I knew she was there; but now that there was nobody to hear me I wanted to call all the time.

'Alone, in a room near the top of this not very friendly house, I seemed to be miles and miles from any human being. There were shut doors, there were many flights of stairs, to deaden effectually any sound I might make. Unless I went out on the landing and screamed I could not possibly be heard.

'The effect of this new state of things upon the darkness was immediate and startling. It was no longer a soft dim curtain hung before the gate of sleep: on the contrary, it drove all my drowsiness away. It had become like a vast, rotting body swarming with obscene life. I could hear stealthy movements; I dared not open my eyes, because I knew hideous things were there, waiting, gloating, eager to display before me their half shapeless horror. From what Limbo did they flock to me, like vampires who have marked their prey from afar? These were no dreams, no creations of a child's imagination. Sleep, that used to come so easily, now seldom came till I heard footsteps on the stairs and the sound of voices, telling me the others were coming to bed-two, three hours after my own bedtime. The strain imposed upon my nervous system was apalling; the sleep which followed was rarely the sweet healthy sleep that is as much a child's right as the food he eats. Yet in the morning my fears would be shaken off: it was only when bedtime again approached that I would remember them. The dreaded hour would chime, the inevitable begging for ten minutes' grace would as inevitably be dismissed, and the grisly business of the night begin.

'It began as I reluctantly pulled the dining-room door behind

me . . . and found myself in a high, dimly lit hall, facing a still more dimly lit staircase. Within sight, at the end of a descending passage, was a friendly kitchen where I knew Sarah . . . was sitting in laborious and audible conflict with that morning's newspaper. But the kitchen door, too, was shut; I was, so far as flesh and blood were concerned, alone.

'How bright and warm and jolly everything I had just left behind me now appeared. . . . Up above me yawned a deep cavernous gloom, heavy as a pall—except when broken by a white, ghastly merriment. I stood, with beating heart and bright eyes, clutching the lowest banister.

'The house was a tall one . . . and nearly to the top of it I must climb. . . . The lower flights of stairs were grey in a kind of floating twilight, for on the second landing a tiny jet of gas . . . shone feebly. The third flight, also, was dimly lit; but the others were black as the tomb. Besides, that miserable gas-jet burned in no amicable spirit. It was like a corpse-candle, and revealed a door open—always slightly open—which I must pass on my way up. Beyond that door was a shadowy room, in which, only too apparent, stood a wardrobe whose dark polished doors were like huge condor wings, flapping "invisible woe." Of that wardrobe I was terrified. How often had I seen its doors open stealthily (and oh! so slowly), while the pale waxy fingers of a dead hand just appeared between them. I hated this room even in broad daylight. Had not Sarah, going in there once at dusk, seen a long figure, with its jaws tied up and its hands folded, but its pale eyes glaring, stretched on the bed. Horrible vision, but absolutely convincing! People had died in that room, Sarah said: it smelt of death.

'I hurried past it with shut eyes and wildly stumbling feet: even the pitch blackness of the upper regions was better than this faint, ghastly light.

'And then, what a scrambling for matches that wouldn't light—which broke, which went out. The candle would flame for a moment and sink down, as if it, too, were going out. . . .

'It was all for one's good, I had been assured: I must learn to conquer this senseless, superstitious cowardice. And an easy way to conquer it was to remember God was with me in the dark. He wasn't; he never had been—unless he was a tall smiling figure with long, pointed, yellow teeth, that I saw one night standing at the foot of my bed. This, at least, was no dream. At all events, I was not asleep. . . .

'But sometimes, after I had gone to bed, my eldest sister would sing. Up in the drawing-room, she was at all events comfortingly nearer me by two flights of stairs than anybody else, and knowing I loved music, she would leave the door open. To me it was like the opening of a door into heaven; not only because she had a beautiful voice and sang with much feeling, but because on those evenings my visitors remained away, allowing me to drop asleep in an exquisite peace. But in the winter, when the nights were longest and darkest, the empty fireless drawing-room was too cold to attract her, and, if she sang at all, she sang for only a little while.

'How long this period of hauntings and nightmares lasted I cannot say (perhaps not so long as I suppose); but gradually it was left behind. I had, into the bargain, become an adept at eluding the worst kind of dreams, though at the cost, it would appear, of making sleep ever afterwards a delicate and fugitive thing, dissolving into widest wakefulness at the slightest sound. I got to know that the seemingly innocent openings of certain dreams boded no good, that any dream in which that wardrobe figured must be avoided. As the ogres in fairy tales can smell the blood of hidden Tom or Jack, so I could smell the silent horror approaching before it actually reached me, and was able to wake myself, and even to experience a feeble sense of triumph at having outwitted my enemies. I got, indeed, to be familiar with all the treacherous paths of this equivocal dreamland; for there were landmarks, signposts, that I remembered from past dreams, my dream-consciousness being in some sort continuous, going back from tonight to last night, to last week, to last month. And then, when I was about ten years old, I found my way into a quite different dream world, beautiful and happy enough to compensate for all that had gone before.'

Compare an experience that befell Spitteler:

'Out of curiosity I had accompanied Agatha into the garret. There she left me, I don't know why, and there I remained alone. I didn't mind; I had put aside fear of being left alone, quite a long time ago. But, without my noticing it, this garret grew dark; shadows filled it, and then gloom, into which, one by one, each visible thing there was swallowed up. Thereupon a solemn, strange, sensation sent a shiver through me. Not that I was afraid of ghosts—ghosts, indeed, I had never heard a word of such things—it was, somehow or other, an intuition of the truth, I mean, a presentiment

that, behind the light of day and its innumerable little incidents, exists another real world, stretching farther, more powerful, than the pleasant universe of grandma; and, by comparison, evil. Then I did grow afraid, and, without stirring, stared into the gloom, which stared back at me, took stock of me in an unfriendly way, its eyes enigmatic. Something was going to come out of that, it seemed to me, which would come from far away, something that could do something, and hurt. I am not at all inclined, not at all entitled, disdainfully to recall those moments passed in the garret, simply because I was then a tiny, unreflecting child. Reflection is far from being the only road to Truth; indeed, I am disposed to say it is the road to Error. In short, at that time, for an instant, I looked at Medusa face to face.

'Somebody came to take me away. By the light of the candles, in the usual room, the warmer and the sweeter because my mother was there, I was sure soon to become once more a happy and boisterous little boy.'

ANATOLE FRANCE

This reminds me of a set of fantasies that used to go on in Anatole France's mind.

On coming into the drawing-room one day, earlier than his fourth year, he saw a man who was engaged in repairing the wallpaper; behind the rent in the paper was canvas, in the canvas another rent, and behind that, a dark hole. Later, during his fourth year, he conceived the idea, based on the foregoing observations, that there existed live things behind that canvas; and, on discovering another hole, he looked in and saw shadows; and listened, and heard murmurs. All this confirmed the idea that, behind the wallpaper, existed another, an unknown world.

About this time he used to dream regularly of a procession of misshapen beings which he believed to have been transmitted into his mind by the prints in a print-shop which did exist near by the house, but which his imagination furnished with squirts and brooms and warts and barnacles.

In time they came to be also equipped with trumpets, mandolins, spectacles, tambourines, saucepans, saws. None of the beings took any notice of him. But, the night of the day on which his mother left him for the first time, and that without

warning, they all came nearer and examined him, and pointed at him, until he awoke in terror.

And when he paid his first visit to the seaside, all the uncanny forms that he saw in the pools, reappeared in his dreams.

At times he lay in bed, not quite well; and then became

At times he lay in bed, not quite well; and then became bored. One preventive was to hum tunes, beating time with his hand. Out of that developed (thanks to an attack of measles) comedy—inventing and acting plays with the fingers and thumb of his right hand impersonating the characters; each one having its distinctive characteristics as actor or actress. The same play rarely had a second performance; but the same situations tended to recur, the more so since each finger was highly specialized in personality, although each might duplicate similar parts. So, the third finger was the only one playing women's parts, but yet might impersonate several women in the same play; and when a warlike play was in progress (Napoleonic, of course) the same finger might represent different nations provided each was an enemy nation. The subject matter varied; 'lyrical, comic, pathetic; tragic and very tragic.' Altogether, it was surprisingly like the Shakespearean method; the more so inasmuch as when passion grew to its heights, prose gave way to song.

His mother could not understand why he had grown so lazy all of a sudden; not comprehending that activity, the activity of genius, was in full swing. Most instructive was the cessation of this activity. When about six years old, some trifling indisposition kept him in bed just at a time when a paint-box and some pieces of ribbon were at hand. With these accessories he proceeded to perfect his theatre. Eyes, noses, mouths, grew upon his actors; their nakedness was covered with gorgeous apparel; a stage appeared; and scenery; and 'properties.' But when all these had been invented and manufactured and a new play was staged, it was found impossible to get through even the first act; luxury and lifelikeness had stifled all the life out of his theatre. It never came back.

AXEL MUNTHE. STRINDBERG

'Abnormal' children need to be represented. Here are two, Axel Munthe and Strindberg. One form taken with the former

was an extraordinary kinship with animals. Every bird's egg he could get hold of he used to try to hatch out in his bed. As of course he could not keep awake, every morning his bed was all in a mess with smashed eggs, and every morning he was flogged for it; without result. One evening his parents, coming home late, found his sister in her nightgown sitting on the table under an umbrella screaming with terror. All his animals had escaped from his room, a bat had caught her claw in his sister's hair, all his snakes, worms and rats were crawling about on the floor. One morning, when being driven across the frozen lake, he tried to jump from the sledge, saying he wanted to follow the trails of wolves who had followed them part of the way in order to see where the wolves had gone to. In the afternoon he was missing, and was searched for in vain the whole night. Next morning the gamekeeper found him asleep in the forest with trails of wolves all round him. But the worst was when the housemaid found a human skull under his bed, a skull with a tuft of red hair still hanging on to it. It was discovered that he had ridden to the village churchyard and stolen a skull from the charnel house. This was when he was ten years old. Neither the parson nor the father could account for a boy behaving in such a way; his mother never got over it; she seemed almost afraid of him, and she was not the only one. But the old housekeeper understood perfectly; she said it all came of his nurse having bewitched him by the milk she gave him and by hanging the claw of a wolf round his neck. This nurse came from Lapland. She used to sing to him in an unknown tongue and she kept on giving him the breast until he was two years old, growling like an angry she-wolf if any-body wanted to take him away from her; nobody, not even his mother, daring to go near her. When at last she was sent away, she returned in the night and tried to steal him. The mother got so frightened she had to take her back. She used to bring the boy all sorts of animals to play with, bats, hedgehogs, squir-rels, rats, snakes, owls and ravens; once she was seen cutting the throat of a raven and putting some drops of its blood in the milk. Eventually she went away altogether because the police wanted her. But we, at least, have reason to be grateful to her: she helped an exceptional boy to become an exceptional man

and physician, and give us one of the most amazingly fine of all autobiographies.

Axel Munthe lived in Sweden, and so did Strindberg; but the former lived in the country in a big house, and the latter in lodgings in town; father, mother, seven children and two servants in three rooms, and in poverty. The mother had herself been a servant and some of the children had been born before marriage.

'The child's first impressions . . . were fear and hunger. He feared the darkness and blows, he feared to fall, to knock himself against something, or to go into the streets. He feared the fists of his brothers, the roughness of the servant-girl, the scolding of his grandmother, the rod of his mother, and his father's cane.'

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'His first awaking to consciousness was mixed with the pealing, chiming, and tolling of bells. All his first thoughts and impressions were accompanied by the ringing for funerals, and the first years of his life were counted out by strokes on the quarter. . . . '. . . On Sundays the bell rang so much that the whole family

- "... On Sundays the bell rang so much that the whole family was nearly reduced to tears, and no one could hear what the other said.
- '. . . worst of all was the ringing of an alarm when a fire broke out.'

'The father only appeared at meal-times. He was melancholy, weary, serious, strict, but not hard. He seemed more severe than he really was, because on his return home he always had to settle a number of things which he could not judge properly. . . . When the cry "Father is coming," was heard, all the children rushed and hid themselves, or ran to the nursery to be combed and washed. At the meals there was a deathly silence, and the father only spoke a little. . . . That is the thankless position of the father in the family—the provider for all, and the enemy of all. . . . But the family is a very imperfect arrangement. It is properly an institution for eating, washing, and ironing, and a very uneconomical one . . . where innocent children are tortured into their first falsehood, where wills are broken by tyranny, and self-respect killed by narrow egoism . . . the home of all social evil, a charitable institution for easy-going women, an anchorage for fathers, and a hell for children.'

But later, they left the lodgings overlooking the churchyard, and lived in the country, just for a summer.

'It is so high and bright, and the ponds and fjords are green and blue in the distance. The dust-bin is forgotten, the schoolroom with its smell of sweat and urine has disappeared, the melancholy church-bells sound no more and the graves are far away. But in the evening a bell rings in a little belfry quite near at hand. With astonishment he sees the modest little bell which swings in the open air, and sends its sound far over the park and bay. He thinks of the terrible deep-toned bell in the tower at home, which seemed to him like a great black maw when he looked into it, as it swung, from below. In the evening, when he is tired and has been washed and put to bed, he hears how the silence seems to hum in his ears, and waits in vain to hear the strokes and chiming of the bell in the tower.

'The next morning he wakes to get up and play. He plays day after day for a whole week. He is in nobody's way, and everything is so peacful. The little ones sleep in the nursery, and he is in the open air all day long. His father does not appear; but on Saturday he comes out from the town and pinches the boys' cheeks because they have grown and become sunburnt. "He does not beat us any more," thinks the child; but he does not trace this to the simple fact that here outside the city there is more room and the air is purer.

'The summer passes gloriously, as enchanting as a fairy-tale.'

This is as much as can be done in this chapter on the lines intended, that is, to provide specimens of more varied and more truthful material than can easily and quickly be discovered, and to suggest where more of the same kind can be found. If it seems more of a scrap-book than a chapter, let it be remembered that the most valuable material is that which, in addition to being most accurately recollected, is also most suggestively recorded. Fewer and shorter quotations then, while assuredly leaving more space for more material, would decrease the value of the whole. Here, in conclusion, is one more such quotation. It concerns the nurse who was in the service of the family of Mary Cholmondeley for sixty years. The mother's invalidism, but still more her temperament—alien to parochial work and to the temperaments of the father and the children—rendered her devotion to them

colourless. Not so with the nurse. A farmer's daughter, and so well connected among her class that she left two thousand pounds at her death and was always the best-dressed woman of the neighbourhood, she with great difficulty ever learnt to read, and never, practically, to write.

'Father and Mother were unselfish, but Ninny was selfless. She loved all the eight of us with an entire absorption and spent herself for us. . . . Tornadoes of wrath passed over us, for she had a violent temper. It made no difference in our love for her. We never thought about her love for us, her devotion to us, any more than we thought about the air we breathed. She was the source of all comfort, as the outspread wings of the mother bird are to the nestlings. In all childish griefs we fled to Ninny.'

'Whenever I think of boundless love Ninny's fine old face and thin work-worn hands rise before me. How those hands toiled for us—all her life, till they could toil no more. Is there any love like the love of a nurse? It is far greater than mother's love, for it gives itself to the last drop of its blood for children not its own. Not its own! Foolish, untrue word. We were and are Ninny's children, held in her comfortable arms from our first hour of life, cherished during all our childhood by her passionate devotion. As one grows old one realizes with awe that if that indeed is love, one has never loved. To whom among those we have loved have we given in the same measure as Ninny gave to us, lavished not on one of us, but without stint equally on all eight of us.'

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'How wonderful, how blessed, for us to have seen a perfect love made flesh dwelling in our own home, in our own nursery! We, Ninny's children, know by experience what St Paul preaches in his burning words to the Corinthians. For Ninny's love indeed suffered long and was kind, did not seek its own, thought no evil, bore all things, believed all things, hoped all things, endured all things—never failed.'

CHAPTER III

GROWING UP

'His parents answered them and said, "We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind; but by what means he now seeth, we know not; he is of age; ask him; he shall speak for himself."

JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

THERE have been all these years, then, during which the savage baby has had pressure brought to bear upon him to adopt the ways of his elders, pressure of circumstances and of prejudice, primordial or conventional, pressure exerted by friend, and by enemy, and by indifference and by changes in his own physique, capable of endless variation, never, in fact, identical in any two cases, but invariably with one common factor, namely, that something of the kind is unavoidable.

Then ensues a period during which this process tends to pass out of the subconscious, and into the conscious, stage, when growing-up continues, reluctantly, or half-heartedly, or voluntarily, even to the point of rebellion; wished-for either as a means of escape into independence, or to gain approval, or to fulfil some inherent desire. And meanwhile, external pressure still continues, if not with greater intensity, at least with what is felt as such.

The forms that this discipline, whether from outside, or from inside, take are mainly social, economic, vocational, educational, religious and erotic; and the period is that which we are accustomed to think of mainly as school-years. But autobiography will not allow us to accept any such point of view; autobiographers remain primarily individuals; and, in any case, most of the world's children have never gone to school and consequently are grown-up when the school-children are still children; and the scholastic period, when it does occur, may be anything from

three months to sixteen years. Furthermore, since there is not space enough in one chapter for indication of what all these above-mentioned forms of discipline and development entail, let the two last-named be eliminated, inasmuch as they will be more in place in chapters to themselves in Volume II, while, of the first four, number one, consisting as it does of settling one's relations with other people, does not need dealing with separately, being a by-product of the other three. The economic, that is, the struggle for independence, will find its place incidentally in subsequent chapters in this volume. Two, then, will be our present concern; the vocational, the finding out what to do and to be; and the educational, the steps towards fulfilment of the same. Interwoven with both is personal influence; and, beyond all, is the realization of death and infirmity, which may, or may not, strike at any moment.

MORTALITY AND INFIRMITY

George Sturt speaks of the occasion when, amid their living in and rejoicing in the world of Nature, he discovered his brotherhood with the animals; when he and companions started throwing stones at birds and killed a wren, and, as they looked at it dead, they realized what cruel, careless, fools they were. And then, as regards what oneself is liable to, instances so often occur in which a change of mind, affecting all subsequent ways of thinking, comes about through illness, that it may be said that one who keeps in good health throughout life has never come to understand all he was capable of understanding. Such an instance is that of Anatole France in the preceding chapter, and when the process is carried farther and deeper, Hans Carossa's case may exemplify it:

'So my soul, loosened from its bearings by my fever, found itself strangely swept to and fro between everything and nothing. But then followed moments of absolute ennui, and with them an extreme discomfort which neither books nor play could assuage. Everyone knows of those childish states, where outwardly we present a fretfully cross and sullen appearance, while underneath many matters are being decided, and for the first time a divination

dawns that in the last and deepest things nobody can help us. No other longing is nearer the fountain-head, none more beset with dangers than that of the inexperienced child, as yet unconscious of his sex, who in the intoxication of his recovery, cut off from his comrades, lies awake in his bed. He cannot, like his healthy playmates, give expression to his waxing strength in pranks and shouting; he cannot, like the grown-ups, translate it into action, or throw it into an embrace: he must feel and endure it in all its divine incompatibility; must grow along with it or break upon it. And all at once the boy yearns for someone, perhaps for a comrade, perhaps for a leader or misleader; it is neither woman nor man that hovers before his mind, but it must be a being who will throw open for him an incomparably greater existence than he has lived hitherto.'

More detailed is Hudson. When he was sixteen he caught typhus, and, soon after, rheumatic fever. And previously the subject of death itself had been brought home to him; first, when he was six, by the death of the dog Cæsar, when the tutor for the time being thought to improve the occasion by making a funeral oration, laying stress on death being the common fate of all. He went to his mother for explanations, and became happy again when she had explained the idea of eternal life to him. But he paid more attention to death in future; to the gauchos' fearful methods of killing cattle, to a man nearly drowned by accident, but most of all to the death of Margarita, the beautiful nineteen-year-old niece of their shepherd. And then came his own worst interval, when the doctors said he could not live long, and he found that the dread of annihilation which had seized him when a child of six, was as vivid as ever:

'This visible world—this paradise of which I had had so far but a fleeting glimpse—the sun and moon and other worlds peopling all space with their brilliant constellations, and still other suns and systems, so utterly remote, in such inconceivable numbers as to appear to our vision as a faint luminous mist in the sky—all this universe which had existed for millions and millions of ages, or from eternity, would have existed in vain, since now it was doomed with my last breath, my last gleam of consciousness, to come to nothing.'

And then the reaction later:

'Thus I came out of the contest a loser, but as a compensation had the knowledge that my physicians were false prophets; that, barring accidents, I could count on thirty, forty, even fifty years with their summers and autumns and winters. And that was the life I desired—the life the heart can conceive—the earth life. When I hear people say they have not found the world and life so agreeable or interesting as to be in love with it, or that they look with equanimity to its end, I am apt to think they have never been properly alive nor seen with clear vision the world they think so meanly of, or anything in it-not a blade of grass. Only I know that mine is an exceptional case, that the visible world is to me more beautiful and interesting than to most persons, that the delight I experienced in my communings with Nature did not pass away, leaving nothing but a recollection of vanished happiness to intensify a present pain. The happiness was never lost, but owing to that faculty I have spoken of, had a cumulative effect on the mind and was mine again, so that in my worst times, when I was compelled to exist shut out from Nature in London for long periods, sick and poor and friendless, I could yet always feel that it was infinitely better to be than not to be.'

VOCATIONS

Turning, then, to the two main subjects of this chapter, and taking the vocational first, the discovery of one's own qualities and limitations and possibilities, it will be borne in upon us what a slow process this is in so many cases.

Jane E. Harrison, famous as a classical scholar, blessed with what seems a singularly clear mind and a specially well-directed and single-minded life, looks back at the age of seventy and does not find, at the first attempt, even then, the right definition of what she had achieved and had steadily tended towards; and decides in the end, that if she had her life over again, she would find her vocation elsewhere. Halting and stumbling, diverging under misapprehensions into blind-alleys which distressed her, dabbling in the irrelevant, but driven out and away in the end by the same force that had driven her into all of these, by an irresistible lust to adventure, she finds that all paths alike had combined to head her towards a single subject—religion; that

nothing had been wasted; and then, even as she writes, at that age, corrects herself; after all, it had never been religion she had tended towards, it had been ritual. No sermon, she says, no hymn, no poem, had ever moved her as had a ritual dance, a procession with lights and vestments and banners. And then, immediately after making this last discovery of her mind's true bent, she decides that, were she to have her life over again, she would spend it studying Language, Language as interpreting Life, Life as manifesting itself in Language. Hers had been all the slower, more hesitating development inasmuch as she had had a narrow evangelical home with no escape from daily company with Death and Judgment, Heaven and Hell. She could remember her release, walking up and down in the College garden, after reading Aristotle, meditating on the new discovery of what was so ancient, the idea of universality as just an energy, and the individual life as consisting of the exercise of the faculties latent therein, friendship taking its place as one faculty as a matter of course. No recollection of hers was more vivid, that walking up and down, thinking, could it possibly be true? the mentality of her past seeming like a madhouse and present and future establishing liberty, sanity, freedom?

Another scholar, Mark Pattison, goes still farther; he is one of those extreme instances which throw so much light on what is always happening; but not, normally, with the clearness that calls attention to itself, as do the extreme instances.

'In looking back on the course which self-formation has taken with me, two points seem to me chiefly noteworthy: I. The minuteness of the germ out of which a wide and full intellectual life has been evolved . . . my first consciousness is that of stupidity. A very feeble germ of intellect was struggling with a crushing mass of facts, ideas which it could not master, and with the tyrannical force of more powerful intelligence in the persons around me. Instead of starting, as I see other young men do, with a buoyant sense of mental vigour and delight in the masterful exercise of the intellectual weapons, I was wearily nursing a feeble spark of mind, painfully conscious of its inability to cope with its environment. At twenty-one I seemed ten years in the rear of my contemporaries. II. In the second place, I cannot help observing the remarkable force

with which the Unconscious vindicated its power. . . . By whatever name you call it, the Unconscious is found controlling each man's destiny without, or in defiance of, his will. The unconscious instinct of a studious life, having its origin in the days of early boyhood, reasserted itself again and again against untoward external events, until it had compelled me into the career which alone my reason approved, and to which I have been faithful for the last thirty years.'

Three others may be quoted, and all five, it must be noted, lived in easy circumstances in those Victorian days when such living was neither too slow nor too quick, and as sheltered as life can be. And if, as we go round the Tate Gallery and see the depths to which we fell during this period of 'Lead, Kindly Blight,' we sympathize with children so situated, we need to bear in mind that every epoch in every other country, hitherto, has placed as great hindrances in the way of its own children.

Edward Carpenter needs no introduction. But, free as he was, thanks to his habit of straight thinking and direct action accordingly, from following all those will-o'-the-wisps which play so large a part in futilizing the lives of most of us, he might be thought of as the last person to illustrate the difficulty of finding one's place in life. But, in reality, his early life, amid luxury, in a family whose boys expected to do little and whose girls were expected to do nothing, with eight years at Brighton College with a brilliant elder brother there to make things easy for him, followed by Cambridge when Cambridge was easy-going before everything, and inside, a calm friendly gentlemanliness and so singular an incapacity for making enemies that he never even seems to have thought of making any—all that was but the façade of a sickening dissatisfaction with the barrenness and unreality of all that surrounded him, the only relief from which was to be found when alone on the Downs.

Francis Galton, on the other hand, may be getting forgotten now, but used to be a man of mark in science. His account of himself extends up to 1908 and shows no sign of old age; yet he was a hospital student before anæsthetics came into use, remembers a journey from Milan to Boulogne by coach which took seven days and eight nights, and a time when the best-informed men believed the whole history of the ancient world to be contained in the Pentateuch. A shrewd, placid book, whose object is to show how the growth of a mind has been affected by circumstances. Here is a characteristic passage:

'In early life it seems to be a hard lesson for an imaginative child to distinguish between the real and the visionary world. If the fantasies are habitually laughed at and otherwise discouraged, the child soon acquires the power of distinguishing them; any incongruity or nonconformity is quickly noted, the fact of its being a vision is found out; it is discredited, and no further attended to. In this way the natural tendency to see visions is blunted by repression. Therefore, when popular opinion is of a matter-of-fact kind, the seers of visions keep quiet; they do not like to be thought fanciful or mad, and they hide their experiences. . . . But let the tide of opinion change and grow favourable to supernaturalism, then the seers of visions come to the front. It is not that a faculty previously nonexistent has been suddenly evoked, but that a faculty long smothered in secret has been suddenly allowed freedom to express itself, and, it may be, to run into extravagance owing to the removal of reasonable safeguards.'

Ida Gandy presents a totally different picture, one undistinguished in itself; limitations very marked; adding practically nothing to knowledge, inessentials, a common-place book of thousands and thousands of other happy child-lives in countrified England, leading to nothing particular except that which Montaigne thought mattered most—'to-day I have lived.' But, as such, to be recommended without reserve. Here are no hindrances, no problems; but a solution of the vocational problem in that health and happiness, once established by the simple method of not preventing them, may abide; and that devotion to something in childhood is a method of providing for old age. Her life centred round her father's church; and yet the whole life of the youngsters lay out of doors; indoors existed only as a convenience; their mother let them wander as far and as often as their bare-footed feet would carry them in Wiltshire. Here is a

synthesis of so many of their Good Fridays, with its visit to Mr Penny and his grotto at tea-time; and something, something of the greatest importance, concerning their garden and its two halves.

'It is a strange irony that, while May Day is usually cold and cheerless, Good Friday should almost invariably be hauntingly warm and beautiful. As children this used to seem to us an act of the devil, deliberately planned to lead us into temptation.

'We would start the day in a sober mood.

'The cuckoo might call mockingly from sunny fields, the first butterflies dance by on sulphur wings, the whole air be full of alluring scents; for the moment we felt secure against such enchantments. The path for us was unalterably fixed, and the voice of the tenor bell—no peal this morning to captivate our hearts—was the voice of duty calling us out of the sunshine and the greenness into the cool, quiet church. There we listened to the almost too familiar tale of the sufferings of Christ, or sang melancholy hymns that left us ashamed that we loved the bright familiar world so much still.

Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were an offering far too small; Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

'So we sang. But could we indeed subdue our passionate love for the downs, the woods, the streams, until it was a pale ghost in comparison to our love for that face that looked wanly down at us from the garish eastern window? No, we knew that we could not. Yet when we clattered out again into the sunshine some vague shadow seemed to have crept between us and the budding trees, and the sky, and the song of the birds, and we walked like exiles in a strange land.

'Nor did a midday meal break the spell that had been laid on us. Boiled parsnips and salt cod were the order of the day and we disliked them both. There was not even a pudding to relieve our spirits.

'But all the same, events now took a new turn.

'For it was our custom on Good Friday afternoon to sally forth with baskets in search of flowers wherewith to decorate the church for Easter, and every year we went the same way; indeed, to choose any other would have seemed a wanton defiance of all Good Friday traditions.

'The chastening influences of the morning were not cast away in a moment, and we would start northwards up the steep chalk hill rather soberly, hugging to ourselves the thought that after all this expedition was not just for our own satisfaction; that Christ would be pleased with us for wanting to make the church look beautiful.

'But I am bound to say that this thought grew fainter and fainter as we proceeded on our journey.

'Once we stood at the top of the hill with the unfettered downs spread north, east and west about us we were conscious of being back in our own world again. Our spirits rose with a bound. That other world, where sad-looking people stood under a cross and let Christ's blood 'drop gently on them drop by drop,' ceased to exist for us, or grew as remote as the vale below when an east wind shrouded it in mist. This was the real world—this world where larks sprang heavenwards on all sides, where purple shadows flew over the hills, where peewits ran through the grass with lifted crests, and the broken music of sheep-bells floated on the wind. Death—our own, anyone's—became incredible.

'We raced along the little milk-white road that cut between the last upland fields until we had the down turf under our fet. Then we turned somersaults in the grass or leaped the juniper-bushes—raising clouds of yellow smoke like incense from the juniper blossom—or buried our noses in great clusters of gorse blossom and renewed an annual argument as to whether it smelled most like almond or coconut.

'And now the little chalk road began to drop again into the next valley.'

'Here, too, in the boggy channels that intercepted the copse, grew enormous marsh-marigolds, so golden and glittering that at sight of them nobody in their senses could help crying aloud their amazement and joy.

'At last when our baskets were full and our fingers ached with picking, our thoughts would turn to tea. On Good Friday there was a ritual of tea as of everything else.'

'When at length we came out of the grotto, as often as not there would be the sound of church bells chiming from over the fields. With a little start we were back in this mortal world again a parson's children, conscious suddenly that we could not escape from Good Friday altogether. Her voice was calling plaintively in the distance; almost, sometimes, I seemed to see her face, and it was the face of a sad and patient woman dressed in perpetual mourning.

'Hastily we would collect our baskets, pour out our thanks to Mr Penny, and start off home up the long hill. And now in the valley below the bells of our own church would be audible, for in the evening the whole peal joined in calling the people together.

'We knew as we trudged along through the dust that they were calling us, too, but we heard them without dismay; we even found something pleasant in the subdued melancholy with which they filled the air. We had had our day; we had been one with the joyful riot of Spring, we had sat in the lap of luxury at Mr Penny's. . . . These delights were over now, and we were tired and incapable of further deep emotion.

'The church was our friendly angel again, welcoming us home. We would rest quietly under her dim arches, and join in the long slow hymns, warmed by their gentle sentiment to offer, without rebellion, without even conscious humbug, our souls and bodies to the service of Christ.'

'On the eastern side of the house there lay a sheltered little garden where there was a round pond planted with osmunda ferns and yellow flags, and where, to my eyes at least, all the flowers of the world seemed gathered.

'Here were sky-blue larkspurs and Madonna lilies as tall as oneself, borders of pinks, many-coloured poppies and love-in-the-mist, crown imperials with five crystal drops in each flaming bell, roses everywhere, and dozens of other beautiful plants.

'In the middle was a sun-dial, and against the sunny wall that screened it from the north was a fig-tree. Whether it was because of this fig-tree, or of the heavenly blue of the larkspurs, or the saintliness of the lilies, or the sweet drowsy warmth that seemed imprisoned in this little garden, I do not know, but it always represented Paradise in my imagination, and I walked in it sedately, smelling the roses, thinking pleasant, secret thoughts that I would share with no one, a different child altogether to the one who chased leaves and quarrelled on the western lawn.'

Such sheltered lives as the lives of these last five need to be supplemented by something more stormy; Gorki's will do:

'My lot was a hard one, for I was desperately trying to find a kindred spirit; but as I was anxious that no one should know of this, I took refuge in being saucy and disagreeable. . . .

'Within me dwelt two persons; one cognisant of only too many abominations and obscenities, somewhat timid for that reason, and crushed by the knowledge of everyday horrors; who had begun to view life and people distrustfully, contemptuously, with a feeble pity for everyone, including himself. This person dreamed of a quiet, solitary life, with books, without people, or monasteries, of a forest-keeper's lodge, a railway signal-box, of Persia, of the office of a night-watchman somewhere on the outskirts of a town. Only to see fewer people—to be remote from human beings.

'The other person, baptized by the holy spirit of noble and wise books, observing the overwhelming strength of the daily horrors of life, felt how easily that strength might sap one's brain-power, trample the heart with dirty footprints, and fighting against it with all the force of clenched teeth and fists, was always ready for a quarrel.'

EDUCATION

Education may take place either indoors or outdoors. Indoors we can conveniently limit ourselves to processes of learning, i.e., acquiring certain new capacities and obedience and disobedience. Outdoors any sort of experience will serve. A special feature of autobiographers is that practically every one of them who has been to school has been to a different school from that of any of the others. Another characteristic almost as invariable is the rarity of finding one who has a good word to say for his school. Equally rare is it to find one who endorses the current notions that Education is what goes on in schools, and that what goes on in schools is Education. Two, however, are notable exceptions: Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf and Percy Lubbock.

The former was, perhaps, predisposed in favour of school. Belonging to the Prussian aristocracy, and isolated in German Poland, under conditions which owed every aspect of civilization to his mother; where he, the first-born, had to be guarded against rats at nights, without playmates, and with tutors in contrast with whom any school would have offered a change for

the better; he had that in him, in addition, which was to render him a perfect model of classical scholar. Among his tutors may be mentioned the music-master, from whom he got the impression that music was made rather for the fingers than for the ear; the recollection of the dulness and misery of the lessons endured throughout life, side by side with a capacity to comprehend and care about music when he had but to listen to it.

The school he did go to, Pforte (about 1860), provided one of the periods of his life to which he looked back with the greatest pleasure and gratitude. The pupils got up in summer at five, in winter at six; to bed at nine. The building had been a convent, and the high walls shut them off from the world outside, and no effort was made to take them outside. But within the walls there were frequent intervals between lessons, plenty of games, and one free day a week during which everybody could read what they liked. Masters were there on this day to answer questions and advise, but not to supervise; and it was to that free day and to the spirit which allowed it that the school owed its best qualities, and to which he owed the fact that on leaving school he took away with him not so much the belief that he knew what he did know, but the inclination to learn more. Another characteristic of the school was that at the end of each term all the reports of all the boys were read aloud before the whole school.

Outside the actual school work, the whole establishment was practically self-governed by the boys; it worked very well then, and very well upon their after life. The chief object of the education itself was to give a complete mastery of written Latin, but it was given in a way which taught them to think and to use both their own language and Latin as instruments of thought. He contrasts his education with that of present-day Germany, in which the variety of subjects taught gives an impression of knowing a great deal that nobody can know at eighteen, without giving them any training which is going to counteract the bad effects of that impression, or even enable them to realize that there are bad effects. Its defect was that they were never taught to use their eyes; they left school realizing nothing about either the earth, or the sky, or art. The school turned out doctors and scholars and generals; but not biologists.

There is a brightness about his perceptions as regards his old schoolmasters which disappears when he comes to speak of later acquaintances, however much the latter may have appealed to him. There was the master who taught German literature, who gave up evenings to read plays aloud with any boys who wanted to, and other evenings to the few who wanted to learn Italian; starting by reading the Gerusalemme Liberata straightaway, and elucidating what seemed to need elucidation as they went along. And then, the historical master, who had been a pupil of von Ranke and whose idea of patriotism was so clear and so human and so very different from what Wilamowitz-Moellendorf found current in German schools in later days; who forbade the use of text-books, and encouraged note-taking; who initiated the boys into modern history until they knew it better than ancient; who made Latin verse-making popular; who defended everybody who was out of favour; and who, at the last, when overwork and disappointments had driven him to drink, was able to take part in public prayers on one occasion when half-seas-over without discipline lapsing in the slightest, because everyone loved him discipline lapsing in the slightest, because everyone loved him so much. And then, there was the other who took the Upper Second so long and with so much affection that he was said to have said, when asked at a railway booking-office: 'What Class?' 'Upper Second, of course.' The rest matched them.

Percy Lubbock was doubly lucky, for although, even in his more recent time, it was still his masters' task to 'cure the young of youthfulness,' he benefited intellectually by no less than two schools. Of the head master of his preparatory school he says:

'... he taught us, and taught us more than I can measure, by merely living and moving in the perfume of noble letters. Nothing in the world is more catching, when the sensitive young are exposed to it; stealing into the mind, insidiously clinging there, it spreads into the furthest corners, into unsuspected crannies; . . . the lingering perfume, caught from another when I was ten years old, will hang on in the recesses of my stiffening, narrowing mind, and a few sweet traces of it will remain when my mind is at length set fast in the solemnity or the triviality of the prime of life. It isn't much, you may think, to show for the long labours of my education; I agree that it isn't much, and I maintain that it might have been more.'

and of Eton:

'At the best, with all that the genius of the school can ever accomplish, it can't relieve us of the chief of our difficulties, which is to be young and to grow; and the highest accomplishment of Eton will always be this, as it has been in the past—to be loved by the young. It is Eton's great gift to youth; and because we feel that the gift can never be slighted, therefore we believe in the future of Eton. We talk of all the other works that are wrought by Eton upon her youth; but whatever we find to say of them, in gratitude or in hope, they would appear to us by comparison of small account if this were all—if Eton only lived to do us good. The real heart of our thought, under all our talk, is that Eton lives and will live to be loved.'

The reverse of the case, of course, loses nothing when it is Strindberg telling the story (under the name of John). At seven years of age he was woken up at six o'clock in winter to do his preparatory work before breakfast. Breakfast consisted of a cup of barley coffee and a roll; then followed the walk to school in the snow, lateness by reason of the snow being too deep for the legs of a seven-year-old, thrashings for being late, and

'. . . then the school and the teaching! Has not enough been written about Latin and the cane? Perhaps. In later years he skipped all passages in books which dealt with reminiscences of school life and avoided all books on that subject. When he grew up, his worst nightmare . . . was to dream that he was back at school.

'The relation between pupil and teacher is such that the former gets as one-sided a view of the latter as a child of its parent. The first teacher John had looked like the ogre in the story of Tom Thumb. He flogged continually and said he would make the boys crawl on the floor and beat them to pulp if they did their exercises badly.

'He was not, however, really a bad fellow, and John and his school-fellows presented him with an album when he left Stockholm. Many thought well of him and considered him a fine character.

'Another . . . really seemed to beat the boys because he liked it. He would commence his lesson by saying, "Bring the cane" and then try to find as many as he could with an ill-prepared lesson. He finally committed suicide in consequence of a scathing newspaper article. Half a year before that John, then a student, had met him and felt moved by his old teacher's complaints over the ingratitude of the world. A year previous he had received at Christmas time a box of stones, sent him from an old pupil from Australia. But the colleagues of the stern teacher used to speak of him as a good-natured fool . . . he was an excellent teacher.

'These men of the old school knew perhaps no better. They had been brought up themselves on those lines.'

Considering what extract shall stand as most typical, in contrast to the foregoing extremes, none seem more to the point than the following from E. W. Candler, whose experience was of an English 'public' school in the eighties.

In grammar, syntax, prosody, we were well grounded. The dead languages were our portion at X, and the traditions of pedagogy saw to it that they remained dead. Our anatomical researches, no doubt, had their practical value as an aid to expression in the living tongue, but were no more inspiring than a post-mortem. We did not sail with Ulysses or feed Lesbia's sparrows. . . . Our schoolbooks and our task-masters were non-conductors. An atmosphere of dusters, blackboards, chalk, false quantities, syntax, exam. rep. and imposition school, as impermeable to the ghosts of dead passions as phenyle to unhealthy germs, interposed between the young barbarian and the sublime."

Of all books which deal at length with the subject none sums up the usual experience of autobiographers more efficiently than Lord Berners's First Childhood. Many may find it, at first sight, too well written and too amusing to be authentic; but meditation and comparison tell wholly in its favour.

On the whole it may be said that the utility of the part played by school in the lives of autobiographers is in inverse ratio to that which their parents thought it was going to play. What strikes the writers, as they look back, as having mattered is generally some aspect of it, something arising out of it inci-

dentally, quite outside its intention, arising merely because of the time of life and the length of that time, when something decisive was bound to happen. School, in fact, is a factor, apparently, mainly by reason of its dulness, as a background which throws into relief some unconsciously desired process or event, and has, indeed, by its dulness, stimulated that desire.

Turning, once more, to an extreme case to illustrate what is often apparent, but not with such clearness, here is how mathematics came into the life of Stendhal. The latter, at the age of six, lost his mother, and with her all pleasure in life came to an end from 1790 to 1799. He could not imagine two human beings more fundamentally antipathetic than himself and his father, who engaged a tutor who drove everything home. Thirty-five years later he was absorbed in getting on as well as possible with a most attractive girl, when the course of more or less true love was brought to a sudden end by his discovery that her nose resembled the tutor's. The fact of either father or tutor recommending anything was enough to arouse a permanent hatred of it in the boy. It did, on the other hand, stimulate him into doing much reading on his own account, revelling in Don Quixote, which his father, for that reason, took away from him: and in Shakespeare, because Racine was prescribed. As he could not see any means of revenge, he dreamed of escape. He acquired a liking for mathematics through someone who came to the house, and saw a possibility that by developing that taste he might also develop a means of leaving home. At the age of fourteen he went to school, also taking with him the idea that as mathematics, as he knew them, dealt with certainties, one had only to go farther and farther into the subject in order to arrive at more and more certainties, and ultimately at all. This idea also appealed to him. But by taking the subject so seriously as that he found himself at loggerheads with classmates and teachers, all of whom took a highly practical text-book view and were impatient with anyone who wished to do otherwise. He began to think mathematicians rivalled priests as hypocrites (his tutor was an abbé), and this feeling deepened into despair when, on probing a text-book, he came across a statement, which seemed incomprehensible to him, that two parallel lines would meet, if produced to infinity, and, when asking the master for explanation, was met by the latter drawing two such on the blackboard and by being told that he could see for himself that the two would meet in infinity. It was just then that he heard of a young man who was very clever at mathematics. The boy found a companion to venture with him and the two found themselves in the room of this young man Gros, so overcome with confusion at their daring that they did not know how they had got there or as far as being asked: 'Citizens, how far have you got already?' There, at equations, the teacher started, revealing the reasons for equations, not as apothecary's recipes but as self-evident evolutions; and proceeding, lesson by lesson, from point to point, showing how people, in bygone days, had endeavoured to solve such problems, and how bygone methods had all been improved upon until contemporary methods had been arrived at; and, once they had grasped what they were at, he straightway went on to something else arising out of it. It may all seem too simple to use paper and print in describing it. It did not seem so to the boy: it seemed as if the heavens were opening above him; and his whole soul being filled.

Something similar happened to the English mathematical teacher, Mrs Boole. Not that she had an unhappy home, but there was no one to meet her needs until a Frenchman came by accident. After the second lesson the girl produced as her own work results which the adults of the family could not credit as such; so she did some more in front of them. She was eight years old. The teacher was engaged for two hours a day, from 6 a.m. till 8, the only hours he had free, and so it went on through a bitter winter.

'... I wish, though I know that the wish is vain, that I could convey any adequate impression of the way in which he enveloped my life with a protecting influence without the slightest interference with either my thoughts or my feelings. The influence was all the stronger because he showed no desire to gain influence; I was quite unconscious of it then and for many, many years afterwards. In those days the distinctions of rank were more sharply defined than they are now. The village schoolmaster was not supposed to take rank with gentlefolk, and though Monsieur Déplace himself

was a gentleman in every sense of the word, he accepted the social position into which he had fallen in all seriousness.

'I do not remember anything passing between us in the slightest degree resembling either a caress or an affectionate word. The relation between us was, I believe, entirely subconscious on my part, then, and for a quarter of a century after I left him. I remember distinctly the first arithmetic lesson he gave me at home. Mother had been trying to teach me long division, but could not make me understand, chiefly, as I now know, because she herself did not understand. The difficulty was referred to Monsieur Déplace; then it disappeared as if by magic, and it was the last difficulty that I was ever in my life able to see in connection with arithmetic.'

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'Only one other utterance of the master remains in my memory. In France at that time able-bodied laymen took turns at patrol duty. When Monsieur Déplace's week of patrol occurred he could not give us our lessons. I suppose that when he came back to us I must have said something about having missed them or being glad to resume them. He said that if I only knew what it was to him to be teaching an intelligent little girl who wished to learn, after the rough village boys, I should feel sure that nothing but absolute necessity would have kept him away for a day. I am sure that one sentence settled my destiny for life. If a girl once gives her heart in response to the appeal, "I want you because you understand," there is not much use in anyone ever after appealing to her through her ambitions, greeds, superficial emotions, vanity, or craving for mere sensations. And thrice blessed is the girl who has so given her heart several years before the age of the dawning of the physical passions.

'I can see it all now, in that bitter winter: the smoky fire, just lighted in the day nursery; the boy, mercifully allowed by M. Déplace to sleep on a footstool in the chimney corner, and myself utterly happy and peaceful. Nurse used to go away, cook and our parents were not yet up. There was no fear of jar or interruption. Neither cold nor anything else mattered when I was alone in peace with the Master. Two of the things that remain to me of that winter are: an unconquerable dislike of the sight of snow and ice; and the power to forget the sensation of cold whenever I have the opportunity of escaping from psychic jarring by absorbing myself in a problem.'

After her twelfth year she never saw the master again except for one day twenty-five years later; the following year he died. Nor, apparently, was there any correspondence. Of her husband, George Boole, the mathematician, it was said that at the blackboard he was more like a painter painting a vision than a teacher demonstrating, and yet there remained something from her memory of the Frenchman that George Boole lacked:

'when I think of Monsieur Déplace's first lesson in the Rule of Three, I can see nothing except the master pulling back a curtain which had been keeping out the light, and leaving me to look into Heaven for myself.'

Monsieur Déplace has no honour in his own country; an imprudent marriage ruined all his chances in life. As for the girl's instruction in other respects there was plenty of it; of which she has recollections which are amusing enough—to look back upon; that is all. She learned to read of her own accord before she was three and a half.

Reading is, of all educational processes, the one that most frequently claims space in autobiographies. As compared with other such processes the frequency is out of all proportion to its importance; and yet it is in the nature of the case that this should be so; autobiographers being, for the most part, both writers when adult and storytellers in youth; and storytellers, given opportunities, are generally readers. No harm will be done, however, to one's sense of proportion as an inquirer into varieties of growth during childhood by allotting reading here as much space as it claims, if it is borne in mind that this is only done as a question of the amount of evidence, and that alternative processes go on among the less articulate. Mary Antin, as a Jewess, is naturally a more than typical example, though even among Jewesses she stands out as an exception. It was not only the literary tradition of the Jews, intensified and canalized by centuries of repression and persecution, but also that her father had been a promising scholar and lived in one of the narrower Jewish communities amidst which scholarship could only flourish in conjunction with piety; and he had no inclination towards piety. After being trained to become a Rabbi he found he had no voca-

tion for that career, and for alternative careers he had had no training. He had travelled, too, which helped to differentiate him from his untravelled neighbours in Polotzk. He failed; and descended from promise to wretchedness, from wealth to poverty. When he found, then, that he had a promising daughter, his hopes centred afresh in her, stimulated the more by his belief in education for women.

While the actual learning to read occurred at Polotzk, she became a reader during that six months' visit to Vitebsk which, as mentioned, meant all that to her that transplantation at the right moment means to children as to cabbages. Most of the books available were lurid novelettes; she read them all; all day and as much of the night as her lamp lasted. But poetry and back numbers of periodicals also had a place. Had the visit lasted longer than six months the habit might well, she thinks, have done permanent physical, but not moral, harm. Neither then, nor later, did she find any revelation acquired from books doing her harm, nor any book, however idle, failing to provide her with some contribution; she seems to have possessed in a marked degree the child's capacity for ignoring what did not concern her soul. So, too, when she was fourteen and in Boston, she read everything that came into the house; nothing was too crude, nothing too difficult; and when her school was closed, that is, from June to September, she spent most of her time at the public library, arriving on the steps before the opening hour, departing at closing time with one of the books she was permitted to borrow, and finishing it that night. And yet, at any rate, so far as what she had read in Latin was concerned, what she remembered when she was thirty was only that which she had read to her sister Frieda, an elder sister whose gift was work. She could be trusted with work; Mary could not. On the day when Mary started school in America, Frieda started apprenticeship with a dressmaker. But when she was married and Mary came to see her and the husband and baby had gone to sleep, then Mary would read to her, sometimes in Latin, translating as she went along, and Frieda would forget her sewing, and listen, with tears in her eyes, to meanings and sounds that life had left her no time for otherwise.

And yet it was not through reading that the quickening of life came to her brain, that quickening of mental life that occurs as definitely as the physical quickening happens to the embryo, but when, once,

'In the long black furrows yet unsown a peasant pushed his plow. I watched him go up and down, leaving a new black line on the bank for every turn. Suddenly he began to sing, a rude plowman's song. Only the melody reached me, but the meaning sprang up in my heart to fit it—a song of the earth and the hopes of the earth. I sat a long time listening, looking, tense with attention. I felt myself discovering things. Something in me gasped for life, and lay still. I was but a little body, and Life Universal had suddenly burst upon me. For a moment I had my little hand on the Great Pulse, but my fingers slipped, empty. For the space of a wild heartbeat I knew, and then I was again a simple child, looking to my earthly senses for life. But the sky had stretched for me, the earth had expanded; a greater life had dawned in me.

'We are not born all at once, but by bits. The body first, and the spirit later; and the birth and growth of the spirit, in those who are attentive to their own inner life, are slow and exceedingly painful. Our mothers are racked with the pains of our physical birth; we ourselves suffer the longer pains of our spiritual growth. Our souls are scarred with the struggles of successive births, and the process is recorded also by the wrinkles in our brains, by the lines in our faces. Look at me, and you will see that I have been born many times. And my first self-birth happened, as I have told, that spring day of my early springs.'

So, likewise, may Miss McHugh's experience with regard to reading be shown in its setting:

'When very young, I started to read Scott and Dickens and came across unfamiliar arrangements of letters I simply gave them a meaning of my own; and as it was frequently almost the opposite of that given in dictionaries, my imagination and understanding were quite differently furnished from those of a child really fond of learning.'

'Nor had I curiosity about facts which at the moment were no particular concern of mine, nor a desire to know the exact meaning of words.'

'. . . at a tender age I devoured novels which later were forbidden to me at the age of sixteen. At nine or ten years their meaning passed me by—but at thirteen or fourteen, in memory, I had unriddled them. These, I suppose, are most children's processes of development; hazy animal dreamings, and bursts of enlightenment, and little avidities for knowledge, and even at times what seems like a deliberate shutting of the mind, out of an instinctive desire for rest. During my school years, for long periods at a time, I was possessed of a conscious mental lethargy, an idleness that had nothing whatever to do with my lessons. These I learned, parrot-fashion, as much as I was compelled to; but all the while another self within me sat down in its tracks and stared about it, and refused to be hurried on. Quite consciously, and with a deep satisfaction, as though by doing so it fulfilled for me some peculiar need; as though in some senses I were dead, or sleeping, and did not will to be alive.'

'When holidays ended my heart seemed to die within me, and I lived in my prison in a dull and aching way until I was liberated again. I was not dramatically or even very consciously unhappy. I was simply a little lost creature, caged with a lot of other beings among whom, try as I might, I could never feel at my ease.'

And George Sturt's:

'I don't remember learning to read. . . . So far as I know to the contrary I was born with that power. But that did not excuse me from going to school. . . . Nor do I forget how troublesome it was, there, to trace pothooks and hangers in Darnell's copy-book. Perhaps—though it never occurred to me until now—my dislike of this task was due partly to the room to which we adjourned for it; a downstairs back-room . . . with never any sunshine in it at the hour while I was there. Most of the schooling went on in sunny front rooms and I did not dislike it; but at this writing I grew unhappy.'

Some boys he remembered of that school; but

"... little else of that old school is left save dim pleasant "atmospheres." The daylight looks agreeable: shadowy people, happy enough, congregate in quiet reflected sunlight; there is a vague sense that tables and book-filled cupboards are in the room: but the individual people I cannot see. Excepting Miss May herself. She, small, already wrinkled and worn-looking—wearing plentiful dark clothes, flimsy of texture, beady, lacy—Miss May, so thin, so fragile, so inoffensive, is not yet effaced from my memory. She is gentleness and kindness embodied. . . . I don't recall much about her school; but I am thankful to her for making it a happy place for a little child to be in.'

As to Aksákoff. Before he was eight years of age, he had not only read aloud to his mother, among many other books, during an illness of hers, the fifteen volumes of a life of the philosopher Cleveland, but had read it with enjoyment, whereas, at eleven, under an excellent mathematical tutor, his memory, after every lesson, reminded him of a clean sheet of white paper. His charming little sister, on the other hand, at five, endeavoured diligently to learn to read with his help and could learn three or four letters in a morning and remember them that evening; but by next morning her mind had become as absolute a blank as her brother's with regard to mathematics.

Of Aksákoff at school it may be said that there is too much to quote, but it may be referred to as the most detailed account, probably, and analysis, of the spoiling of a boy by his mother, in the most extreme form it can take, in existence. When, after a wildly hysterical and prolonged preparation for accustoming the minds of both to the separation involved by a boarding-school, the mother accompanied him there, and the first time she saw him in the school uniform she threw up her hands, cried out, and fell fainting to the floor. The boy, too, cried out wildly and fell at her feet. She then decided it would be impossible for them to say good-bye to each other; and left secretly. On discovering this the boy's mind nearly gave way, and only recovered after tactful treatment by the school doctor. He then spent the rest of the day and all the evening writing to his father and mother, crying most of the time; but meanwhile the mother had decided she must say good-bye to him and came back. When he learnt to read is not clear, but at any rate, reading took a fresh turn during his sixth year, thanks to a present of twelve volumes of a set, Reading for Children to Benefit the

Heart and Head. He straightway ran with them to his nursery, lay down on the bed with volume one in his grasp, drew the curtains and forgot all about time and his surroundings. When found he behaved, as his mother afterwards told him, as if he was insane; would not speak or listen, or come to a meal. Even his mother had to intervene on the side of sanity. But for all that, he had finished all twelve volumes within the month. Other presents followed, with similar results. Romances were preferred, but descriptions of butterflies, of the formation of the atmosphere, and Xenophon, would do almost equally well. All these, and their effect, however, paled before the Arabian Nights and their effect.

'With what avidity, with what insatiable interest I devoured these stories! Yet I knew all the time that they were mere inventions, descriptions of what never was and never can be in this world. What, then, is the secret of the spell they laid on me? I believe it is to be found in that passion for the marvelous which is innate, more or less, in all children, and was less repressed by sober sense in my case than in most. While reading the book I was carried away as usual by excitement and enthusiasm; but I was not content with reading it myself: I began to repeat the contents to my sister and aunt with such burning animation and what may be called selfforgetfulness, that, without being aware of it, I filled out the narratives of Scheherazade with many details of my own invention; I spoke of all I had read, exactly as if I had been on the spot and seen it with my own eyes. When I had excited the attention and curiosity of my two hearers, I began, complying with their wishes, to read the book to them aloud; and then my own additions were detected and pointed out by my aunt, whose objections were confirmed by my sister. Again and again my aunt stopped me by saying:

"What you told us is not there. How's that? You must have made it up out of your own head. What a story-teller you are! It's

impossible to believe you."

'I was much taken aback by such an accusation, and forced to reflect. I was a very honest boy at that age, and could not endure lying; but in this case I saw myself that I had really put into Scheherazade's mouth a great deal which she never said. I was surprised myself, not to find in the book what I believed I had read

there, and what was firmly fixed in my head. I became more cautious, and kept myself in hand, until I got excited; when once excited, I forgot all precautions, and my heated imagination usurped absolute power.

Of cases in contrast with Aksákoff none is more striking than that of Gorki, to whom, apart from his subsequent greatness as a writer,

'a book became a miracle; in it was enclosed a soul of a writer and when I opened it I set this soul free and it spoke to me in secret.'

Yet he had great difficulties in learning to read; and especially illuminating is the account he gives of the changes and transpositions his mind insisted on making and repeating in spite of his knowledge and wishes to the contrary.

Parenthetically it may be noted that there is a passage in Gorki's third volume concerning the visit of the bishop to inspect his school, the instant way in which he established connection with the children, in contrast with the regular teachers, how he maintained it and the effect it had on Gorki and on the others, a passage too long to quote but too good to leave unreferred to, for the sake of anyone who wishes to study what can be done and how.

Difficulties of an internal nature, such as Gorki felt, are typified by such remarks of others as:

'Studying was the hardest thing I had to do. It wasn't only because I didn't want to study that I looked on knowledge-getting as a curse, but I had so much physical energy that I just couldn't sit still long enough,'

just as W. B. Yeats found learning to read too great a task until long after the age at which his contemporaries could manage to do so. His uncles and aunts began to be afraid that he was a little daft. But it was merely that his thoughts excited him, and carried him away beyond the possibility of concentrating on what was prescribed.

Hugh Miller, again, the geologist, was among those who have

had to depend on themselves for their learning. He did, indeed, attend a dame's school and spelt out theological knowledge, until one day it dawned on him, when spelling out the story of Joseph, that reading is the art of finding stories in books, which led to reading becoming his favourite hobby, but his letters he had learnt, before he was six, from signboards, that is, with the help of the pictures thereon which showed what the letters stood for. Working his way through Bible stories, he found his way to fairy stories and thence to Homer in Pope's translation and so on through all the remaining volumes of his dead father's library, including Gulliver's Travels, some stiff theology, and voyages and adventures. He was very poor, and wrote his book because he never discovered, even in books on education, the sort of direction and encouragement which, in working out his self-education, he found to be most needed; and, further, to prove to his fellow-working-men that the greatest assistance that can be given them is that which they can give themselves, and that the natural sciences, for example, are as accessible to them as was geology to him. Incidentally he often exemplifies the price he was content to pay for it; as, for instance, in later life, when in an office, he would study marine formations by rowing out to parts of the coast inaccessible otherwise than by boat, starting at 2 a.m. and being at the office at ten. A most readable sermon it is on his own text, namely, that 'Curiosity must be awakened ere it can be satisfied; once awakened, it never fails in the end fully to satisfy itself.' On the subject of toys he remarks that it is a pity they are not made with better insides than outsides; he recollects being given a painted tin waggon which he took into a corner there and then and broke up until no two parts remained joined; and his disappointment at finding nothing inside.

George Sturt, again, began to develop his taste in pictures by admiring what his brother thought ought to be admired and ended by really liking them; and adds:

'. . . for, knowing that Raphael had got to be admired, it was just as well to discover if one could what the charm was. And sometimes one was rewarded by a little success. So, insincerity may lead

to its opposite. It is a comfort to realize this in these days, when youthful enthusiasts gush over the latest fashions in painting, in music, in literature. Something may come of it.'

And another, the usual contrast from the usual source, Strindberg:

(Before he was twelve years old) 'He had no rest till he had learnt to know all the varieties of plants included in the Stockholm Flora. When he had done so he dropped the subject. A botanical excursion afforded him no more interest; roamings through the country showed him nothing new. He could not find any plant which he did not know. He also knew the few minerals which were to be found, and had an entomological collection. He could distinguish birds by their notes, their feathers, and their eggs. But all these were only outward phenomena, mere names for things, which soon lost their interest. He wanted to reach what lay behind them.'

Poorer still than any of these, and in greater need—poor, friendless and adrift as a boy can be, was F. T. Bullen, the novelist, in his early youth. Up to the age of eight, he lived in that state of isolation which is barely possible except in a big town; in his case, London. He lived entirely in the care of an aunt, a sempstress, who habitually worked up to midnight, and whose thoughts were wholly given to her daily round, and religion. The aunt was quite colourless to the boy; neither attracted nor repelled him. He says nothing about learning to read; yet must have done so well and early; and thanks to her; likewise with prayer. His aunt was a formalist and her God a God of Fear; but her soul must have been a gentle one. God was not to be troubled about minor matters, but mainly for 'Grace'; and, characteristically enough, she never explained what 'Grace' was. She had so great a horror of the foulness of the streets that the boy was never allowed to play outdoors and practically the only impressions he received of the outer world were through chapel and Sunday-school. After his aunt died, Bullen, from the ages of nine to twelve, found himself living at a London laundry, working from 6 a.m. to 11 p.m., knocked about, abused, underfed, amid women whose language was as disgusting as any he en-

countered subsequently. No more chapel; no holidays but Sunday afternoons, when, after washing up the dinner-things, he sat by the kitchen-fire with no other company than the black-beetles. At twelve he went to sea as cabin-boy.

His is one of the cases in which an instinct to read is a real help towards finding one's feet. Training reinforced instinct. His aunt was one of those who thought it a means to salvation to read the Bible aloud whether or no the words conveyed meaning. One result (and here we must, do you not agree, admit instinct as a factor?) was that when, at the age of four, he found himself awake in the mornings without being allowed to get up early, he started to read in bed. Very few books were available; the one which held his attention most was Paradise Lost. Undeterred by blank verse or unknown words or learnedness, and aided by enforced acquaintance with one of Milton's sources, he converted Milton into a permanent influence in his life. During adolescence he turned to books for consolation and refreshment whenever books were at hand. The only other factor in his childhood to which he could look back in the same spirit was the love-at-a-distance he felt for his Sunday-school superintendent, unspoken and unknown. No by-product arises more insistently from reading these records of childhood than the reflection what a different world it would be if some means were devised whereby older people could acquire an insight into the effect they were having on younger ones. Some would get shocks, of course, and deserve them, but many would receive happiness and consolation which they go on missing to their dying day.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE

The fact that personal influence interweaves itself with all other influences has been obvious enough already. Indeed, were it not so, this book would be resembling one of those old-fashioned museums wherein, the deader the object, the more it seemed at home. The most that can, and should, be done in the way of classification for lucidity's sake is that this or that motif should alternately take the lead, always in associations with a diversity of other motifs. For a while, then, let personal influ-

ence itself take the lead, examples of the means whereby children are 'touched to fine issues' through the medium of someone they know or have known.

No better example than that of Markino and his father.

His was a singularly happy home life. His deepest love was given to his mother, possibly by reason of her early decline, and death when he was eleven. She had been injured when a girl and had never recovered. Indeed, it seems as if she would not have lived so long but for the intensity of her devotion to this boy, her youngest. He had a sister thirteen years older and a brother nine years older than he. It had been an exceptional marriage, a love-match; contrary to Japanese custom. 'That was the reason my parents were so happy; there was always some sweet fragrance in my home.'

This was their idea of discipline:

'Whenever I was naughty my parents never smacked me, but they always brought a looking-glass in front of my crying face. I hated to see my own face so ugly with the tear-marks, and I immediately began to laugh. Very often when I wanted to cry a little longer, I used to scream, "Oh! don't show me the glass for a few moments."'

But it is not so much directly that the characteristics of his home life are shown as indirectly, in the standard they set up, the habitual sweetness of thinking and acting that came to be woven into every moment of his later life, revealing itself, for instance, in the people he attracts or repels, takes to and avoids. It was ingrained in the parents; and whether they were failing, dying, or dead, it remained ingrained in the child; defining values for him with such a clearness that he never departed from them, and instinctively and instantaneously applied them to any fresh idea or person or situation that he was confronted with when home and parents had passed out of his life for ever; and ended by showing, in his book, how this can be achieved, unconditionally and permanently, apart from time and place, East or West, nationality or race.

The spiritual ancestry went back far and deep. The mother's

father was a great scholar in the Chinese classics; the flower of them, through him, informed her and inspired her; she lived in it, and it lived in her. Twenty years after her death, the boy could not mention her without the tears coming. His father was of that mind too.

'My father always said to me: "Study the poetries; the poetries are the real expression of the feeling of humanity. Therefore if you study the poetries you will learn the humanity."

Yoshio was another of those who found their vocation during illness. It was when he was nine years old. His brother brought him a map to look at:

'When I saw the map I found out that my worshipful country was only such a small island. I was so surprised. I decided to visit all over the world some day in my life. Of course it was only a childish idea at the time, but I have never been away from this idea. As I was growing up, my idea has grown up too, and today I have really brought out that idea.'

And among his foundations was the following:

'As my daily lessons at the school were too easy for me, my father began to give me some extra lessons. Thus I started all ancient Chinese and Japanese classics and histories ever since I was between eight or nine. I began to learn the doctrine of Confucius, Mencius, and others in my early age. Those books are written poetically and in most pleasant euphonies, so they were quite easy to recite. Indeed, I could not thoroughly understand several parts, but even now I can remember almost every word distinctly. And the older I grow the more I begin to understand. I am always so grateful for these lessons, because these doctrines really saved me from all the difficulties I have met only lately.

'Most strange is the memory of childhood. After I was grown up I began to study the Bible and some other religions as well as philosophical books. However, when I meet the difficulties, none of these come to mind, but only those books which I learnt in my childhood.'

He started learning English all by himself; but his father's bankruptcy changed affairs and Yoshio had to stay with relatives and do some teaching. When, however, he heard of an English school being opened not far away, he wanted to go there.

'All my relatives were very angry with me. They reproached me, saying, "You are awfully changeable boy. When a Buddhist philosopher came you were quite mad with Buddhism. Now someone opened an English school, and you are mad of English lessons. Keep your mind a little quieter."

'I said, "I don't see any sense in you. What's wrong with me to study eagerly? Besides, are you not teaching the Reader to the school children every day? Have you not read histories of many great men? They all had a great struggle in their life. Now you teach those histories to the children in daytime and you contradict it to an ambitious boy in the evening. I am sorry to say, but you are nothing for good at all."

'They were furious.

"Shut up your mouth, you saucy kid! Book is book, and our daily life is our . . ."

"A-aa-h!" I interrupted.

"Be serious and listen to us. Books tell only about those great men, and remember you are not a great man. You are so unpracti-cal in your daily life. First lessons for you to learn is how much is the price of rice. . . ."'

He ran away, early one morning, barefooted, in a storm, all the fourteen miles to his home. And the more he thought about things, the more he thought that anyone who did not follow out what he set his mind on was some kind of slave; slave to his own

body; slave to money; slave to his neighbours; and so on.

He found that there was a teacher of English in Nagoya, twice a week. He attended this class, nine miles away, and a rough road; walking both ways. This went on for three months. rough road; walking both ways. This went on for three months. until his father had to move forty miles away. Yoshio got a job in Nagoya, and attended the evening class; and in the December of 1887 was offered tuition free by the American missionaries in exchange for sweeping out the schoolrooms.

At first he lived at an inn, getting up at 4 a.m., and cleaning the school by lamplight and putting in an hour's work elsewhere before school began; and he attended the night-school as well,

getting back to the inn at midnight; always running. Later the school people allowed him to sleep at the school and paid him 3s. a month; he lived entirely on boiled rice and pickles. But even so he could not eat the food supplied to 'Asiatic Steerage' on the boat in which he arrived at San Francisco, July 15, 1893. Twenty years later, the words still made him shiver. At San Francisco he stayed four years in misery, insulted, spat upon, ill-treated, stoned; at first attending an art-school, until his clothes became too shabby for him to be seen there, and meantime making his lunches off the bread given to the students for erasures. He often had fever because, when wet, he had no other clothes to change into. He took on domestic jobs out of school hours; and struggled on without any break but one, when he heard of the death of his father. Then he 'began to swear at the Creator,' and turned gambler, living in an opium den; but only for four months; then remembered he was born a Samurai; and started again.

No story could well be sadder than most of his; and yet there is not an intentionally sad page in the book; unless one stops to consider what it implies. And even then, the saddest are those concerning the American Missionaries in Japan, what they were and what they did and said; and even so the stories are told, not for their own sake or with malice, but just as part of the narrative.

During the civil war in Japan the father had gained distinction but had not turned it to account; his idea was that political work ought to be freely given, and no reward expected. So he turned back to his village and gave his time to education there; remained generous and became poor. When Yoshio had left home in order to acquire all that might be of use in Western ways, and was turning Christian, and had written home about it, his father replied, under the influence of the idea that was prevalent in the East before we destroyed it by the European War:

'It could not be any bad religion considering that all the most civilized nations belong to it. Study it very carefully and seriously, and listen to all what the honourable missionaries explain to you. If you find out truth in it, be most earnest Yaso (Christian), but don't become a hypocrite by all means. That is to say, if you could not believe even the slightest details in the doctrines . . . give it up, even if it cost all your hopes.' (i.e. prospects.)

Later, when the father had an attack of influenza and the son, then on the point of departing for America, wrote in alarm, the father replied that the boy must concentrate on the work in hand; only regretting that, for himself, he was now so poor that he could not help financially, but

"Selfishness and greediness is often the quickest way to reach to the goal. But I pray you, my son, choose the longer and slower way, which is justice. For you shall have a greater pleasantness in your conscience, which is your reward. . . . However, I have great confidence upon you. If I am not in this world when you succeed, just recollect that I, your affectionate father, was anticipating that a long time ago. I shall not write you any more, because you may be drowned in my paternal affection towards you, and you will probably lose your pluck. Think that I am already dead now, and go straight on without looking back. Neither do I want you to come back to say good-bye to us. For it will make you feel very difficult to depart!" I read this letter again and again, and, gazing towards my home, I worshipped my father.'

By contrast with the foregoing, the infinite variety of parents, of what is in them and what not, and how it may be supplemented could find no better exemplification than in the narrative of André Gide; all the more so since his is one of few cases where the narrative, we can be sure, in losing nothing in the telling, acquires nothing that should not be there. His analysis of his diverse heritage and its reactions; of personal characteristics as affected by, and affecting, influences and circumstances; of health and sickness; of education; always sober, detached, penetrating; all combine to render it one of the chief of all books of the kind that remains untranslated into English. That it remains so, is no doubt due to another of its outstanding merits, namely, that it brings these qualities to bear on the subject of homo-sexuality.

André Gide was born in 1869, and is writing fifty years later

concerning his first twenty-five years. His father died in 1880, a jurisconsult of high standing, living in Paris; a busy man, and yet what time he could spare to the boy was fruitful although the latter's only recollection of his father's face is derived from a photograph. The general impression that remained was one of extreme gentleness. Of more definite recollections, two are most apparent, listening to him reading aloud, and the father indifferent, on principle, as to whether the book was within a child's comprehension or not, and yet all giving equal pleasure; 'Job' most of all; and, secondly, walks, walks in the evening; dusk increasing as the walk went on, and the Luxembourg Gardens taking on a more and more ghostly character, emptier and emptier, and darker and darker, until André went to bed, always on these occasions, top-heavy with shadows, and sleepiness, and weirdness.

Concerning his mother he says that once a boy friend staying in the house, tore his breeches getting through a hedge, and did not dare to return for two days, so terrified did he feel of appearing before Madame Gide in that state; the latter representing, to him, a degree of civilization which made him feel giddy. Her relations with her own boy were such that when, in later life, he came across an instance of a mother and son on terms of intimate mutual sympathy, he was filled with surprise. She cared for him very deeply, but in such a way as almost obliged him to detest her; and habitually set his nerves on edge. He quotes Pascal as saying that we never care about persons but only about personal qualities; adding that the qualities his mother cared about were not those possessed by those for whom she felt affection, but rather those which she wished to see them acquire. On every point, throughout those twenty-five years, she maintained a constant campaign of adverse criticism; on his actions, his thoughts, his expenditure; even against the titles of his books. During the last fortnight of her life, without any suspicion on either side that her end was imminent, all this gave way to a state of perfect harmony.

His mother sent him to a number of schools; all day-schools; none for long; not more than a term or two each. At Montpellier he became very unpopular because a master complimented him

on some Parisian characteristic which differentiated him from the other pupils. Immediately school-hours were over, he was chased and ill-treated, and would continually arrive home with garments torn, muddy, nose bleeding, pale, teeth chattering. Before his mother did anything to deal with this, he contracted small-pox; but when convalescent, dread at the idea of returning to school never left him; especially would he be dreaming of the contact of his face with a dead cat which the others had picked up in the street and rubbed in his face while some of them held his arms. The first day he left his bed he stumbled and fell through weakness; and the fuss that was made over the incident gave him the idea of prolonging his convalescence by pretending to be weak, which he did with success, practising when alone, and inventing new modes. It grew into a regular repertoire, partly deliberate, partly unconscious; of which he was much ashamed. He also acquired a real dislike for everything connected with school, which hitherto he had liked. In time headaches came on; and sleeplessness; the doctor prescribing chloral, and the bottle being left by his bedside for him to take as much as he liked. In the end he was taken to the Riviera for the winter, where he would spend hours studying the move-ments of the animals in the pools on the seashore, oblivious of time, and invariably returning home with a violent headache.

Normally, Gide must have been energetic and easily inter-

Normally, Gide must have been energetic and easily interested. Fishing, skating, entomology, botany, zoology, all made an immediate appeal to his enthusiasm; likewise scent and colour; and when circumstances brought him into contact with a bizarre family, everything around him began to lose consistency and outline, to verge on the fantastic, not only the place, people, conversation, but he himself as well, even his own voice, which sounded as if from a distance and possessed tones which astonished him. One subject, however, never made any appeal to him, history, which he attributes to his never having a history-teacher who was not a pedant. So, too, during the two years he spent preparing for his first communion; the pastor being unsurpassed by any of his instructors in capacity for rendering a subject uninteresting. An imperturbable nature and a monotonous voice seemed to form part of his orthodoxy, and whereas the first year

was endured in the expectation that the second was going to be a thrilling introduction to the mysteries of religion, the second, proving as dull as the first, diverted him into reading the Bible for himself, which provided him with one of the chief pleasures of his youth, even though he was finding his place in life, spiritually, simultaneously, in equally close reading and re-reading the Greek tragedians. The idea of becoming a poet grew and grew; when first allowed access to his father's varied and valuable library, guarded as a sanctuary by the mother, it was from the little glass bookcase where the poets were kept that he made his choice for a long while; Hugo and Heine (in translation) especially. In time he came to recognize the pre-eminence of beautiful prose, and its greater rarity; but this took long.

A great influence in his life was his cousin Albert; older; most amusing; always saying things which André dared not say, or even think; comprehending and sympathetic to the point that drew to the surface qualities latent in the boy unknown to himself; but it was especially in relation to music that the accord came out. His mother laid foundations, without, apparently, engendering any dislike of it in him; and found teachers. The first was a pianist by profession, without any vocation for being so. A Conservatoire prize-winner, brilliant and faultless, he reminded one of an accountant at his desk; so many notes added together made the correct total. His masters were those who have been forgotten, and deserved it; Beethoven he thought 'sensual.' He came twice a week; always punctually; the lesson consisted in repeating the eight-finger exercises learnt since the previous lesson, and as the clock struck the hour he would be standing up and saying, 'For next time, you will study the next eight exercises.' Never the least explanation, never the least appeal to memory, taste, or impressionability. Other teachers came and went, until at last came de la Nux, a creole. Hitherto Gide had believed himself to have no musical memory; within a few weeks he memorized several of Bach's fugues by ear alone, without ever having seen the notes.

'Under his influence everything came to life, and light came into everything, everything took to responding to the claims which the

harmonies were insisting on—underwent a subtle metamorphosis of disintegration and reintegration. And I was understanding it. Just so, I should imagine, did it happen to the Apostles to feel when the Holy Ghost descended on them. It seemed to me that all I had done up to now was to repeat without true comprehension the sounds of a divine language which now, all of a sudden, I became able to speak fluently. Each note acquired its own special meaning; was made Word. The enthusiasm I put into learning! Such a zeal was eating me up that the most wearisome exercises became the ones I liked the best.'

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'During the four years that I remained a pupil of M. de la Nux there came to exist between us an intimate understanding. Even after he had ceased to be my teacher (much to my sorrow, one day, I heard him say that he had taught me up to the point at which I could dispense with him and my protests could not induce him to go on with lessons which he deemed valueless) I made a practice of going to see him. I more or less worshipped him—reverence and love and fear all entered into it.'

Albert Schweitzer is another who records his introduction to music. It happened by accident, when he was waiting outside the singing-classroom while duets were in progress. The charm of the harmony, he says, thrilled him all over, to his very marrow, and, similarly, the first time he heard brass instruments he almost fainted from excess of pleasure. Violin music, on the contrary was a slowly-acquired taste with him. And to his musicmaster he was a great trial for long, mainly because he was afraid to let himself go and give rein to the appreciation which he in truth felt. But when his master finally lost patience with his 'wooden playing' he determined to show what he could do, and all misunderstandings disappeared. Not so with the pastor who prepared him for confirmation, and for whom he felt as great a respect as for the music-master. The pastor permitted no questions; and the boy wanted to ask many; submission to faith was all that the pastor thought in place; and reason was what appealed to the boy. During the final talk previous to confirmation, the affection on the one side was met by reserve on the other, and the pastor sadly classed him, in speaking to Schweitzer's aunt, as among the indifferent ones. In reality, he felt the significance of the ceremony so deeply as almost to become ill. For ten years in later life, he himself had to prepare boys for confirmation, and when any seemed different, remembered Pastor Wennagel's mistake; and encouraged questions. His own reserve he had inherited from his mother; between the two it most rarely happened that any intimate conversation took place; neither had the faculty of expressing the affection that both felt, and yet comprehended each other without use of words. This comprehension did not go so far as to enable her to understand why his school-work always went so badly; after the report came home her eyes would generally continue red with crying for the rest of the holidays. This state of things came to an end when a new form-master took charge, one who came to class with every lesson carefully prepared, knowing exactly what he wanted to get through, and got through it; the methodicalness and care penetrated the boy's dreaminess and he saw to it that his own work corresponded. But the master never knew this. After the war Schweitzer searched for him, to tell him, only to find that starvation had driven him so far in nervous exhaustion that he had killed himself. One other feature in Schweitzer's school-life calls for mention. From nine years of age to eleven he walked two miles to school over the hills, always alone; when his school was changed he cried for hours at having to miss that two-mile walk.

Here we may as well return to Loti for four experiences of his which are akin with those already referred to, with differences that contribute something additional also. One is of home, and not only of home, but of an ancestral home, and of what there is in it which makes life different, among those who have had such a home, from the life-experience of those who have been moved from place to place. The stability of the home stabilizes the character. Another is in harmony with comment by W. B. Yeats, who recalled little of childhood but its pain and often said to himself as a boy, 'When you grow up, never talk as grown-up people do of the happiness of childhood'; not because his was really an unhappy one, but, because, not being

so, harsh words made an impression, by reason of their rarity, while the normal kindness passed unremembered by reason of its normality. Just so was Loti half-minded to entitle his memories, 'A Record of my great and unaccountable unhappinesses, and of uproariousness whereby I endeavoured to prevent myself from thinking about them.' When he used this remedy, he always abandoned his parents and exploited it in the company of the servants. His childhood, too, was an exceptionally fortunate one, and his recollection of sad hours, too, was based on their contrast with an habitual background of care and affection, deeply appreciated; yet at no period of a sensitive and varied life did he experience the same intensity of feeling, whirled away into abysses without knowing why, as in childhood.

And then, again, in church, while touched by the poetry of the Testaments, the general impression was one of cold and boredom; whereas the evening prayers at home stirred him to a reality of religion; the reason being that the voices of those who read and prayed at home were voices that were dear to him. And the fourth is that during his school-days, he was overcome with grief that he would be obliged to grow up, whether he would or no, and become a man like other men, have a settled, orderly, round of duties, to be carried out in one particular place, and there to grow old, and that to be all.

For the effect of a similar setting on a different temperament, let us revert once more to Percy Lubbock, only this time to his holidays at Earlham, near Norwich. He tells us of the downstairs where the art of living was so splendidly practised, the upstairs which belonged just as much to the boy as to the beloved servants, the dark shadows of the eleven-sided room which gave a welcome touch of mystery; garden and shrubberies, stables and pond and river, and picnic- and fishing-places beyond; and where the memory still remains of uncles and grandfather and grandmother; the last-named young enough in spirit to be motherly,

'always acting on the impulse, on the beat of the moment; and since she never knew a thought that was in sight of being a selfish one, the whole surface of her life was sensitive and quick to the life of the world about her . . . an active swift-glancing reader, when she read; she had a hand, an eye, that seemed predisposed to a book, like the skill of the craftsman born. She turned the page with none of the cautious or painful circumspection of those who do not habitually live with books, who read as though they were conscientiously verifying a doubtful statement.'

The grandfather had his church and missionaries and charity-work to attend to, and was old indeed, with no dominating tendency, either; little was obvious from him but a smile or a brief comment and his praying at family prayers:—

'He never prayed because it was good for us to hear him. He prayed because in that communion he contemplated beauty, was in the presence of the summit of all desire—and he prayed forgetful of himself, yet mindful of the companionship of all those who love and believe in beauty. . . . Our grandfather, I see, lived daily and hourly with the perfection of beauty in his mind and heart, like a poet—and like a poet whose fire is never chilled. He knew familiarly the lonely raptures of an artist; they supported him always and everywhere.'

Many are the others who contributed:

'So much it had taken, such people, such talk, such golden hours to make our beautiful Earlham. And daily it was enriched, its tone was deepened by new memories; no day could set without adding the full bounty of its delight to the ancient store. As the dusk thickened and the slashes of rich sunlight faded off the grass, the western gables, the topmost chimneys—even a child could be dimly aware that Earlham was more, was richer and lovelier, than it had been only yesterday. There could be no dead or dull or vacant times in such a place; every turn of the hour brought its worthy contribution and none more lavishly than the hour of sunset, when it would seem as though the senses are quicker than ever to catch the last admonitions of the day.'

Of another such family Léontine de Villeneuve may speak. Hers is one of the best examples of autobiography in memoir form, by reason of the two being interwoven naturally and necessarily. Belonging to an ancient stock which had for centuries used a commanding position in its district in the heart of France, her inheritance and her traditions, her relations and their estates, form a background that renders them inseparable from her own life. A third of her 'Mémoires' is about what she does not remember, yet that third conditions her mind; a pre-natal past which her ancestors lived out that determined the tradition she lived under, accepted, and was inspired by. What to most people is a subconscious and unexplored chapter of Genesis, is to her a matter of stories and dates and places and persons and ideas. This is accentuated by the dates of her own story, inasmuch as she was born in 1803 and wrote in 1871 of her life up to 1829, with a few additions subsequently. She writes of a vanished world after that world had vanished, but with it remaining fresh in her memory; and with her brilliant faculties unimpaired.

Her environment made for leisure and social use of leisure. This environment she epitomizes in her genius for friendship, in a passionate, limpid humanity which created, and responded to, affection to a degree which renders affection both a fine art and a religion. Nevertheless, when she comes to refer to her marriage, she falters. Prose fails her, and she was not a poet. Friendship she could bear witness to adequately; but to a very happy marriage—no. Let a single quotation stand for all; that wherein she describes how her mother took over her training after her grandmother had made a spoilt child of her for nearly three years:

'. . . once under the control of my mother, I realized that a will which found expression in words so unmistakable, reinforced by a look which bore out their meaning, would not tolerate resistance; I did not even try it. None the less my mother thought this obedience ought to be cemented as soon as my understanding had been awakened, and her means thereto consisted in showing full confidence that her orders would be carried out, even in her absence. It was an appeal to loyalty: I responded.

'Thus at four years of age, I was left quite free to play in the courtyard of the Château: a stone marked the boundary which I was not to pass and this limit was always observed. I often worked

at my lessons free from all supervision, under orders not to leave the chair on which I was sitting: and there I stopped as if tied down.

'My mother used the same method in relation to fibbing. She began by instilling into me a horror of it from a Christian point of view, then shame about it from a human point of view: and when she perceived the impression she had made on me, she told me she would "always trust" what I said.'

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'I was dictatorial and proud as a little girl, exceedingly headstrong, up in arms against all control; and these child's emotions were stirred up and storm-tost and driven home by an imagination passing that of a child.

'When my characteristics came into conflict with my mother's, mine hid their heads. But they re-arose as soon as she was not there. That is why she soon saw reason to call in argument to supplement disapproval and it almost always happened that the appeal to my intelligence won.

'At seven years of age, I was on the way to surrender. . . .

'The last fault to eradicate was anger. It seized me and whirled me away beyond all controlling, even my mother's. She let it just take its course, keeping calm, saying not a word, but looking at me with a look that never left me. The storm over, it was enough for her if I was ashamed of myself.'

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'So far as instruction was concerned, I was devoted to the earliest aspect of it—reading. I learnt to read in a few months at an age when other children are learning to spell: and I became devoted to books, which acted as it were like a telescope on the mind's eye of my youthful imagination. Not only did they bring new stars into my ken, but my spirit foresaw that others unseen were awaiting discovery, and I burned to discover them.

'Far from encouraging these adventures my mother made a point of checking them. She believed that the spirit has far greater need of well-considered directing than of speedy development. Moreover, it was an axiom of hers that a child truly learns, and remembers, only that which is in harmony with its understanding at a given age.'

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'Like all other children, I began with Scripture History, which supplanted my mania for fairy stories, forbidden to me, by the way, on account of the influence they had over me. . . .

'Sitting beside my mother, then, I read the Bible. . . . The Chapter ended, my mother went over the narrative, recasting it so that I could grasp its meaning more clearly. Thus etched into my memory, the big book serves as a reminder of one of my keenest intellectual pleasures.

'My fancy was caught by the interest that welled up from acquaintance with such marvellous events, and this interest my mother utilized to introduce me, in some non-artificial way, to the Catechism. I readily took to Christian teaching, as explained by her, and not only to the letter of it, but also to the spirit.

'However, it being no part of her ideas to subject youthful minds to too continuous concentration, she allowed me some of the books of that period which were meant for children. . . . And finally "Robinson," that event of my ninth year, the book which I began again when I had come to an end of it. . . .'

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'Lessons drawn from books were always interspersed with talking, questions and answers. The book supplied the fact, talking made it more clearly understood, by stimulating interest. Not a line was learnt by heaft, except, perhaps, some dates. In an academical exam. the child would not have shone. But, taught in this way, history as it was lived, history as it was felt, struck the imagination, revealed new horizons, started fresh ideas, remained remembered. Memory was trained by recitation, . . . everything relating to religious teaching had to be retained word for word.

'The lessons thus given were never boring: some, in fact, were reckoned among amusements. And my mother, while insisting on concentration, never overstrained it.

'It was by such means, by keeping the mind busy, that she disciplined my restless vitality. Once books were put aside, the bridle was dropped.

'Then freedom spread out before us. Provided we kept certain rules (and we took care we did keep them) we became our own masters. I often had the company of my cousins, one boy older, the other little younger, than I, and I not only shared their games, but took the lead.

'Scouring attics, lofts, cellarage and barns, climbing along beams, down again by trap-doors, hiding in vaults, and emerging from corner after corner, only to start again on manœuvres of every description through courtyards, and shrubberies and gardens, and all without supervision, at any rate that we were aware of—such were our

favourite games. Leisure-hours slid by in heavenly fashion. Never did youngsters enjoy themselves more unrestrainedly.

But it was rare for us to misuse all this freedom. When my mother "heard of things," she had a way of asking questions which seemed to us to savour of "second-sight." We were sure she knew everything that had but just happened. . . .

'My mother used her free hours to make intimacy with us still more intimate. Almost every day I used to go for a walk with her: and our conversations on these occasions used to carry me away with delight. How much that was serious entered into my mind then, even as we laughed so heartily. Her spirit knew how to stoop to mine as one lifts a child in one's arms, that its head may be higher and to show it what it cannot see from its own level. And everything that she said had a charm that acted like magic. During my long life I have met many striking personalities; but one so lovable as hers—never!'

A similar kind of mother must Hans Carossa's have been. It comes out especially in the chapter entitled 'The Garden.' After accustoming him to a kind of companionship in the garden with her, different from the kind of companionship which went on indoors, surpassing it, she enlists him into helping her with sowing and planting by prophecies of what will happen to seeds sown and seedlings planted. Her character and ideas, and his character and alertness, and his experience of her, stirred interest into enthusiasm; and the crown of it all was when they proceeded to examine, and discriminate between, the grubs. At the same time, when she was not there, he could not bring himself to be so severe on the harmful ones as she was; if he suspected a grub of not being all that a grub should be, he lectured it and threw it into the next garden; and refused to see any harm at all in those which were beautifully coloured; whereas all that were ill-favoured, and, above all, such as scuttled away when disturbed, he condemned. And then, once, when ransacking an attic which contained the leavings of former doctors (his father was a doctor), an attic into which he was forbidden to enter, he discovered a dried-up arm which interested him so intensely that he could not forbear bringing it downstairs, in spite of the fact giving him away-and throwing the servant into hysterics. His

mother simply told him to take the arm back to its place in the attic-drawer immediately and to say a prayer for the former owner of the arm after his usual evening-prayer; and, before bed-time, brought out an anatomy book and explained all the detail of an arm.

And when, later, she saw that his need for the present was to learn the need of making sacrifices, she imposed renunciations on herself before speaking about it to him. The result was that renunciation became almost a hobby with him; so much so that his father had to step in and provide a check; as was his function; rarely exercised, always at need, and never otherwise. On this occasion he took the boy with him when he was attending an injury which required transference of skin. On reaching the transference-stage, he took it for granted that the boy would like the opportunity of providing the skin required, and, in fact, the boy rose to the occasion; but thereafter took into account his duty to himself as well as to his neighbour.

Perhaps the reader is inclined to inquire—well, what else but things of the above descriptions would one expect? Why mention them? Therefore room may be found for the experience of Mrs Haldane (1825–1925), whose feet were placed in stocks during lesson-time at home, sitting on narrow seats that only just held her and her companions, with back-boards behind their backs. She remembered a boy-cousin returning home black and blue from caning; a schoolfellow of his hiding in a chimney three days for fear of a master; a girl-cousin punished by being locked up in a barn for days and fed on bread and water; 'small examples of what was constantly going on'; while another, of our own time, remembers how he and his brother, studying the catechism before breakfast, in a room whose sole furniture consisted of two cane-bottomed chairs (to prevent them going to sleep) invented a method of going to sleep standing up, leaning against each other. But the real answer is that here is rather the place for positive achievements: failures find place enough incidentally in later chapters. So here shall follow a note from Spitteler concerning a boy doing for himself what all these abovementioned grown-ups, in their diverse ways, were trying to get done. Speaking of the happiness he obtained from nailing nails

into wood, he says that it came from a sense of workmanship, of seeing results, from what he did, and of creating something out of his own head, as contrasted with the futility of the other amusements allowed him, leading nowhere and to nothing. Children's games depend on illusion; they therefore end with and through disillusion; they are less real to children than their dreams.

'But placing nails, ah! there you are, something quite different. You are doing something which lasts; leaving behind you permanent achievement.'

[So, speaking of a carpenter's shop.] 'at a workshop there is always something to see; heaps of things worth attention and all lying scattered about; and secondly, the man is on the move and creating something; not sitting down in a boring idleness, as other grown-ups do.'

Then there is that very difficult subject—children's friends, the people who, just by being themselves, and without realized effort, build up a frame of mind and abiding tendencies into the mentalities in course of construction around them. A difficult subject because of the wealth of material to choose from and the fact that each item requires much space to develop itself in. On this occasion, then, a different method may be used: and mere reference made to the multitude of this heavenly host to be found passim, and in particular, in Aksákoff, and in Hudson, in Garland, George Sturt, Frank Kendon, and Hugh Miller.

And now let us turn from all these human influences, as far as may be, and enter into those impersonal ones that surround us outdoors, with Thomas Traherne, the seventeenth-century poet, to lead us thither.

"... I will in the light of my Soul show you the Universe...." The first Light which shined in my Infancy... was totally eclipsed; ... If you ask how it was eclipsed? Truly by the customs and manners of men, which like contrary winds blew it out: by an innumerable company of other objects, rude, vulgar and worthless things, that like so many loads of earth and dung did overwhelm and bury it: by the impetuous torrent of wrong de-

sires in all others whom I saw or knew that carried me away and alienated me from it; by a whole sea of other matters and con-cernments that covered and drowned it; finally by the evil influence of a bad education that did not foster and cherish it. All men's thoughts and words were about other matters. They all prized new things which I did not dream of. I was a stranger and unacquainted with them; I was little and reverenced their authority; I was weak, and easily guided by their example; ambitious also, and desirous to approve myself unto them. And finding no one syllable in any man's mouth of those things, by degrees they vanished, my thoughts (as indeed what is more fleeting than a thought?) were blotted out; and at last all the celestial, great, and stable treasures to which I was born, as wholly forgotten, as if they had never been.'

'It was a difficult matter to persuade me that the tinseled ware upon a hobby-horse was a fine thing. They did impose upon me, and obtrude their gifts that made me believe a ribbon or a feather curious. I could not see where was the curiousness or fineness; and to teach me that a purse of gold was at any value seemed impossible, the art by which it becomes so, and the reasons for which it is accounted so, were so deep and hidden to my inexperience.'

'Thoughts are the most present things to thoughts, and of the most powerful influence. My soul was only apt and disposed to great things; but souls to souls are like apples to apples, one being rotten rots another. When I began to speak and go, nothing began to be present to me but what was present to me in their thoughts. Nor was anything present to me any other way, than it was so to them. . . . So I began among my playfellows to prize a drum, a fine coat, a penny, a gilded book, etc., who never before dreamed of any such wealth. Goodly objects to drown all the knowledge of Heaven and Earth. As for the Heavens and the Sun and stars they disappeared, and were no more unto me than the bare walls.'

'When I came into the country, and being seated among silent trees, and meads and hills, had all my time in mine own hands, I resolved to spend it all, whatever it cost me, in the search of happiness, and to satiate that burning thirst which Nature had enkindled in me from my youth. In which I was so resolute, that I chose rather to live upon ten pounds a year, and to go in leather clothes, and feed on bread and water, so that I might have all my

time clearly to myself, than to keep many thousands per annum in an estate of life where my time would be devoured in care and labour.'

Similar was Gorki's experience in the forest, and typical enough, when he found it summoning up a feeling of peace and solace in his heart, and in that feeling all his griefs being swallowed up and all that was unpleasant obliterated; and his senses acquiring a peculiar keenness, hearing and sight becoming more acute, memory more retentive. And one other may be quoted, one not hitherto mentioned, Mario Borsa, to whom, in the person of his hero Giovannino, we owe one of the best pictures in print of a boy's development.

'No less than the water, the boy loved the earth, the trees, indeed, all that land of his with a physical love. Occasionally, when in the fair, shining mornings, the Piacentine hills stood out against the horizon with clear outlines and vivid colours, he would ask himself whether he might not be happier on one of those enchanting summits; but such temptations were transitory and followed by a feeling of remorse, as if he had been guilty of disloyalty to someone very dear to him.

'Fancy might take wings and tempt him, but never succeeded in freeing him entirely from all the little blades of grass, all the little plants which clasped him so deliciously tight. . . . He had grown up like them . . . he, too, had been formed with the sap of that soil; was not he, too, a blending of earth, fog and sunshine?

'All the phenomena of Nature, even the commonest, aroused in him profound emotion, exciting him, troubling him, now filling him with joy, now saddening him to tears. The changing of the seasons, which seemed to him so long and so far from one another, was to him a great event.

'When Spring arrived and all the Bassa was laughing with buttercups and daisies, Giovannino would throw himself down on the ground and let his fingers slide through the tender, young grass, where the chickens were picking up their food, listening for hours to the vague murmurings and indistinct hummings of Nature, as she awoke again, rejoicing in the first warm smiles of the sun, and breathing in the acrid smell of the swollen, fecund, bursting earth. Then something was reborn, something sprang again to life in him too. He budded anew with the hedges, blossomed again with the apricots. How glorious to pull off one's shoes and socks and run along barefoot, gathering the early violets on the sunny banks, chasing the dragonflies and climbing trees in search of birds' nests!'

He had a river, the Po, to lend a certain special influence of its own, but there was one other special appeal to him from a source, roads, which may be around us all without making that appeal to us, and yet Mario Borsa's response to it may be quoted as typical inasmuch as, while that special source was peculiarly his own, it has counterparts in the lives of others in other special sources just as peculiar to those other lives. Perhaps the idea started with him in one of the tales that the old mole-catcher told him, of the seven sons who were called by their parents and told that there was nothing more to eat, and they were forthwith to set out into the world to seek their fortunes, and, at the end of a year, to come back with what they had found; and how, all setting out together, they came to a point whereat seven roads, white, straight, deserted, branched out, to be lost in the distance; and how that was all there was of the story, or all he remembered of it. He lost sight of the seven brothers and saw only the seven roads; and those as if they were not only in front of him, but within him; temptations to roam, 'mysterious, irresistible ways which, starting from his own childish soul, stretched out towards the soul of the world.'

At any rate, so he grew up:

'The roads of the world gave him the impression of something eternal and mysterious like the stars. . . .

'Roads, thought Giovannino, are not born and therefore cannot die. They must be infinite in time and space. It was no use for the doctor from Voria to quote the *Itinerario Gerosolimitano*, or the *Codice Laudense* of Vignati to corroborate certain topographical doubts of his; such doubts for Giovannino did not exist. He identified the *Strata Romea Vetus* with the provincial highroad, and provided it with historical backgrounds, enjoying visions, now here, now there, of marvellous adventures taking place on it, when anyone else would probably only have seen a cloud of dust raised up by a cart of hay.

'We must say, however, that to the highroad Giovannino preferred the humble roads unknown to history or fame, which ran between parish and parish and from farm to farm. Furrowed by ruts like deep wounds, with their sides neglected, crumbling and overgrown with weeds, they were put to more severe drudgery and were less proud than the highways. They bent to the whims of the ditches and the cultivated fields, passed where they could; here elbowing round; there creeping back; and were not so disdainful as to serve only villages and towns, but knocked at all doors, even at those of the smallest scattered hamlets. But besides the highways and the country roads, there were others much loved by Giovannino, though he could not have given them a name. Have you ever been in those parts? Have you never seen them? They are little paths that even now suddenly leap up before you; they run along the high ridges, with no banks, with no trees, light, narrow and gay, singing in the sunshine like larks.'

There is a passage, also, from Mary Antin which has its own individual, and likewise general, application. She recognizes that no one could have seemed less fitted for membership of a Natural History Club than she, and, indeed, it came about by accident, and led a precarious life for a while; yet grew very real and deep.

'Hitherto I had loved in Nature the spectacular—the blazing sunset, the whirling tempest, the flush of summer, the snow-wonder of winter. Now, for the first time, my heart was satisfied with the microscopic perfection of a solitary blossom.'

Of all aspects of child life to which less than justice has been done, even in so far as anything of the kind could be done in space so brief as that of these two chapters, that which has been worst treated is probably the relations between children and life in the country. The evidence of autobiography is that, of all possibilities which older people control, that is one of those which matter most. Mark Twain is a good witness here. Not that his book is better than the average, but just for the opposite reason. It is one of the most disappointing of all personal records. Broad, sympathetic and alert as he naturally was, it illustrates rather the other acquired side of him, namely, what a man

so endowed can sink to when he goes on writing down to the worst public he can raise money from. But his recollections of the farm he knew best as a boy bring back his natural self—and the value of the farm to the boy, both as a boy and throughout life.

One other, at any rate, must not be overlooked—Marie Gasquet, of Saint-Rémy, in Provence. The father was Provençal; the mother Norman, but had spent her youth in the Creuse district. Both were typical of their inheritance, but harmonized; and the child derived from both; the undercurrent of austerity coming from the mother perhaps set in relief, and made her more consciously treasure, the sunny characteristics of her native place and paternity. It was the time of the flowering of the 'Félibrige'; Mistral was a neighbour and friend; Marie remembered his visits well; 'Calendal' was dedicated to her. Daudet and Mounet-Sully were visitors too; and beside the literary enthusiasms, her father had his own particular love for the mountains near by, the Alpilles, whose formation and flora were his constant study, and amidst which father and daughter went innumerable walks. Her book is little taken up with narrative; and none of that is consecutive. Almost all consists of rative; and none of that is consecutive. Almost all consists of cumulative effect of repeated customary events and habits; of what was usually happening. Thus, a chapter on her nurse summarizes not only a character and a life, but also a way of living common to the district. And Toine, the sculptor in all kinds of materials, whose only tools were his pocket-knife and a hairpin, and whose knowledge and love of animals was such that his mule cried when Toine died, is but one of a series of pictures of those labouring folk whose hardships and tragedies were ever present to her, while they and she always had a sunny side to turn to each other, reflecting and reflected, and enshrined here in a little-known book in which autobiography and daily life and fairyland blend.

And lastly, Hudson again, summing-up thus:

And lastly, Hudson again, summing-up thus:

'Fifteen years old! This was indeed the most memorable day of my life, for on that evening I began to think about myself, and my thoughts were strange and unhappy thoughts to me-what I was,

what I was in the world for, what I wanted, what destiny was going to make of me! Or was it for me to do just what I wished, to shape my own destiny, as my elder brothers had done? It was the first time such questions had come to me, and I was startled at them. It was as though I had only just become conscious; I doubt that I had ever been fully conscious before. I had lived till now in a paradise of vivid sense-impressions in which all thoughts came to me saturated with emotion, and in that mental state reflection is well-nigh impossible. Even the idea of death, which had come as a surprise, had not made me reflect. Death was a person, a monstrous being who had sprung upon me in my flowery paradise and had inflicted a wound with a poisoned dagger in my flesh. Then had come the knowledge of immortality for the soul, and the wound was healed, or partly so, for a time at all events; after which the one thought that seriously troubled me was that I could not always remain a boy. To pass from boyhood to manhood was not so bad as dying; nevertheless it was a change painful to contemplate. That everlasting delight and wonder, rising to rapture, which was in the child and boy would wither away and vanish, and in its place there would be that dull low kind of satisfaction which men have in the set task, the daily and hourly intercourse with others of a like condition, and in eating and drinking and sleeping. I could not, for example, think of so advanced an age as fifteen without the keenest apprehension. And now I was actually at that age-at that parting of the ways, as it seemed to me.

'What, then, did I want?—what did I ask to have? If the question had been put to me then, and if I had been capable of expressing what was in me, I should have replied: I want only to keep what I have; to rise each morning and look out on the sky and the grassy dew-wet earth from day to day, from year to year. To watch every June and July for spring, to feel the same old sweet surprise and delight at the appearance of each familiar flower, every new-born insect, every bird returned once more from the north. To listen in a trance of delight to the wild notes of the golden plover coming once more to the great plain, flying, flying south, flock succeeding flock the whole day long. Oh, those wild beautiful cries of the golden plover! I could exclaim with Hafiz, with but one word changed: "If after a thousand years that sound should float o'er my tomb, my bones uprising in their gladness would dance in the sepulchre!" To climb trees and put my hand down in the deep hot nest of the Bien-te-veo and feel the hot eggs—the five

long-pointed cream-coloured eggs with chocolate spots and splashes at the larger end. To lie on a grassy bank with the blue water between me and beds of tall bulrushes, listening to the mysterious sounds of the wind and of hidden rails and coots and courlans conversing together in strange human-like tones; to let my sight dwell and feast on the camaloté flower amid its floating masses of moist vivid green leaves-the large alamanda-like flower of a purest divine yellow that when plucked sheds its lovely petals, to leave you with nothing but a green stem in your hand. To ride at noon on the hottest days, when the whole earth is a-glitter with illusory water, and see the cattle and horses in thousands, covering the plain at their watering-places; to visit some haunt of large birds at that still, hot hour and see storks, ibises, grey herons, egrets of a dazzling whiteness, and rose-coloured spoonbills and flamingoes, standing in the shallow water in which their motionless forms are reflected. To lie on my back on the rust-brown grass in January and gaze up at the wide hot whitey-blue sky, peopled with millions and myriads of glistening balls of thistle-down, ever, ever floating by; to gaze and gaze until they are to me living things and I, in an ecstasy, am with them, floating in that immense shining void!

'And now it seems that I was about to lose it—this glad emotion which had made the world what it was to me, an enchanted realm, a nature at once natural and supernatural; it would fade and lessen imperceptibly day by day, year by year, as I became more and more absorbed in the dull business of life, until it would be lost as effectually as if I had ceased to see and hear and palpitate, and my warm body had grown cold and stiff in death, and, like the dead and the living, I should be unconscious of my loss.'

CHAPTER IV

ADVENTURE

'A man never goes so high as when he does not know where he is going.'

OLIVER CROMWELL.

TAKING up the story of Sir William Butler's life, it will be found to be, primarily, a soldier's story, and suffering, towards the end, from want of revision; but most of it forms one of the best records in existence of the life of an adventurer who was also a gentleman.

A happy childhood was spent on his father's estate in Tipperary. From the house, nothing could be seen which was not their property, not even the mountain-range. And far beyond the estate extended 'Butler's country.' Events, and their significance, came home to him early. When he was eight the famine began which reduced the population of Ireland by 50 per cent. and spread misery and disease throughout the remainder. At twelve he saw an 'eviction': twelve houses battered down; the inmates, including aged, invalids, and infants, turned out on to the road. The Crimean War and the Indian 'Mutiny' were incidents of his school days; and in 1858 he joined the Army. Thenceforward he led a life of perpetual activity till the end of the Boer War. For thirty years he rarely spent eighteen consecutive months in one continent or six months in one district; and whatever district he was in he was always getting a wider, more varied life than most, or than any, of the other people there.

For example:

'During the autumn and winter of 1872 and the first half of 1873, I had movement, sport, travel and adventure sufficient to satisfy the longings of anybody. I was at that time boiling with the

spirit of movement, and distance alone sufficed to lend enchantment to my prospect of travel. The scene could not be too remote nor the theatre too lonely. The things I did not want to see or know of were trains and steamboats. The canoe and the prairie pony in summer, the snowshoe and dog-sled in winter, one's own feet and legs at all times—these were good enough for passing over the surface of God's wonderful world. I was a fair shot and even where the Hudson Bay Company's posts were some hundred miles apart, and Indian camps were few and far between, the gun and the baited fish-hook could still provide dinner and supper; and for bed, old Mother Earth gave it, and the fine brush mattress and pillow.'

Besides North America, England and Ireland, he spent much time in Africa, North, East, West and South. Holidays included Cyprus, Palestine, and St Helena. In Guernsey he was intimate with Victor Hugo; in Ireland with Parnell; everywhere with people well worth knowing. As a record of what happened in the forty years preceding our generation, a period of very rapid transition in the countries he lived in, his has an historical value that few histories possess. From a hill near the Platte River he saw a herd of buffalo reaching continuously from 300 yards away to the horizon: he knew Winnipeg when Winnipeg consisted of thirty houses, and had 1,600 acres offered him near the centre of the modern town, at fix an acre; he was with Milner at the Cape and yet talked with one of Nelson's crew and with Napoleon's sentinel; the colonel he started regimental life under had fought at Waterloo: and although Butler commanded the expedition which set out to relieve Gordon, yet he had been at Dover when the Alabama took refuge in Calais. Most of all, he travelled under conditions when the journey itself was a means of keeping the traveller awake instead of, as now, putting him to sleep. The mere process of reaching his post in Burma rendered him serviceably acquainted with the local customs; his first voyage out to India took four months, nearing the coast of Brazil and passing 400 miles south of the Cape to get the wind, sighting land twice only in a ship that let in several inches of water every hour.

His stories of and comment on Empire-building and War-

building and the War Office are by themselves enough to give the book a permanent value: his position as an Irishman and a Catholic stimulated independence of thought, to which his personal qualities and first-hand knowledge give authority. One man's evidence remains one man's evidence, but there is evidence and evidence and Butler's is of the autobiographical kind that is needed as makeweight against the arm-chair propaganda of school-history books.

THREE ADVENTURERS BY SEA

Henri de Monfried seems to have been born about 1879. All his youth had been spent by the sea, on the Mediterranean, and his temperament was such that, when forgiveness was called for, he forgave the sea everything and the land and land-dwellers nothing. Snared migrating-birds, gasping fish, massacred ducks—these were the ways of men and of this family which intervened between him and what was life-blood to him, the sea and liberty. Later he found Somaliland officials no better; stuffy, scandalmongering, venomous, all trying to re-make each other after the same pattern. For thirty years he sought compromise. For the next eighteen years, no compromises. He became 'Abd-El-Hai,' engaging in traffic, more or less illicit; pearls, gunrunning, drugs, slave-trading with the co-operation of the slaves, mostly in and around the Red Sea. A boat of his own, with a Somali crew, more than a fair share of danger and sorrow, but always a life of his own, and happiness. A typical specimen of excellent unregenerate adventure, a by-product of reaction against narrow-minded surroundings.

Count Felix von Luckner came of an ancient German family with a cavalry tradition, and yet nothing would satisfy him but to go to sea. At thirteen and a half he had enough of home rule and school rule, and with some of his father's belongings and his brother's savings, he left home. He was big enough to wear his father's boots, and his brother's forty marks could be repaid later. However, there was enough left of home influence and family tradition for him to leave with the resolve that he was, according to their phrase, going to wear the Emperor's uni-

form with honour; but it was to be the naval uniform, and he was not going to return home until he had got it.

At Hamburg he tried to get taken on as cabin-boy, and succeeded with the help of Peter, a ferryman who had done thirty-five years' service at sea. Peter gave him his own old seachest which had accompanied him through all his voyages, and left him with the advice, 'My boy, always remember, one hand for yourself and one for the ship.' By the time he had returned to Hamburg Peter had been dead three years; Luckner attended to his grave at Ohlsdorf, which has since become a place of pilgrimage for German children.

His adventures as a sailor-boy would be worth dwelling on were it not that the rest of the book is more exceptional; but one incident is worth quoting as illustrating character. Off the Cape the boy was jerked from a mast and fell ninety feet into the sea. He threw off oilskins and boots, but in the heavy seas that were running there seemed little likelihood of a lifeboat finding him. And in fact, the captain objected to one being launched; it was only done by volunteers at the risk of their lives. Meanwhile albatrosses swooped down on him; he grasped at the claw of one and held on, in spite of the bird striking at his hand until he bore the scars for the rest of his life; by sighting the bird the lifeboat crew were able to find him.

Whatever course history had happened to take in his time he would have made a knight-errant's career out of it; but the course of the World War presented him with an exceptional chance, that of commanding a sailing-ship intended to run the British blockade and cruise about to the destruction of Allied shipping; he being the only officer in the German Navy who had served before the mast, which he had done for seven years. The tale is one of the best in all warfare. Any one chapter in it would be an outstanding one of ingenuity, bravery, competence, and those other qualities which go to the making of a man whom friends and 'enemies' most wish to meet.

In December 1916 he sailed his ship over minefields in a hurricane which took him to the Arctic Circle and saved him encountering any British boat till he reached the Atlantic. The disguise as a Norwegian lumber-vessel was so perfect that their one examination of an hour and a half by a British cruiser was satisfactory without damaging the credit of the British officer, and then they set about taking ship after ship, removing all crews and passengers to the comfortable quarters provided for them in advance on board, and sending the ships to the bottom. English, French, Italian, American guests were added, not only to their numbers but also to the number of their friends, and when the only lady they captured asked Von Luckner as a favour to capture another because she wanted some female company, he obliged. Eventually the prisoners amounted to so many that they had to be given a ship to themselves to be landed at Rio; and then of course the secret was out and they were hunted as well as hunting. However, two can play the game of sending out wireless messages; and they safely rounded Cape Horn and started in the other ocean.

Landing on an unused South Sea Island for concealment and a rest, a cyclone wrecked the ship. Six of them set out in an open boat in order to capture something better, and came very near doing it after a voyage of extreme peril and privation, which ended in prison in New Zealand. Attached to their prison camp was a motor-boat. Von Luckner proposed to get up some private theatricals to while away the time and aroused such enthusiasm that everything he wanted to fit out the motor-boat for escape he got by representing the items as needed for the show. On the night itself they cut the wires communicating with the mainland and set a barracks on fire and, after ostentatiously helping to quench the fire, one by one slipped away and got safely off in the motor-boat. They captured one boat, but their luck was out and they were soon back in New Zealand. And so home after the Armistice, with one of the best of war records and without having caused death or injury to a single person, and having made friends of all the enemies they met. All their prisoners were paid wages as if they had been working for their captors.

His comments on the differences between the French and German marine services are worth attention, in particular. Nothing is more characteristic than his final comment on things in general and emergencies; 'remember the motto of the sea: "Don't jump overboard; stay with the ship."'

Here may follow reference to the story of another seaman

Here may follow reference to the story of another seaman who was on the opposite side in the same war, Jack Randell, who came of a Bridport family whose family records show that there has been a sea-captain in each generation for five hundred years; and that he represents the fifth generation which has been domiciled in Newfoundland. When he was twelve he began sharing sea-life in a fishing-schooner. A simple-minded, sporting brain, and tremendous physique; with intelligence enough for the day's work and prompt resourceful action; and a most direct and vigorous method of story-telling, all these found an outlet in the hydrophone service; he was one of the three hundred picked men placed at the service of the inventor who destroyed the German submarine campaign.

All this service and experience and heritage he subsequently

All this service and experience and heritage he subsequently prostituted to the foulest service in company with the foulest profiteers he could find—the drink-smuggling traffic in contravention of U.S.A. law, without, apparently, seeing anything disreputable in it.

LIAM O'FLAHERTY AND OTHERS

Now, Liam O'Flaherty is more recent still. In fact, he does not begin till 1918; and yet ends at 1920. His book forms one of the cases which exemplify how short a space may be essential wherein to achieve autobiography. This is, indeed, more likely to occur in the cases of adventure than in any other connection, the number of years within which a man has the opportunity to adventure being so much more limited than the number of the years of his life. But, in O'Flaherty's case, there is far more incident than the most choice picked men could arrange for within two years. The marvel is that, nine years later, he can remember so much of it. Perhaps he does not. However, his mind was very active and swift; his vitality superabundant. The chief influence in his life was the sea, the same sea as Miss McHugh's, that of the West Coast of Ireland, and the main attraction of the book, the main one amid an extraordinary number, lies in the succession of moods, just like the sea's, as vivid, as spontaneous, as

irresistible. Enthusiastic about every new experience, he tired of each as quickly. He learnt to talk Portuguese in a fortnight and forgot it as easily as he had learnt it. Money came and went, of value to him only in so far as it meant freedom, freedom to observe, to listen, to brood, to drift. Other people he tolerated in so far as they amused him, or were necessary to him. London and the Mediterranean he loved and appreciated equally and consistently, whereas most kinds of experiences drove him, by reaction, towards their opposites; exercise into laziness, socialism into setting a value on capitalism. Of all the aims that chased each other in and out of his mind, perhaps the most insistent was that of 'cleansing the blurred compass of man's intellect,' and certainly he had a vocabulary which helped the process. Whatever bubbles his mind blows, whether a monstrous dream, or an attack of D.T. or a missionary enterprise conceived at 4 a.m. on the beach and evaporated by breakfast-time, he can tell it as it happened. A difficult book to leave unquoted at great length; but here are two brief extracts concerning O'Flaherty as employee, first at a brewery and secondly at an office:

THE BREWERY.

"This," I thought, after a few days, "is no use to me. I do not belong here, and I can never hope to gain more than second-hand experience of life. I am like a scientist watching bees. No matter how closely I watch I can only see the bees and write about them from the point of view of a person who may be a clever scientist but is not a bee. A bee of moderate intelligence could tell much more, if it could be persuaded to down honey and take to writing."

On Obtaining a Post in a Business Office.

"You're hired," he said. "You can start to-morrow."

"There you are," I told my sister, when I arrived home. "You see, I have become a business man. It's quite simple."

'They were all delighted at my enthusiasm, and I spent the whole evening telling them of the enormous fortune I was going to amass in a few years. But next morning I refused to go to the office.

"You see," I declared, "the whole merit of this affair lies in my being able to prove to you that I have the ability to procure a

job of this sort. To go any further with it would be disgraceful. Making profits corrupts the intellect, darkens the soul, narrows the scope of the understanding, and causes a spiritual disease which makes happiness impossible."

Eugene Wright's tale is still more recent. It begins in New York, on leaving school a year or two ago; with nothing in his head but the names of places he wanted to go to. He takes ship, as A.B., for India; leaves the ship at Calcutta; goes tiger-hunting on islands in the Bay of Bengal; thence to Singapore; thence to Borneo; back to India; and so to Persia.

As compared with the other adventurers, the most outstanding difference is that he is in a position to wire for money whenever he wants some; that and the melodramatic way he writes. He has no gift of words, as O'Flaherty has: only of other people's words.

For instance:

'I remember . . . feeling as if I were being stretched on a rack and beaten with iron bars, prodded with hot lances and boiled in volcanic lava.'

and:

'The eyes of the crocodile blazed up like bonfires.'

or:

'A heated breeze, ebbing in from the south, threw a prismatic veil over my eyes, and closed my nostrils for the day.'

'So this was Flores; this was the madness that had burned its name into my brain. . . . The rest of the world went completely out of focus, and I felt as if I were on another planet.'

One is tempted to comment on it solely with the limerick about the King of Siam:

'There was once a king of Siam
Who for Truth cared never a damn.
When asked why he lied,
He merely replied:
"You may call me a liar; I am."'

Yet it is a good yarn; and, as autobiography, may be read as a palimpsest in order to train one to discriminate between fact disguised and perverted by incompetence in handling words, and fiction masquerading as fact. He may have been to a Hindu anti-Moslem meeting in Bengal, although he speaks of the Hindus there as black; and when he speaks of a city as quiet 'except for the occasional cry of a sleeping child'; well, it may have been that the city was quiet. In the same way, he may have been to all the places he says he went to, and by the methods of transport alleged; but it certainly does illustrate the state of mind in which an unfledged youngster can go about.

The next may be John Cameron's, from 1850 to 1925. Al-

The next may be John Cameron's, from 1850 to 1925. Almost all is concerned with the South Seas; the Pacific, and its island kingdoms during their last days and during the last days of sailing-ships. As evidence it is as authentic as possible; its limitations are the limitations of the author, a strong hearty sailor and captain who wanted nothing but elementary pleasures, the day's earnings, variety, the sea, drink, and women. He made many enemies and more friends; and lived a hard life cheerfully.

many enemies and more friends; and lived a hard life cheerfully.

His blindness to wider and deeper issues, to ideas, to past and future, confine his adventures and adventurousness to secondand third-rate kinds, but even so there is much left to recommend. Once he rose above himself and made a water-telescope out of a box with plain glass at the bottom and, using the box as a photographer uses a black cloth, with no more than that and the marvellous clearness of lagoon water he saw a little way into tropical marine life and began to marvel at what must be beyond sight. He never looked at human life like that; unless it was once when an English naval officer was trying a Chinese for the murder of a native who had been trying to seduce the two wives of the Chinese; three times the officer went as near as he could to suggesting to the Chinese to give evidence that he did not mean actually to kill the native and each time the Chinese asserted that he did; and in the end the officer had to sentence the man to a year's imprisonment; how strange it was, it struck Cameron, that these two men should have come from the ends of earth to meet there, and the honesty of the one and the justice of the other.

JACK MCLAREN

The insight that is lacking in Cameron is one of the distinctions of Jack McLaren's My Odyssey and My Crowded Solitude; the former being a book of wanderings, but the latter one of a more unusual type, the record of an eight years' residence as the only white resident, in one place.

Yet even his Odyssey begins in the South Sea islands after a career as seaman on a deep-sea sailing-vessel of the bad old school; as clerk to a ship-chandler in Batavia, as actor, overseer, stowaway, ornithologist's assistant, railway-navvy in Queensland, mule-driver at a tin-mine, racehorse-trainer's groom. However, he does not reckon all this as more than an apprenticeship. Life began when he was offered command of an unseaworthy cutter at Townsville, North Queensland, for delivery in New Guinea. The cutter foundered on the coast of the Gulf of Papua, and only himself and one of the crew got to shore. He turned to trading with the natives, left that to go in search of a mythical gold-mine; and so on to Thursday Island and the pearlfishing that centres there. But the pearl-fishing covers all the Great Barrier Reef as well, and McLaren covered all of that too; thence to the Solomon Islands and Fiji, as recruiter of native-labour. And yet he came across many who had had more adventurous lives than his-he met one European diver who had walked almost as far on the bottom of the sea as on dry land and to whom there was not a shell-bed in Torres Straits, nor submerged reef nor sandbank, unfamiliar; who knew the bottom of the sea as a city-man knows the city streets; had names for the hills and valleys and plains of that underworld. Hardship, discomfort, and isolation meant nothing to McLaren in those days; for those who lived amid civilization he felt scorn and pity as for people who had missed all that was worth knowing. Others have seen as much as McLaren and written of it. But few have written as he writes. His recording of conversations with natives equals Livingstone's; so does his capacity to enter into the minds of those he met. Anti-missionary as he is, no brief references, and very few longer ones, could give a better insight into the missionary's life at its best than his. And then,

to quote but two instances, among many, of out-of-the-way lives, of men now dead who come to life again in his pages, and only a paragraph or two needed for the purpose-there was the Englishman who lived alone among savages with his library, who would talk of nothing but his books and the people in them, and to whom those who lived in books were more real than those who lived outside them, and, secondly, the violinist who never played twice the same but always, when he played, it was interpretation of the sea and its ways; he had found the musical link between the sea and the human mind and it was all so vivid and strange and terrible that, while others thought him mad, McLaren himself doubts if he should like to hear his music again. But he appreciated it. That is the difference. There was in him a keenness and catholicity of appreciation which is rare in adventurers; and by dint of incessant reading and writing, he has won the words to render it. Singing-sands, crocodile-catching, the differences between the different types of native and the causes thereof, the birds-of-paradise and the iniquity of the traffic in them, and all else that would appeal to the artist or the philosopher who would themselves make very bad adventurers in the flesh-there is so much of all that in his books and nothing to spoil it.

So much, then, for his Odyssey, as an introduction to his Solitude.

The proposal was made to him to establish a coconut plantation somewhere on Cape York, the northernmost point of Australia, a locality just suited for the growth of coconuts, but hitherto without any. The idea appealed to McLaren as one waiting to be achieved, to enable the land to do what it was fitted to do; and that he should be the one to do it. It meant eight years of solitude before the palms would mature; but he started in a day or two and carried it through. He landed; he was alone; not even a dog with him; he slung his hammock between two trees; placed underneath it his belongings and turned in with rifle and revolver beside him, to spend the night as much afraid as he ever had been in his life.

Next day he started felling trees—for the area was all jungle -and found how little one man can do, especially one who has

been used to having all manual work done for him by natives. He also started building a house, waging a continual war against white ants which attacked everything with such persistence that he came to believe that if he had stopped long in one place they would have attacked him too; his tea, rice, and flour got mixed up because the ants had eaten the sacks, and they were so much more intelligent than ordinary ants that they used a system of one-way traffic, building tunnels above ground for the purpose because they were averse to light. Then one afternoon he found himself face to face with a native, from whom he learnt that this area of his was a camping-ground of a tribe who roamed about and that its native name was Utingu, the Place of the Many Big Trees. They asked him questions and said they lived by hunting; he spoke to them on the advantages of regular work. Next day the whole tribe appeared; ferocious enough to look at, but willing enough to work, or, at least, to entertain the idea of work; but all their ideas and traditions and customs and those of their ancestors had been formed under the pressure of nomadic conditions and hunters' lives and had a logic of their own incompatible with the logic of work; difficulties sprang up at every turn. McLaren discovered how much more than willingness to learn the use of a tool went to the ability to use it, the acquired aptitude of generations is wanted and that they lacked totally.

and that they lacked totally.

He built himself a home; sixty feet by sixty; planted shrubs around it, and flowers; and installed acetylene-gas inside. At the end of the first year fifty acres of flourishing young coconuts stood where nothing but jungle had stood before, and fifty more acres stood cleared. He was reproaching himself for having wasted so many years in the past on wandering and aimlessness. Then the jungle began to take its revenge. All the clearing, and the burning incidental to it, fertilized the soil as it had never been fertilized before and day by day a steady fight went on to prevent the new palms being choked. Sometimes at the end of a day there would be little sign of where the workers had worked.

Just when victory against the jungle seemed established, the tribe decided that they had had enough of work; they had never been so long in one place before, they explained; 'must go for a walk-about.' They went. He was alone once more. He was greatly afraid of being alone; judging from tales he had heard of the terrors that threatened loneliness; of the frames of mind that people got into then, and could not escape from. Nothing of the kind happened. There was not even monotony. This was his 'Crowded Solitude'; filled with tragedies and comedies, wisdom and foolishness, beauties and uglinesses. There were the birds that could behave and the birds that could not: and those for whom revealing their own daintiness and grace was life enough; and there was the cuckoo that had a nest of its very own; there were the friendly birds; and birds that remained strangers. And there were whole histories of insects; and the lizard that came every morning to clear up the crumbs of the breakfast-table. But he was never pure biologist enough to welcome snakes. Least of all when, one night, he was woken up by a twelve-foot one coming to attack the dog; it escaped into the roof-beams, where he shot it and whence it fell on him, with still enough vitality in its muscles to coil round him. The muscles slackened, however, just in time. But then too, came an attack of New Guinea fever; and it was only later, when a ship called and McLaren found he was a day out in his reckoning that he realized that the coma induced by the fever had lasted thirty-six hours instead of the twelve that he had supposed.

So, altogether, when, after three and a half months, the natives returned, it was a very happy reunion; and a very domesticated life too, with Mary Brown, the native woman who had picked up white men's ways in the course of a very varied life and proved an excellent housekeeper; and, Fitzherbert, a native boy whose life he and Mary Brown had saved. But trouble was in store. A native came from another tribe, who persuaded the others into all sorts of discontent; against the cutting down of trees which they had hitherto depended on for food, against the taking of ground which had hitherto been theirs; and, in fact, they asked him to go away, threateningly. He threatened back, and both parties spent the night in fear of an attack. The next day he went to the camp and said that although the Government had granted him the land on a big

paper stamped with a big red seal, he agreed to the land being considered theirs and proposed that they should sell it him. They thought this a very fine idea and suggested two pounds of tobacco as a fair price. He doubled this and added a bonus; and all were content; and the foreigner went back to his own tribe. At times, as before, the whole tribe would depart on a 'walk-about'; but they always returned, and Mary Brown never went away at all.

At the end of the third year there were five thousand palms and the jungle was subdued; there were five years more to wait for the maturing; and he looked forward with satisfaction to the routine work and the waiting. His experiment had become known and visitors were frequent. One palm came into bearing in the fifth year; giving him more pleasure than Fitzherbert; he had bought Fitzherbert, but he had reared that palm.

At the end of the eighth year he took a holiday. He sailed away, renewing old acquaintanceships and making fresh ones; Thursday Island, Port Darwin, coasting, etc., and he had a great reception on his return to Utingu. But the spell was broken; he had done what he had set out to do; the wish for a settled life was over; he sold out and left.

The foregoing summary is defective in two ways in particular. First, it gives no sufficient idea of that sense of humanity and sympathy with living life that distinguishes him; the chapter on his visitors consists of one striking character-sketch after another; he says, indeed, that it seemed to be characteristic of his surroundings that they developed people, made each one seem more different from each other than normally; and he attributes it to the isolation; but it is easy to divine that he himself contributed decisively to it. Secondly, it minimizes the risks. A little tactlessness and the natives might well have turned murderous.

In any case, he well illustrates how reticent they were on certain subjects and how dangerous it would have been, and how impracticable, to attempt to learn more; even on such subjects as their smoke-signals which carried the details of news over vast stretches of uninhabited land. On the other hand, there were many of their customs they were willing to discuss and alter. They were always ready to listen to anything he had

to say about physical fitness; on which their lives, as hunters and nomads, depended; such as shelter and cooking.

Where discussion could take place, but no agreement, was in relation to the advantages of a settled life and the agriculture that it implied. They could not see the use of growing things by means of continual care when so much was growing of its own accord and was to be had without trouble taken. And McLaren recognized the force of their argument and the directness of their thought while recognizing that he had gone too far on the path of civilization to turn back without risking getting lost.

They marvelled at his ignorance of what lay around him, e.g. the habits of animals and plants and their characteristics, while he marvelled at their intimate knowledge of them; his acetylene-gas they dismissed from their minds, but a new plant was of absorbing interest to them. And yet their habits were much modified by contact with him; they acquired things that were luxuries to them, and unfamiliar, but desirable, and in doing so they were brought to a state of mind which tended to induce them to do differently in order to maintain the supply of such things. And so, in little, he saw the development of civilization, though undogmatically, the wish for secondaries and luxuries, entailing a convention of obligatory work in order to go on obtaining them. As actors, playwrights, and play-producers it would seem that we have almost everything to learn from them. As regards higher values they had everything to learn from him; and so have most of us.

LO BAGOLA

Now as to Bata Kindai Amgoza Ibn LoBagola. The adventure of his life occurred when he was seven. It may be that when LoBagola arrives at old age he will write another autobiography and a better one. But whenever his life may end and whatever may happen in the interval, he can hardly have another such adventure as happened when he was seven.

He was born three days' walk south of Timbuktu; a baby belonging to the colony of black Jews which have existed there time-out-of-mind; their tradition says that their ancestors left Palestine after the destruction of Solomon's Temple, wandered right across the Sahara, taking generations over the journey. At any rate, LoBagola remembers, and tells, much of real interest concerning their customs, and their relations with the aboriginals with whom they lived in harmony; observing their own religion while controlled in other respects by strict fetish practices. No one in his village had ever seen a white man, or had any knowledge of such beings otherwise than superstitiously; their mothers told them that white men had but one eye and one leg each; fed but twice a year and then on the raw flesh of either their own children or other people's. They had no clear idea whether this was a story of the past; or whether white people still existed.

Their life was a constant life-and-death struggle against the animal world. Monkeys, in fact, used to raid the villages in military organization, and only by stratagem could the human beings resist them. No one could live long without knowledge of, and strict attention to, the habits of the animals and their ways; dealing with snakes was considered work for the smallest boys, at the risk of their lives; no one left the village after dark; fires were kept alight all night as the only effective protection between dusk and dawn; and the dangers of a journey were so imminent that there was practically no communication with other districts. Within such limits life was very easy. Absolutely no clothes, rent, taxes, or finance. They slept when they felt sleepy, ate when they were hungry, worked when they wished. A man's duties consisted in attending to his six wives; the six wives' in attending to their joint husband.

wives' in attending to their joint husband.

Now one evening some of the boys, all between the ages of five and eleven, planned to play a trick on the boys still smaller (what maturity they attained was attained at a very early age) by leaving the village, going a little way into the bush, and rushing back into the village crying that they had seen a white man making his way towards the village. The oldest boy was against it, seeing how wrong he knew it to be, leaving the village near dark; but he allowed himself to be overruled. There were fourteen of them. On they walked, in high spirits, thinking only of their joke, until one of the number called out

that he had caught a glimpse of a white man; then they all became suddenly panic-stricken, and called upon their leader to lead them back to the village. But they had lost their way. They slept in the 'bush' with never a thought to the dangers around them, but scared at the thoughts of a white man which they put into each others' heads. They remained lost. At one time they dug a hole in their fear and remained in it for three days. They drifted, living on bread-fruit and bananas, until, after forty-five days, they found themselves looking at the sea for the first time.

In the distance were people, and out to sea was a ship. The natives were going backwards and forwards to the ship in canoes; and when the boys found a canoe they imitated the natives and brought the canoe down to the water and made their way to the ship. This took weeks. The first ship had disappeared; but another had turned up. And on this ship they found white men. When they had got over their first astonishment, they were disappointed with the white men's ordinariness; the smallest boy said, 'There is nothing wrong with them; they are as good-looking as I am.' The white men paid no attention to them; they were used to native boys running about examining everything. LoBagola got separated from the rest by going below. When he came up again the ship was moving away from the land and not one of his companions could be seen. What had happened was that the ordinary signals of departure had been given, which the coast-natives were accustomed to. When one boy noticed that the ship was moving away he became terrified and jumped overboard, and all the rest on deck followed him. None of the sailors imagined they were so ignorant as to do such a thing; before any rescue could be effected, all the boys had been eaten by sharks.

So LoBagola, a prince in his own country, arrived alone in Glasgow as a naked little nigger-boy who could not be induced to wear clothes. After four years of kind and ignorant handling he was sent back to his own country; but thenceforward has been homeless; too Europeanized and Americanized for Africa; too African for elsewhere; too Jewish for Christianity; too Christianized for Jewry; drifting about in wretchedness, drink, ex-

periments, failure; a great deal of practical experience of life with all its disadvantages and none, as yet, of its advantages.

ADVENTURE AND HISTORY

Here is to be noted a difference in adventures. LoBagola's early adventure was, like all those of everyone hitherto mentioned in this chapter, a matter of impulse; but his subsequent ones came from outside, from force of circumstances. There are many more such, in which the normal interest of autobiography is reinforced by historical interest. Here follow four, in which the backgrounds are, respectively, the annexation of Korea by the Japanese, the overwhelming of the Red Indians by their white neighbours, the Christianization of the South Sea islanders and the conquest of Siberia by the Russians.

The first, Younghill Kang's, divides itself into three sections:

- 1. The childhood of the author in Old Korea.
- 2. The destruction of Old Korea by the Japanese, as interwoven with the life of the author.
- 3. The Adventure, *i.e.* the reaction against Japanese rule, unfinished; an adventure inherent in the personality and inheritance of the author, who otherwise would have gone on quietly, ignoring, and ignored by, the Western World, as one more scholar in the ancient and isolated world of the 'Land of the Morning Calm.'
- 1. A great deal of detail is given, in consequence of the author seeing this country and its ways from outside, after journeys and residence abroad; the kind of detail that enables us the better to visualize Old Korea; a very charming place; many pleasant customs and pleasant people; among whom scholarship was honoured amidst the poor, and, indeed, more cultivated by the poor than the rich. The same costumes, food, dwellings, and customs, had persisted for centuries. All their isolation, coupled with dependence on the weather, left them very near to imminence of starvation; but they were surrounded by a countryside which left the deepest impression of vivid beauty on the boy, colouring such as he did not find elsewhere; and at home, in spite of urgent poverty, by dignity and charm.

He was born in 1901; his mother died a few months after his birth. He was one of a large household, all of whom were supported by the father, a big man with a big black beard, undertaking a great variety of work, from roofing the house with the grass invariably used for that purpose, to making the children's shoes. His mainstay was making tools of many kinds and going to the coast to exchange them for the family's wants; for money was little used. The person who influenced him most was the grandmother, a small woman, even for a Korean, but very energetic; always clothed in the traditional white garments and held up as a model to the other women of the village. Besides being capable in all women's work, she could do a man's work in the fields at need; a discriminating lover of literature too, preferring Buddhism for herself, she preached Confucius to the boy, as more likely to make him a force in the world.

He was always looked on as expected to carry on the family tradition of scholarship and was himself minded to be something out of the ordinary. He soon became a leader among boys of his own age, being superior to most of those older than he as well physically as mentally. At eight he went to herd cows; filling up the time by reading ancient literature. At the age of nine he had won so many prizes at district examinations for poetry that he was quite famous.

During all these years Japanese and Westerners were appearing more and more in Korea, and their influence was making itself felt to the extent that a school was established near by to spread education according to Western ideas. Kang was offered a place as boarder there and the concession that he might go was made. Japanese was taught, and it was from the Japanese authors that he got his first inkling about Western ideas. But his Japanese improved the more rapidly owing to there being a very charming Japanese girl at a shop there, who was well educated. And when, before the end of the first year, his father came to the decision to terminate his stay at the school, because he was afraid that the boy would become spoilt, might even become pro-Japanese, the girl persuaded her own father to offer him a place in the shop, in all good faith. When the boy told his father this, the father became more angry than

the boy had ever known him become before, and it was only because neither knew the other's language that the father and the shopkeeper did not come to blows. And all the way home, the father spoke to the boy of Korea's glorious past and of her intense superiority to the Japanese, who had learnt everything they knew that was worth learning from the Koreans.

He was therefore sent to the village school, kept by a pedant who got very indignant when the boy insisted that Confucius was wrong in thinking that the earth was flat, and so on; and did no credit to Old Korea by his character either. His incompetence accentuated Kang's tendency to take to the new ideas and tendencies, and he began to teach others too, teaching mathematics and Japanese to other children in the village, until parents began coming to his father to complain. His father thought that all foreigners ought to be made to leave Korea, and then Korea would revert to her ancient ways and all would be well; and so father and son drifted into hopeless disagreement.

2. Kang was born near the time, the commencement of the Japanese-Russian War, when coming events were both fore-shadowed and precipitated. The infiltration of the Japanese became an invasion, under the form of a request to use the roads into Manchuria, and was soon followed by a military occupation.

Among the earliest discussions of grown-ups that he could follow were those about the advent of the Japanese, and about their methods of deceiving the Koreans. Concerning later developments the chief charge against them was the alliance with England, with the Barbarians, which thereby revealed the Japanese as casting off all right to be considered as civilized.

'Better for us,' someone would add, 'if we had resisted.' And someone else would shake his head and remind the other of the Empress, who had been strongly anti-Japanese, and how she had been hacked to pieces in her own inner-chamber by command of the Japanese envoy, and how Korean officials had no course open to them but to commit suicide or retire. The tide of affairs ran so, and it was useless to contend against it. 'But what is to happen to our children,' another would say, 'if their

1,000-year-old civilization is to be taken away from them and they have nothing before their eyes but the bad example of the Japanese?' And another would answer, one who had seen something of Westerners in Seoul, that Westerners were remarkable people, and perhaps something of value might be learned from them. Perhaps, even, what was to be learnt from them might prove the salvation of Koreans as against the Japanese; one must retain the open mind of a gentleman and a scholar in such matters. And Kang's uncle would look at his grandsons playing near, and would say—after all, what peace was to be compared with the peace that grandsons brought to a man of sixty. And that there were the mountains, the rivers and the trees—those the Japanese could never take away from them.

Later still, the boy being one of a party, all older than he, but all young—youths and geisha-girls—they had their pleasant excursion spoilt by seeing a Japanese woman standing careless of the wind which was blowing her only garment about her body up to her middle; whereas all Koreans, even the geishagirls, wore so many garments that nobody knew what others wore except on washing-days when the garments were spread out in the sun to dry. The geisha-girls were as scandalized as the boy, seeing that they simply belonged to a class who were too clever and too beautiful to belong to one man, who had their own dignity, modesty and self-respect, and between whom and wives there was no competition, and rarely any jealousy. Besides, the Japanese woman had not even a musical instrument with her; only her one garment, her naked body, and a pack of cards. The division of opinion among the Koreans themselves soon

The division of opinion among the Koreans themselves soon grew more and more marked, and the children leaned more to the pro-Western party.

Troops returning from the war against Russia returned no farther than Korea and remained to uphold the worst class of Japanese civilians in all that they did. By 1907 government had silently passed into Japanese control. The Emperor was forced to abdicate in favour of a son who was a minor; in 1910 annexation was formally announced.

Kang's father went purple in the face and could not speak. All through the village the sound of wailing was heard as at a death. Later in the day, the father put the Korean flag over the doorway and bowed down to it, the tears running down his cheeks; no one was eating anything. In the morning many bodies were found of those who had committed suicide. Then came a band of Japanese policemen demanding why the Korean flag was there and not the Japanese. The father pretended not to understand; a policeman struck and kicked him; the grandmother rushed in between them, and the policeman knocked her down and kicked her, breaking her ankle. Among Koreans harming an old woman was punishable by death, and criminals were safe if an old woman protected them.

Father and son were equally Korean, but diverged more and more. The question came up as to whether Kang was to attend the Japanese school. The father put all sorts of obstacles in the way; the son went by night when he could not go by day, and came under the influence of a fiery revolutionist, whose theory was that all Western learning must be acquired in order to beat the Japanese with the only practical weapons—their own. The Japanese Government censored studies to the point of forbidding books which referred to liberators, such as Washington and Lincoln.

3. The Adventure began there. The boy who had been intended, and had intended himself, for a scholar at the capital town, found his country in the hands of invaders, and scholarship had to be diverted to the service of counter-revolution. His leader was a Christian, in itself a revolutionary idea in Korea. He preached a gospel of having the greatest possible number of students in the U.S.A., as Japan and China had. Kang's first move was to cut his hair short. All Korean customs implied that to do that at his age—eleven and a half years—was not only an anti-Korean move, but also a family catastrophe.

The next problem was how to continue his education. There was no more for him to learn anywhere in the country except at Seoul, the capital. He was able to raise 12s., and with that he started to walk to Seoul, 300 miles. His baggage consisted of a two-volume anthology of Chinese and Korean poets in his uncle's handwriting, a note-book, and pen and ink.

By the third day his straw sandals were worn to the point that his feet were badly blistered; he had obtained some free meals, and, for the rest, lived on sweets, the cheapest food; eating the paper when the sweets were gone. He was often reduced to tears for one reason and another, fear of tigers and ghosts, meeting a robber, or inhospitality, or being unable to sell his own poems. Although he had never, to his knowledge, seen his mother, it was she whom he found himself most longing for. After his first 150 miles, and seeing his first train, he found a village so appreciative of his poetry that he stayed there two days trying to get fat again. And the villagers clubbed together and made him the richer by £1. But one friend of the family on whom he greatly relied, and whose house was very very hard to find, proved a great disappointment; when the house was found it turned out that the friend had committed suicide on the night of the annexation.

He reached Seoul on the sixteenth day. It had been the chief city since 1392 and the Japanese were busy pulling the wall down and destroying the nobles' houses. The palace stood empty. The school he had come to attend had been closed by the Japanese, and he was advised to apply in two weeks' time for admission to the new Japanese Government school. There would be 200 vacancies, and 4,000 were expected to apply for them. He came out second in the exam., the examiner's son being first.

Kang lived mostly on cucumbers, costing a halfpenny each, and eating as seldom as possible; he could make two cucumbers a day do if helped out by melon-rind. But to live on cucumbers it was necessary, he found, to have salt with the cucumbers; that could be managed for nothing by sometimes having a penny cake at a restaurant, and helping himself from the salt-cellar when no one was looking. One day he had an invitation to a restaurant to dinner, where he shoveled in the food, no matter what, as fast and as long as possible, answering all questions in the affirmative, because the Korean word for 'yes' was quicker to say than 'no' and therefore less interruption to the meal. He even said 'yes' when asked if he had had any breakfast.

Some clothes came from home; but even so, clothes remained a painful subject.

The first day at school, the principal told them all:

'The essential principle of education is the making of loyal and good subjects to the Japanese emperor. You must try very hard to be good Japanese.'

This to a boy whose native word for Japan meant the 'Land-of-Little-Savages.' And every morning they had to stand up and say, 'The Mikado is sacred and inviolable'; and the only history taught was about Japan and 'her glorious past.' No mathematics were taught beyond what he had learnt already, and the Japanese teacher of Chinese classics did not know as much Chinese as the boy. As Kang was not inclined to listen to perversions without argument, trouble arose, and the principal told him he must apologize and undertake not to repeat such behaviour. He left instead. Three months wasted. He went to the American left instead. Three months wasted. He went to the American missionaries, in spite of their bad reputation for character and intelligence, and begged Mr and Mrs Parker on his knees to take him to America; but was told that they only assisted Christians, not the heathen; and saw for himself that they had no interest in scholarship. Most surprised of all was he at their thinking that it was bad for Koreans to go to America; they did not seem to have a good opinion of the morals of America. He became cow-herd again to earn a passage to Tokyo, and in Tokyo became errand-boy, newsboy, looked after a baby, worked in a shop, to earn money enough to support himself while studying; passing as a provincial to explain away the slight accent his Japanese had. accent his Japanese had.

The World War began, and, in the course of his chemistry-work, he was shown poison-gas, and listened to its being extolled as a great step forward in the necessary art of destruction. He could only come to one conclusion, the one that everybody else came to, that the West, to which they looked for ideals and enlightenment, was just as bad as the East, and hypocritical as well. All the 'brothers-in-Christ' were fighting amongst themselves; to them, as in the 'Land-of-Little-Savages,' the man who could destroy most fellowmen was the greatest hero.

Four years passed and his success was great at school. But his gloom was greater. Korea could not become a Great Power on such lines; and he did not even wish it. He did not want to settle down and marry either; why have children for such a future? Why even go to America? Of all his reading, Schopenhauer appealed to him most. He decided on suicide. He went to an exquisitely beautiful spot to leap over the bridge, hundreds of feet down into the water. As he placed his hand on the parapet his last thought brought his grandmother into his mind. What would she suffer if he killed himself? And that brought thoughts of others at home-what would they feel too? It was very hard. It made living no easier, but it made dying impossible; he found that he could not have gone on if he had loved no one, and no one had loved him. In particular, his grandmother. He thought it all out, and found a new basis for a new life. He went to his lodgings, and took down the flower-basket where he had been putting all the letters he had received from home during the past four years, unread, in order not to be distracted from his studies. He read them all now. In one, dated three years before, he read that his grandmother was dead.

He went back to Korea. Before going home, he went to meditate at the most famous religious centre of Korea, in the Diamond Mountains, passing through the Gate of Life, the Gate of Sorrow, the Gate of Truth, the Gate of Illumination, and the Gate of Death, to the Monastery of Everlasting Peace.

At home all was discouragement, sadness, modern improvements, and taxation; in the Courts of Justice, blows and kicks. Everywhere an undercurrent of counter-revolution, with disgusting tortures for those who were caught or suspected. In the school, Korean teachers who taught counter-revolution when the inspectors were not by, and Japanese teachers who were spies, and the principal who addressed the pupils at the end of the school year:

'Now you are graduating from our secondary school and I hope you may all become provincial officials for the greatest country in the world, and faithful and loyal subjects of the Japanese Emperor.'

February 1919, was a very exciting time in Korea, and espe-

cially in Seoul, whither Kang had gone once more. The Japanese had wished to send a document to the Peace Conference, signed by all the important men in Korea, saying how contented the Korean people were and how grateful to the Japanese for all the wonderful improvements which the latter had introduced; and when the Emperor died suddenly the tale ran round that his reply, when asked for his signature, was, 'No, I will not sell my country twice. Do your worst.' The Emperor's maid, who brought him his rice, also died; and the Japanese said the Emperor, a thin man, had died of apoplexy. The Japanese suspected that something might happen on the day of mourning, March 4, and twenty million Koreans knew that the revolution would start three days earlier, in consequence. Every district sent its delegate, and exiles returned home in disguise. Everybody in Seoul knew that the Declaration of Independence was to be read in the Park at 2 p.m.; and it was so; a pacifist declaration was read while the thirty-three organizers were having dinner with the Japanese authorities, whom they had invited to keep them out of the way, and when the declaration had been read they telephoned for the Japanese police and sat down to dessert to await them, because that seemed to them the most gentlemanly way of doing things. There was no resistance, no weapons used, except by the Japanese; but everywhere there was resounding the national cry 'Mansei,' *i.e.*, 'May she live ten thousand years.'

When Kang was arrested for doing his share, he made no

When Kang was arrested for doing his share, he made no replies to questions, because he thought that the best way to avoid needless trouble. He was beaten till he fainted; revived; beaten again, the while hearing screams from rooms near by, from old men and from children. On the third day he was dismissed as imbecile, and started taking part in the distribution of the revolutionary newspaper. By comparison, especially with the women, he was lucky; brought up as they were brought up, and then to be treated with the filthy outrages that the Japanese subjected them to.

In the hope of reaching the U.S.A. via China, he made a desperate escape across the frontier, but to no purpose; he then tried to reach Russia, but fell into the hands of a Japanese spy, and went back to prison; but eventually made a successful

attempt to reach America from Korea direct, in disguise. It was still on 'America' that his and all Korean hopes were fixed; Woodrow Wilson and his 'Fourteen Points' had caught the imagination of the Koreans; and the reason the revolution was pacifist lay not only in the difficulty of arming but in the hope of attracting the attention of the Peace Conference then sitting and passing its resolution

'To provide for the freedom of small nations, to prevent the domination of small nations by big ones.'

There is much else of value in the book; comparisons of the Koreans with the Chinese and the Japanese, and much that seems only too authentic about the ignorance, the greed, the vulgarity, and the hypocrisy of the U.S.A. missionaries; which is confirmed by Yoshio Markino; though both gratefully remember certain exceptions. It is most unfortunate, too, that his advisers as regards the English language have been the worst he could find, when the book as he thought and felt it is singularly attractive.

Turning now to the story of the Red Indians, there is the book of Long Lance, a Blackfoot Chief. It is a story of Indian life in his early days when he was a boy belonging to the tribe which was among the last to meet white men, in what is now Alberta and Saskatchewan, about 1885–1897 mainly; but with references up to the date of writing, 1928. He was a boy when the Indians changed from a state of perpetual warfare to one of 'protected' peace.

It is difficult to put aside quotation of many of the stories he tells—of Indian ritual, and fights, of buffalo hunting, of catching wild horses, of the training and miracles of 'medicine-men'— but these are not autobiographical. The more personal part includes that daylight was spent, under the old conditions, by a boy in being trained by his father, beginning with a whipping every morning; just for physical hardening. In the winter two hours a day were spent being instructed by their mothers in their own language; all oral; and most important; since an

Indian's social status depended on his being able to speak with absolute correctness. No easy task, since there were nine conjugations and four genders. Their moral training was also left to the mothers, whose method relied mostly on telling legends; legends which were very much to the point; they seem to have had the knack of lending moral endings to their stories without spoiling the stories.

It seems strange that at the very end of the last century there were tribes of Red Indians which had never seen white men; but so it was. And very vivid are Long Lance's recollections of first meeting them; of their smell, in particular; just like the smell of the white men's cows, which they happened to meet first. Both smells made them vomit. The same with the white men's food: it all tasted like the smell; cow's butter; cow's cream; cow's meat. All the Red Indians, big and little, were sick on it. And their chief warned them against all white men's food, and soap. Look, he said, at the white men's heads; bare as a buffalo's nose: that came of using soap; whereas the Indians wiped their greasy hands clean after every meal on their long hair and their hair stopped on their heads. Likewise with their food; white men died early; red men lived, normally, to a hundred or over; the difference in causes lay in the different food; look at their teeth, he said; the result of eating bread and sweets.

Worst of all were the missionaries. The chiefs met them in argument, and won; but the missionaries had the white men's weapons and resources behind them, and had the last word. They preached against the painting of the faces—against the paint which the Indian put on each morning, every difference wherein showed at a glance how that Indian felt and saved so much useless talking; preached against stealing, which the Indians did not do, while aiding their brother-whites in stealing the Red men's land; and so on.

Joel Bulu, the South Sea Islander, is much more cheerful reading. Joel was born in Vavau, one of the Friendly Islands, a century ago, and was a big lad before Christianity was heard of there. When he did hear of it he was very angry, and so con-

tinued in hatred until he listened to one speaking of its promises of a life after death different from anything to be expected from Bulotu, i.e., the abode of the gods, whither natives went after death, and which was on the earth somewhere. And when he went out into the night afterwards and saw the stars shining and the beauty of the heavens, while the earth lay in darkness and gloom, his soul longed with a great longing to reach that beautiful home in the sky. 'I will Lotu,' he said, 'that I may live among the stars.' 'Lotu' was their word for Christianity. But the fear of his pagan kinfolk was strong upon him, and in the end he went away to Ulukalala, a Christian chief, to whom it was told that the son of Mafitangata was come to be a Christian with them. So they prayed over him and received him; but of the teaching and meaning of Christianity he knew nothing; only one thing he knew, that he wanted to live among the stars. On return home he would have been clubbed to death had he not recanted, and thenceforward he led a double life for a while until the message was borne to Ulukalala, whose wrath was more than the other tribes were prepared to face; the convert was given up to the Christianized tribe and with them he lived until war broke out between pagan and Christian, and the Christians won, whereupon the pagans said that the Christian God was the stronger and all turned Christian and the convert was received back in peace.

It was not till after this that the first missionary came and Bulu first heard of the other messages of West-European theology, the terrifying ones, and he began to see devils everywhere waiting to drag him down to a burning hell. Not a bird could fly past him suddenly but he thought his terrible latter-end was come. And then, one day in the year 1834, there came a Mr Turner, who spoke of peace and love and forgiveness until Joel wept as he had never wept before, until he fainted; and then arose to declare the mercies of God. And that day was the beginning of a great forward movement which went on until even their King George repented of his sins and lay weeping on the chapel floor; and the work went on from house to house and town to town with a strength and a freshness and an inspiration which never occurred again equally elsewhere within

Bulu's recollection howsoever he worked and prayed for it to happen in Fiji, whither he now went. Dead bodies from distant fighting used to float past the chief town daily, and when the bodies were stranded, the children used to drag them up and down, singing the death-song. The women could not go out to draw water nor the children to play without danger of being speared; and the death-drums could be heard booming continually. Canoe-loads of dead bodies would be brought in, to be eaten. Well did Bulu remember one day in particular when a great war-canoe came in heavily laden and the king told the people they could have the load; and the scene thereafter—the great rush down to the waterside and the tearing of bodies asunder in the struggle and the snatching of the pieces from one another's hands; women and children taking part in all this. To the end of his life Bulu would dream of it and hear the yelling in his dreams. Of other customs all he says is that they were too in his dreams. Of other customs all he says is that they were too bad to mention. And so things went on from bad to worse until the town was sacked and burnt, the Christians meanwhile not knowing day by day how or why they were allowed to remain alive. They did, indeed, escape; converted a king and lived in peace, barring the slanders of the dispossessed priesthood, which eventually became more powerful than the protection of the king, and persecution began. At first it was only their property that suffered; but even so Bulu found it a hard matter to restrain that suffered; but even so Bulu found it a hard matter to restrain his disciples from retaliation. 'Joel,' they said, 'it is our pigs to-day, to-morrow it will be ourselves. Let us go and have it out with them.' But Joel was all for peace. He told them to pray for him and went in search of his pig alone. He found it ready for cooking. 'Kombo,' he said, 'what a pig! Why! it's very like a pig of mine.' 'Why do you come here asking about pigs?' they said. 'Are you angry? Are you angry? What are you going to do?' But he talked to them peaceably, and to their chief, until the chief said, 'True are your words, Joel. True indeed are your words. There shall be no more of it.' But just at that moment came his disciples, armed and angry, because they could not wait any longer, and all the ill-feeling broke out afresh. They parted, and the enemy prepared an attack. The missionary sent guns and gunpowder for their defence but Joel

would not use them; he ordered each man to sit still and await the enemy so. If the Lord intended them to die, they would die; otherwise not, he said. The enemy approached, and walked round them and threatened them; and death seemed very near; but it all fell out as Joel foretold; not a blow was struck, without even Joel himself being able to understand why. Next, his chief difficulty was to prevent a friendly chief from punishing the enemy. That was achieved, too. In time he went elsewhere, spreading the Gospel in his own way and with an appreciation of its spirit that left nothing to be desired. So the natives felt, too. They would come to his door with a fowl, or fish, or a basket of yams, anything eatable they had; and put it down and go away; so that he and his always had more food than they had need of; yes, and his pigs, too. An impulsive people, these people of Omu; easily moved to evil, and, by Joel, to good; he would have to stop in the middle of his sermons to come down from the pulpit and pray in their midst. But a safe life among Christians was not to his taste. He would be off again, to heathens; in perils by land and by sea, until age overtook him, amid joy at the sight of the progress of what he set his heart on, and sadness at the quarrels that still went on and the drunkenness that the white men had introduced.

Lastly, the tale of Siberia, the Archpriest Avvakum's.

The admirably done English edition of his book gives all the information required by English readers, the conquest of Siberia when Europe was, so to speak, not looking; it being one of the great historical adventures and the one of which we know least.

The tale was written about 1673, when the author was about fifty. He speaks of himself as 'untaught in rhetoric and dialectic' and sinful; 'pigs and dogs stink of their nature, but I stink from my sins.' His father was a priest, and given to drink; his mother to fasting and prayer; at twenty he became deacon, and, two years later, priest; eight years later still, archpriest. Thirteen years and a half he spent in teaching and preaching, and none of it peaceably. His stay at Yurievets-on-the-Volga is typical. It lasted eight weeks. His parishioners, about 2,000 there were, assembled and beat him in the middle of the street with cudgels

and stamped on him, and the women beat him with shovels. He was rescued by soldiers, who guarded his house, until he fled to Moscow by night, and was there rated by the Tsar's chaplain Moscow by night, and was there rated by the Tsar's chaplain for having abandoned his parish. And there were his wife and children in Yurievets, and he not knowing whether they were alive or dead. And all this for having stormed against fornication. He himself knew how to deal with such temptation. Once, after a young woman had been confessing her sins to him, which were grievous, and suggested wicked thoughts to him, he lit three candles and fixed them to the lectern, and placed his right hand in the flames until the evil passion was burned out.

Sometimes he was victorious over his parishioners. One headman who had become as a wild beast against him, being stricken with illness, sent for Avvakum to be reconciled to him.

'And when they had led me into the yard, out rushed his wife and seized me by the hand, and said: "Come in then, dearie, my lord, my father. Come in then, light of our eyes." And I answered: "Strange. Before, it was 'Son of a whore.' And now it's 'my Father."

In the controversies of the time he was on the losing side. Persecutions began when he was nearing middle age. To begin Persecutions began when he was nearing middle age. To begin with, he was put into a pit dug in the earth, for three days, without food or drink, but troubled most of all by not knowing, in the darkness, whether he was bowing east or west during his devotions. For these three days he had no visitors but mice, black-beetles, and fleas; mostly fleas; but on the third day one came to him with cabbage-soup, but whether this was man or angel he never discovered. Then the Archimandrite and others tried to persuade him, 'but I thundered against them from the Scriptures and snarled at them'; whereupon they pulled his hair and spat in his eyes. In the end he was sent to Siberia, a thirteen weeks' journey, by cart and boat and sledge, his wife being delivered of a child on the way; and was assigned to the conquistador Pashkov as chaplain for the latter's six hundred troops. Avvakum had previously had occasion to reprove Pashkov for burning and torturing people; they began this journey quarrelling about the fate of two widows, one of whom was sixty and the other older, who were being convoyed to a nunnery but whom Pashkov wanted to give in marriage by force. Pashkov inclined towards turning Avvakum adrift into the mountains and Avvakum wrote Pashkov a long letter about despising God and doing unseemly things, whereupon Pashkov tore off Avvakum's shirt and gave him seventy-two strokes with the knout, Avvakum saying prayers and asking Pashkov if he knew why he was beating him. In prison he had to lie on his belly because of the sores on his back; amid fleas and lice. When the spring came, they set off again, Avvakum being put on the towing-rope gang; and Pashkov thought of giving him another flogging, but Avvakum prayed, 'Our Lady, soothe thy fool'; and She did. When the fourth summer of the expedition came, the folk were so spent that as soon as Pashkov started to torture anybody, the man would die straightway. Mrs Avvakum had but one gown left of her Moscow stock, worth twenty-five roubles in Moscow, and here it fetched but four sacks of rye; many died of hunger. Two of Avvakum's little sons died.

In time Avvakum and Pashkov became reconciled. It came about in this way. Pashkov thought of sending an expedition under the command of his son and engaged a native magician to foretell the result. The magician prophesied favourably; whereupon Avvakum prayed publicly that the expedition mightcome to grief and not a man return alive. When the men departed Avvakum stood by the side of the road and prayed again so. Eremy, the son, who had shown himself Avvakum's friend, asked Avvakum to pray for his safety; and Avvakum did. Time passed, until the hopes for the expedition were being given up; Pashkov had a torture-chamber prepared for Avvakum and the fire kindled. And just as the executioners came for Avvakum and he was repeating prayers for the dead on his own behalf, 'for I knew what manner of cook he was and that few came out alive from his roasting,' Eremy appeared, with the news that he alone, of all who had set out, had survived. Ten years in all was Avvakum with Pashkov, and now he returned to Russia. Thirty-five brief pages is all that he gives to these ten years. He denounced heretics; 'the spotted beasts . . . and they

spake thus and thus: "Be reconciled to us, dear old Avvakum." But I refused as though they were devils. And they flew in my face.' He speaks too, of his companions in misfortune; of Theodore, who was ultimately strangled, who spent five years with nothing to wear but a shirt, and told Avvakum how hard it was when his feet first began to thaw at the coming of each spring; and how Avvakum himself saw how sore vexed he was with his intestines, which 'issued forth from him three yards in length, and at another time five yards, and his guts were measureless—and it was both pitiful and laughable.' And then, of Lazarus, whose tongue was cut out, and whose wound healed in three days; and two years after the tongue grew again so that he could speak once again, and rail at the apostates. To Epiphaniy they did similarly, and lo! a fresh tongue appeared in the air, and he took and put it in his mouth, and could speak as before. 'God is an old hand at miracles.' Others were burnt and baked. And Avvakum wrote to his own son too, who had wife and children, not to fear the fire: 'You will not be very long burning in the fire—just the twinkling of an eye—and the soul is free.' Two of his sons made their submission; they were buried alive and their mother with them. Kiril was admittedly mad, but Philip was only possessed of a devil, though a very fierce fighter when the fit was on him. And Anna too, the nun, who followed Avvakum into church, and became possessed of her devil at the time of the Elevation of the Host, and thereupon began to bark like a dog, bleat like a goat and cuckoo like a cuckoo; until he prevailed against it by exorcism.

Avvakum himself was not executed till 1681.

A PIONEER

Suppose we now turn to one of those whose adventuring took place in his own country: Hamlin Garland, the U.S.A. writer, during the period of his life (1864–1893) previous to his taking to writing for a living.

His father was a born pioneer. Starting work at nine, he spent some time in clerical work in Boston, more as lumberman and raftsman in Wisconsin, and arrived beyond Milwaukee to settle down. The land was a pleasant one to live in; but a bad

one to plough; and so, in 1868, came a move to Iowa. Later, another move was made, into Minnesota; and another, in 1880, to Dakota. Always westward; always in search of a better farm than the one he was working; always growing grain; anything that came to hinder a perfect wheat-crop was reason enough to move on. And yet, after eight years in Dakota, the farm still had no tree on it; the extremes of the weather had proved too much for wheat or farmers; father and mother were ageing; Hamlin had left home, and the close of the book finds his parents settled in a final home, in a settled district, not far from the home he first remembers.

Impressed as the writer is by the aspects of the pioneering life that were alien to his spirit, the tragic futility of the wearing-out of human beings in thankless overwork, the spiritual barrenness, the destruction of all that was bright and beautiful in the countryside by the plough, there is, side by side with all this, a picture of the spirit and the detail of the pioneer's life that outlines the essentials of a great movement by great workers, from memory, and may, and will, stand as a most typical record of a modern phase of humanity's perpetual and indispensable struggle, the search for better food and better conditions, for oneself and for others, as a means towards a better and wider and freer life. Garland also provides a notable record of how a hunger for reading can establish itself spontaneously in a boy, and thrive in spite of all hindrances; and likewise an account of a circus and its appeal to the imagination which may be compared with Miss McHugh's.

KINGSLEY FAIRBRIDGE, SVEN HEDIN, F. KINGDON WARD

Another claim to inclusion in this chapter is that of being inspired by some definite plan. There are many such autobiographers: Kingsley Fairbridge, Sven Hedin, and F. Kingdon Ward may be taken as examples.

The first-named covers but a short period, from his birth in 1885 to the end of his stay at Oxford University as Rhodes Scholar; ending, that is, before he had embarked on that farmschool scheme in Queensland which puts him on a level, among men of our time, with Grenfell of Labrador, another notable

autobiographer. What is contained in the book that is most distinctive is the making of the mind which made the school; and it is that alone which is dealt with here; but it may be mentioned in passing that, even considered as an ordinary book of adventure, he had more adventures before he was twelve, during his childhood in South Africa, than most South Africans get in a lifetime and that the boy's relations with his father constitute as good an account of its kind as is to be found.

The mind-making process began to shape itself definitely in the course of a journey that he made when he was twelve, a journey made with no companion but a native 'boy,' although one that would have tested all the qualities of the best-equipped settler in the prime of life. On the way back everything went wrong, and after three days' hard work without any food:

'driven by pride and hunger, I found a task and dreamed a dream which held me all the days of my boyhood, and now occupies my every working hour, and will never be fulfilled even though I live the eighty and odd years that have been foretold to me.'

'As luck would have it the sun came out, and we soon dried; but the blankets remained sodden, and must have been a heavy burden. I felt dreamy and far-away; my body seemed light, but I breathed heavily as we breasted the great slopes. Suddenly the thought came to me, "Why are there no farms? Why are there no people?" It came to me again and again, "Why are there no farms here?" I remembered having heard my mother say that her father had been concerned in settling the emigrants who came from England to the Cape. "Why are there no emigrants here?" I thought. I found myself picking out little plateaux on the grassy slopes, and thinking, "There is room there for a farm." Sometimes I spoke aloud and Jack thought I was speaking to him.'

In explanation of the foregoing, it needs to be said that there are two undercurrents in the book, both running with singular clearness, and both throwing light on problems which continually occur in autobiography. The first arises from his having had malaria at the age of eleven, and sunstroke soon after. The effects of both illnesses tended to recur, especially when he most needed all his physical and mental resources. At the same time,

it would seem as if the fever had a clarifying effect on his mind which became a determining factor towards that single-mindedness of his which makes him stand out among men. This is reflected again in this next development of his 'vision':

'I was not happy—no, I was not happy. I suppose that the hard life and my frequent illnesses had given a sombre turn to my thoughts. While my "boys" slept I used to sit for hours on my blankets, tending my little fire, while Vic cuddled beside me. Above us the umsasa leaves trembled and shook with the hot air from the fire; beyond them the blue of the heavens was silvered with the stars. Those nights the heaviness of spirit, which had assailed me now and then, came down on me like a cloud, and plunged me into a gloom which was without belief and without hope. At times, of course, the cloud lifted, and I forgot everything but my scheme for bringing farmers out to Rhodesia. I could tell no one about it as yet, the beginning of it was hidden from me, and the end lay zons ahead. It was not merely one man's work, like the painting of a picture; it meant the result of innumerable forces and dreams—like the working of a good farm. It was my Vision Splendid.'

'I had another dream at times. It was of a firelit room—dark except for the firelight. Outside were pine-trees and drifting snow, which emphasized the comfort within. Before the fire lay a girl with an open book in front of her. I could not see her face, although I felt that some day I should see it. I was by her side, and we read the book together. I poured out all my thoughts to her; she understood, and we were very happy.

'Meanwhile I felt that I must work. The harder I worked and the more I knew, the nearer I should be to both visions.'

The second undercurrent is that, at a time when, although a boy in years, he was beyond most men in experience, he was uncommunicative, to the point of appearing stupid, unless he was in congenial society; and even then he still remained inarticulate to some extent; even while being aware of uncommon experiences and clear in recollection of them. He had no training in words, except for some insight into their capabilities passed on to him by a chance acquaintance; and yet his is one of the best-written of autobiographies. He seems to sum up, in one lifetime, the early inarticulateness and subsequent explicitness of

the history of autobiography as it leaves analphabeticism and develops its potentialities, which, in his case, certainly owed their final fulfilment to his stay at Oxford and his experience in London. It was after these intervals that the 'vision' received its last confirmation:

'I had been trying to collect some money from one of the "Buster's" debtors. My bicycle had punctured, and I was wheeling it. It was one of those fiercely hot days in summer, when one closes one's eyes against the glare that beats off the road and the iron houses; and as I walked I ruminated.

'When you close your eyes on a hot day you may see things that have remained half hidden at the back of your brain. That day I saw a street in the east end of London. It was a street crowded with children—dirty children, yet lovable, exhausted with the heat. No decent air, not enough food. The waste of it all! Children's lives wasting while the Empire cried aloud for men. There were workhouses full, orphanages full—and no farmers.

"Farmers—children, farmers—children . . .": the words ran in my head as I pushed my bicycle along the dusty road.

'And then I saw it quite clearly: Train the children to be farmers! Not in England. Teach them their farming in the land where they will farm. Give them gentle men and women for their mentors and guides, and give them a farm of their own where they may grow up among the gentle farm animals, proud of the former, understanding the latter. Shift the orphanages of Britain north, south, east, and west to the shores of Greater Britain, where farmers and farmers' wives are wanted, and where no man with strong arms and a willing heart would ever want for his daily bread.

'I saw great Colleges of Agriculture (not workhouses) springing up in every man-hungry corner of the Empire. I saw little children shedding the bondage of bitter circumstances, and stretching their legs and minds amid the thousand interests of the farm. I saw waste turned to providence, the waste of unneeded humanity converted to the husbandry of unpeopled acres.

'I had been given a message, and the great difficulties began to present themselves. There were moments of bitter lucidity, when for a moment the curtains were drawn aside and I viewed the path that lay ahead. Always I shrank back, sick and appalled, and fear sat in my soul and gripped upon my heart like a live thing. Always

I comforted myself, thinking of the children who would be happier, of the bare acres that would bloom.'

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Sven Hedin's account of himself begins when he was fifteen, when Nordenskiöld returned to Stockholm after accomplishing the North-East Passage without the loss of a single man, whereas at one time he and his had been given up for lost.

All the growing enthusiasm which culminated in that day decided Hedin's career with the wish that he too might return home like that. And though it began with the idea fixed on Arctic exploration, an offer made to him in 1885 to go as tutor to a boy at Baku turned his mind to Asia, and the magnificence of the journey and the excursions which ensued from it gave him a final impetus towards those regions.

Is there any book of travel which is its superior? Here are typical sentences:

'I was swept away by the irresistible desiderium incogniti, which breaks down all obstacles and refuses to recognize the impossible.'

'For the three years that this journey was to last, my first rule was to visit only regions where no one had been before, and the majority of my 1,149 maps actually represented hitherto unexplored land.'

'Thus I had the joy of being the first white man to penetrate to the sources of the Brahmaputra and the Indus.'

'As a result of the obstinate resistance I met with, my plan developed and crystallized.'

'Ĥitherto I had had Great Britain, India, Tibet and China against me. Now Russia was added. I laughed heartily at those amiable diplomats, who wrote laws for me at their green table.'

Similarly, the person who most draws admiration from him, amongst those with whom he came in contact during all these years of marvellous variety, is the hermit who immured himself for life in darkness, silence and solitude in a cell in the mountains in Tibet. It was the will-power involved that so impressed him.

The achievements of Sven Hedin stand out as among the most remarkable that any human being has ever carried through.

What those consist of can be catalogued; but the qualities which those achievements wholly depended on can only be inferred; as, for instance, the depth and breadth of his personality from the depth and breadth of the affection he felt for others and they for him. As when he says that the hardest part of his last journey, as of the others, was the parting from those at home; of the unquestioning, devoted way his followers followed him, in defiance of their customs and of their personal safety; of their faithfulness to him and to his plans even when dying and of the sorrow of the final parting with them too on dying, and of the sorrow of the final parting with them too, on both sides. With the animals, too, there was the same attachment on both sides, extending even to Takkar, so savage a dog that the men most used to animals dared not approach the tent unless he was tethered; and the tethering had to be done with ropes (attached to the ends of a pole) tied to his neck by four men after a sack had been flung round the dog's head. And once, when the men tried to tame a wolf cub and Takkar took a dislike to it, he waited till the cub tried to escape by swimming, swam after it, held it under water till drowned, brought it back and ate it up, skin, bones and all. This dog, soon after being captured, whined until Hedin released him and played with him.

All that exploration can mean, in new dangers, new beauty, new perceptions of all that experience can convey of all that life can mean, is summed up in his chapter on the Holy Lake of Manasarovar.

F. Kingdon Ward's *Plant-Hunting on the Edge of the World* (1930) covers two years only, namely, 1926 and 1928, and only parts of those. But they are typical of many others spent by him in the same activities.

The locale is Burma and Assam, and the activities botanizing for flowering plants and shrubs. It may be described (since the author has written other such books) as an excellent specimen of Liber Kingdonia Wardiensis which throws out a vigorous growth of epithets, blossoms at intervals into 'purple patches,' and wanders into all sorts of out-of-the-way places, but especially into the outcrop of the latest Latinity.

The latter may be illustrated by names chosen passim, viz.:

'Meconopsis betonicifolia pratensis; Primula chamæthauma; Ceratostigina Griffithii; Paraquilegium grandiflorum; Primula Clutterbuckii.'

The chief characteristics of the district is that of countless millions of rhododendrons; of many varieties; but considering the hardships incidental to collecting the seed, the name of one variety, sanguineum, might, one would think, be extended to all.

The jungle is a paradise of epiphytes, that is, of plants which grow upon trees, not like parasites, deriving their sustenance from them; but using the trees only as a means of climbing towards light and air. In the forest it is dusk; in spring all the treetops are ablaze with flowers; and the area, as a whole, exhibits a blossoming that has no parallel elsewhere. And all the conditions under which these plants, of which he went in search, exist, are bound up with geological processes taking place on the grandest scale, and with the problems of adaptation to environment and of biology generally.

Labour was hard to find, since the few natives had so much difficulty in preserving their lives that they could not leave their habitual occupations; and all food had to be carried along. Most of the work was done above 12,000 feet amid the insomnia that generally sets in in high altitudes, and the care of daily detail left little time for enjoyment or thinking; and the weather left less. Neither was it a locality in which intelligent native help could be obtained on a large scale; as may happen in parts of India and China; everything in connection with the professional work had to be done by himself or his partner, and without any idea of reward other than the vision of a future in which this or that plant might be seen blossoming in an English garden which, without his effort, would never be able to be seen there. The rest of the world could go its way, with its catastrophes and pleasures, ignored; the perfecting of the English garden was an end in itself; and that is how it has been made perfect out of the scantiness and scragginess of a century ago.

IN INDIA

Now this is a book, and a chapter, that might be written in any country, but, being written in England, the chapter must needs include, it seems to me, special attention to the greatest of all adventures, that of our people in India. There will come a time when that adventure will end, and the space of it come to be reckoned as but a short interlude in the history of the World. And when it is ended, its historians will have to take into account much evil and folly. But otherwise both will need to be forgotten, as we do a dead individual's evil-doing and folly, and remembrance accorded to those whose vision and deeds rose to the occasion: to those who learnt most, and passed it on.

Mrs F. A. Steel's The Garden of Fidelity, Sir Walter Lawrence's The India We Serve, F. Yeats-Brown's Bengal Lancer, and F. L. Brayne's The Remaking of Village India will illustrate this. It is not by chance that the titles of their books unite in being different from the ordinary run of autobiographies; the titles themselves serve to emphasize that these writers, as compared with others, found the world outside more absorbing than the world within.

Mrs Steel, whose book was begun in her eighty-second year and leaves off in the middle of a sentence in her eighty-third, was a woman of exceptional vitality, capacity, and sociability, just the person to write the usual kind of 'Memoirs' which would be 'best-sellers' of their kind, lively prosaic gossip about herself and notabilities. But she went to India, newly-married, in 1867, remained there till 1889, taking a semi-official part in her husband's official career; and renewed acquaintance with the country subsequently when acquiring material for her novels. The result is that India dominates the book, providing a fuller, broader, deeper, more striking life than she could have found at home: more fruitful for her and for those with whom she came in contact; an affection there to be gained, different in kind, and wider in scope: infinitely greater opportunities of gaining value out of effort, and of seeing results worth obtaining.

Sir Walter Lawrence (1858—1928) uses a title most char-

Sir Walter Lawrence (1858—1928) uses a title most characteristic of all, writing, as he does, a record of things seen and experienced by him in the course of administrative work, but recording, really, far more, namely, things seen and the spirit in which they have been seen, not only by one man, but

by a class which has existed for a century and has had no parallel elsewhere. It epitomizes what can be achieved by human beings when they have the spirit within them, and the tradition behind them. The result is an autobiography in which ideas and ideals are given pride of place without the man being any the less of a man, or the autobiography any less of an autobiography; both, in fact, gaining thereby.

Coupled, perhaps, with Sir Walter Lawrence's record should be a reminder concerning E. W. Candler's, already referred to, since the latter is mainly about himself and India; and when one has finished it, human nature and India take on an added attractiveness.

Sir Walter, nevertheless, has two great gaps to regret as regards his knowledge of India; no first-hand acquaintance with its womenfolk or its religious life. For this reason *Bengal Lancer* supplements him.

There are various currents running through Yeats-Brown's book. Sport, soldiering, service in India, leave at home, the War, life as prisoner, and escape. All these are well handled; good material; and a mind brought to bear on it, and character. But it is the last that, beginning, dropping out, continually recurring, and increasing in insistence at each recurrence, comes to dominate the book, and in the end, monopolizes it. It is not merely the inner life coming more and more into its own, as happens in any case where a man gets value out of life; but, still more, the development of the inner life in kind and quality such as could not happen otherwise than in the East.

Yeats-Brown had character and intelligence enough to attract the attention, and repay the care, of the kind of native who has made the most of his spiritual inheritance, as something wherein there is much to be learnt, and wherein what comes after cannot be mastered until what comes first has been mastered; one who can, and will, explain the limitations of brainwork; and that howsoever far a man may go he will find nothing at the end except what he has brought with him. There is just a brief passage which shows how deep is his appreciation of all that England is and has to offer; and a later passage in which he relates how it was to an Indian that he found it easy to speak of

all that, whereas he had found it impossible to speak to those at home.

It was that same man who explained that thought cannot be controlled by thinking but through the lungs; and how the process takes place; and how, with all the conquests of science and all their value, there remains unconquered the one thing most needful to be conquered, the secret of the conquest of which has been acquired by India, and has never been lost.

Behind all the limitations and hindrances which handicap our relations with Indians lies the fact that they have all been in India as children and we have not. There is a kind of knowledge, and, still more, of intimacy, with the world around us which cannot be gained except in infancy and childhood. An exception to the above limitation is F. L. Brayne:

'As for the observer, he is, by early environment and upbringing, in complete sympathy with the villager. He was brought up in a small village eight miles from a town, seven miles from a railway-station, and five miles from a telegraph office. We used the village carrier for our shopping. We got our water from a pump in the backyard and there is no domestic fatigue, indoors or out-of-doors, that I have not done continuously—not for fun, but to keep the home fires burning. So I ought to know where the shoe pinches in village-life.'

This is the sole purely autobiographical passage in the whole book, but it is an example of how impossible it is to exclude what seems at first sight alien matter when considering autobiography. In this case, while the writer is wholly absorbed in the work in hand, that work is so entirely his work and nobody else's, so entirely original, that the work becomes coextensive with his own life, and the record of it becomes autobiographical in spite of the suppression of all egotism; and indeed, because of that very suppression—characteristic as it is of the self-sacrifice and single-mindedness of the work and the life.

IDA CORBI DELCROIX

Now, with all the adventures that all these men had, there is one that not one of them had: none of them ever had a baby.

None of them ever had the Adventure of Motherhood. Yet, apart from our taking it too much for granted—this miraculousness of bringing to birth a real live creature of our kind, unobtainable otherwise, the process has a special connection with adventure, seeing that adventure essentially consists in the creation of a new world, one that would not otherwise have existed. And motherhood creates two new worlds: one for the mother herself, and another inasmuch as every child that is born means the creation of a new world too, as new as new milk; a world of new perceptions different from those perceivable by any other mind, past, present, or future.

So here follows the story of Ida Corbi Delcroix, who was born in 1867, and never wrote anything, nor thought of writing, until 1930, during convalescence from an illness from which she was not expected to recover; giving, therefore, a life's experience as nearly as may be. And besides: 'Everything that I have said is wholly true; all my life is written in my brain and I remember everything.'

Her father, a carpenter, and her mother, a weaver, lived at Fiesole. Her father worked up to being a master-carpenter, with a shop of his own, and by working night and day put by several thousands of lire. The man with whom he deposited them, a marquis belonging to a rich family, went bankrupt, and all was lost. The father was ill in consequence for three years afterwards; the shop had to be given up because they could not pay the rent, and he carried on with his work in a stable. Ida and her sister Olimpia went to work gathering olives at two and a half lire a day, which kept them in bread.

There were seven daughters, the youngest of whom was blind and, at five years' old, refused to eat and died. There had been one boy, who died at seven years' old. An eighth daughter was born; and then the father caught the smallpox and died the second day. It was soon after that Ida met her future husband, a Belgian, of better social position than her family; their courtship was a long one in consequence and always opposed by her parents-in-law; as was the marriage, too. At sixty-three she was still remembering the honeymoon-journey with enthusiasm; the going from town to town in North Italy, travelling by train

for the second time in her life, seeing the sea for the first time, and how tired she was at the end, and how glad to have a rest in her own house!

All went well for nine years. But then the husband was dismissed from his employment, which he had held for eighteen vears, for drunkenness. They were led to believe that a good fresh start could be made in Rumania, where Ida had a sister living; they packed up and went, all of them; six children, the youngest being three months' old. But there was no work to be had, and when, at last, the husband was recommended to a good post for teaching French and doubt was expressed as to whether he was really Belgian, because his long residence in Italy had made his Italian so fluent, he lost his temper and the post was not given to him. He took to drink again. Meanwhile, her health was giving way; not knowing a word of the language of the country she could not use the help of anyone and had to attend to all the six children without help; she could not learn the language because the attention needed by the children left her no time to learn: and their savings were disappearing. Then there was the climate; she had never seen snow before. She became seriously ill before the doctor decided that it was necessary for her to return to Italy. Everything went wrong on the return-journey; they had missed a train-connection at Fiume, and the husband took two of the children for a walk through the town while they waited, he had some drinks and came back without them, having even forgotten where he had last seen these two boys of five and three years of age. Then he lost his temper with the innkeeper and they were turned out of the inn. They went on to Leghorn, having a promise of work for the husband there; and the first news they had on arriving was of the death of the director who had promised it.

Then one boy fell ill with typhoid, and remained ill for six months, nearly dying. Later the mother too, with inflammation of the kidneys; three months in bed with seven children around her! she, too, nearly died. Even when the inflammation died down, paralysis set in in the legs for a while, and the kidneys remained a source of trouble for the rest of her life. Next, she being forty, the six-year-old Francesco died of double pneu-

monia in a few hours; and then there were the visits to the cemetery to be added to her other duties; for all the time that they remained at Leghorn his grave never remained without flowers. Three years later another died from measles.

Four years more, and the War broke out; of herself she says that hitherto she 'had not known the name of any foreign country,' but the advance of the Germans through Belgium, her husband's native country, made the war seem very near. All the family got war-fever and the youngest, fifteen years' old, joined up and had to be found and brought back, from Udine, and that only just before his regiment left for the front. But in the end, all the boys, one by one, went, leaving the empty house seeming more like a church.

On March 14, 1917, came the news that Carlo had been seriously wounded two days previously, and was in a front-line hospital. Little by little the parents broke through all the prohibitions against civilians being allowed there, and after a terrible journey, they arrived. Carlo had many wounds; he had no hands; he was blind. He survived four operations, but caught pneumonia. They accompanied him back to the base hospital; a more terrible journey than the one to the front; and so home; and when he was fairly convalescent, then began months of daily, painful, treatment to attempt recovery of his sight, in vain.

Apart from this, the family affairs went well thereafter. All the other sons returned home safely; except for one unmarried daughter, all the children provided her with grandchildren. Even Carlo had a wife and daughter, the greater pleasure for his mother inasmuch as all the other grandchildren were boys. And all strong, healthy children, as her own had been, and all the homes happy ones.

For herself, it became a life of confinement to bed most of each winter; and, even other seasons, often of not leaving the house for two months together; the lung-trouble contracted in Rumania never leaving her wholly.

Barring such interruptions, every day meant a full day's work; every day's work a labour of love; and the tiredness ensuing from it a night's sleep. At Leghorn there had been seven to see off to school, and all went clean from their hair to their

boots, leaving her free to give all her attention to the cooking; in the evenings there was the washing, and after supper, repairs; garments had to pass to, and be adapted to, boy after boy in succession. Supper was always punctual, and they all went to bed at the same time; the children, that is; the mother was always the last of the family to go to bed. Neither did they ever start late for school; if they arrived late, it was their own doing. And generally, before they left, someone or other wanted pence for something or other; and it was always forthcoming. She taught them all their prayers, and added three commandments of her own, namely, that their duty was first, to God; secondly, to their parents; thirdly, to their teachers. And now that she has to pass her days mostly in bed, they pass pleasantly enough, with an added degree of contentment if there is a pair of stockings or a woolly something finished for a grandchild; one of the nine of them. And then, there are the thoughts of the past, and of how all the trials undergone and sacrifices made have each brought their own consolations and, eventually, some happiness or other, all fulfilling the satisfaction of the ever-extending family life. The belief in God which goes back to her earliest memories, has always remained with her undisturbed, so much so that there has never been a night, not even when the worst trouble was at its worst, that she did not end it by thanking God for that day too.

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CHAPTER V

POOR FOLK

- (a) Soldier, Sailor
- (b) Tinker, Tailor
- (c) Beggarman, Thief
- (d) Womenfolk

'Beaker and flagon and bowl and jar
Of earth or crystal, coarse or fine,
However the Potter may make or mar,
Still may serve to contain the Wine:
Should we this one seek or that one shun
When the Wine that lends them their worth is one?'

E. G. Browne's Persian Anthology.

NE of the distinctive characteristics of the generations that have recently lived in Europe is the production of autobiographies by poor people. It is the latest phase of two thousand years of history, starting with the Romans. Given the Romans, as Polybius describes them, such autobiography was bound to become one of the by-products. Their superior powers of organization, especially in roadmaking, construction of houses, and re-construction of the alphabet, together with the direction of all these into the lands to the north, enabled their civilization to thrive in lands where less thorough types could not flourish on account of the difficulties put in their way by the climate. Climate becomes a factor in so far as it drives civilization indoors. An indoor civilization tends to make literature indigenous. That is why, it seems to me, reading and writing have become more widespread and usual in North-Western Europe than elsewhere, and why cumulative pressure on those lines led, in the fourteenth century, to the mechanization of

writing and the spread of printing. And the possession of that 'magic' led, in its turn, to belief in the magic virtues of the printed word and so to compulsory 'education' by means of paper and print, and all its consequences. Thereby, then, the poorer classes, for the first time in history, can become articulate in a form that can be carried anywhere and can remain on record. There the system certainly justifies itself, the more so inasmuch as each of those who have lived in poverty and have written of their own lives, speaks not only for himself or herself, but also for a far greater number of others than can those who have been better off, since the former class is numerically at least ten times as great. In so far as this happens, sufficiently to make itself felt, the world has a chance of never again being as bad as, in certain ways, it has been hitherto.

These considerations induce me to give greater space, relatively, to this class than to others. But, in order to avoid seeming to attach undue importance to my own theories, I will begin with an Asiatic.

(a) Soldier

Sitarāma was born in 1797.

His father was a zemindar in Oude, who had the boy taught by the village priest from the age of six onwards, and subsequently gave him work to do on the family estate. This went on until Sitarāma was seventeen and an uncle appeared, a very handsome uncle, very strong, a soldier in the service of the East India Company. He seemed to have unlimited money, and certainly had a bright red coat, covered with gold buttons, and a splendid necklace of gold beads; and an unlimited supply also of stories which made him the admiration of the village during his six months' leave. Sitarāma was carried away by the magnificence of this uncle, and longed day and night to become a soldier. The uncle encouraged him; the village priest was horrified, warned him that if he enlisted he was liable to be flogged and centainly his caste would be defiled; his mother wept and threatened; his father was rather in favour than otherwise, having a lawsuit pending and it being well known that a soldier-son was a great help towards winning a lawsuit.

The uncle left; months passed; Sitarāma remained of the same opinion; so did his mother and the village priest. Then the uncle returned, and the father decided the matter; Sitarāma was to be a soldier. He also gave Sitarāma a pony, but no more; the uncle was going to look after him and that should be enough. The village priest gave him lots of advice, and a charm containing dust which had been trodden by a thousand Brahmins at Allahabad, which proved later to be of great value and protected him amidst the greatest dangers. At 6 a.m., then, on October 10, 1812, Sitarāma left home with his uncle, his mother moaning piteously, but saying not a word, resigning herself to fate, and giving him one kiss and six gold coins. His other equipment consisted of three brass dishes, an iron dish and spoon, two changes of dress, a smart turban, a dagger, and a pair of shoes.

On the third day of the journey friends joined them and soon after a party of musicians came and asked permission to join them too, in order to be safe from the thugs who then infested the roads. After some days the uncle saw reason to believe that these musicians were in reality thugs themselves, and took precaution against them; in fact, parted company from them. However, the thugs disguised themselves again and rejoined the party; strangled two in the night before the others were able to come to the rescue, and disappeared with various valuables. And so to Agra, where the regiment was stationed.

Now Sitarāma had never seen a white man, and dreaded the first interview; and no wonder. From the tales current about them he expected to find them seven feet high; it was believed that they were born of eggs which grew on trees, a belief which was still current, Sitarāma affirms, at the time (1861) at which he wrote. Imagine his surprise, then, when he found the Adjutant to be shorter than himself and without any hair on his face; beards and bravery being inseparable in the minds of the natives then. Moreover, the Adjutant spoke to Sitarāma in Sitarāma's own language. However, the way in which the Adjutant banged the heads of recruits against the wall and the rapidity with which he wrote a letter ended by leaving respect for him very much where it had begun. The letter was one

which Sitarāma was to take to the doctor, whom he found at a meal with his wife and children, eating eggs—unclean things, according to Hindu ideas. The doctor ordered him to strip, there and then; whereupon Sitarāma could not move for shame, on account of the lady being present; whereupon both the children began, 'Papa says you are to take your clothes off, don't you hear?—donkey, pig, owl?' The doctor pronounced him fit. Then he had to interview the colonel! who commanded one thousand men. But there again—the colonel was old, short, and stout; without a hair on his head or face, and skin a bright red. But then again—his eyes: they seemed to look me through and through; and he was a renowned tiger-killer.

Next came the drilling, which almost took his breath away by the extraordinary absurdities of it; and great trouble was caused him by a native officer who took a dislike to him; but in the end he was passed as a real sepoy, and that at an earlier date than the average. The uniform was likewise a great trial to him; but on the other hand there was one of the officers who came up to his ideas of what Sahibs should look like: six feet three, enormously strong, and such a wrestler that no sepoy could stand up to him. All the Sahibs had nicknames; one was known to them as 'Damn' Sahib, because never an order left his lips without a 'damn' added to it. Off the parade-ground these officers spent all their time hunting and shooting and where now (1861) there is never a tiger to be seen, the colonel seldom returned without bagging a couple. Most of the officers were living with Hindustani women; they mixed more with the men than was the case later and understood the language better, although no study was required of them, such as became the rule in Sitarāma's latter years. What language they do learn (1861) is the language of the common people; unfit to be used in front of gentlemen. Much of this estrangement is due, he says, to the clergy. The colonel always talked to the men as if they were his children; whereas it came to pass later that officers only talked to the men in so far as they were obliged; and one Sahib, indeed, said to Sitarāma that he never knew what to say to them; 'the Sahibs always knew what to say, and how to say it, when I was young.' It was the same with the rank and file;

they used to be very good friends with sepoys; but after the 'Mutiny' all changed. Regiments arriving later were inferior, mentally and physically, to the former soldiers, and the only words they picked up were words of abuse.

It was not long before he saw active service, fighting against the Gurkhas; hard fighting, too. But in the end there was victory, and the opposing general was captured. And then—the English actually let him go back to his own country, because he was a brave man. That is their way.

'I could never understand the Sahibs quite; I have seen them spare the lives of their foes when wounded; I have seen one officer spare a wounded man, who shot him through the back when he turned to go away; another Sahib I saw spare a wounded Afghan, and even offer him some water to drink, and the man cut the Sahib's leg with his tulwar, so as to lame him for life.'

'If your enemy is not worth killing, he is not worth fighting with.'

The next orders were to form part of the army that the Governor-General Hastings himself was to lead against the 'Pindarees,' that is, the mounted robbers that were the plague of the country at that time; marching about as they did plundering, extorting, carrying off the women, mutilating the men, or holding them up to ransom. 'I cannot describe the horrors of those days. Ram, Ram, Sitaram—may they never come again.' No one felt safe. By force, or by sharing plunder, they had confederates in high places; they were always immune from serious pursuit, and sure of shelter at need.

Here Sitarāma stops to compare British and Indian soldiers. The British were, in practice, that is, ultimately, invincible because they did not admit defeat; combined with the fact that if a commander got killed, another officer would automatically take his place and be recognized as commander; whereas if a native leader was killed, his men recognize no deputy as such and fall into confusion, and, in that case, generally take to flight. The reason behind this is that the leader of natives was usually one who was fighting solely on his own account; and, moreover, rarely paid his troops regularly; the troops, then,

being obliged to live by plunder, thereby became incapable of discipline. In addition, the British had pension arrangements; the Rajahs none. But, most of all, the white soldiers had their grog; 'there is something very extraordinary in it, I am certain, because I know European soldiers worship it, give their lives for it, and lose their lives by it.'

Now it was on this expedition that one of his chief adventures befell him. While pursuing some runaways, his foot caught in a root and he was thrown headlong down into a ravine; when he recovered consciousness, he found one of the enemy taking aim at him and he received a bullet in his left shoulder; he lay until dawn in a terrible state of pain, thirst, and weakness, and was giving up all hopes of life when the sound of a cattlebell struck his ear. He crawled along until he found two children tending cattle and induced them to show him where water was to be found. Towards evening four men came and took him to their village. But he could not eat their food since they were clearly of low caste. However, he still had some rations of his own, and the third day set off, using his musket as a crutch, and spitting blood, eventually reaching a tomb, and finding a fakir in attendance there who could speak his language. There he lay for five days, still with the bullet in his back and the wound suppurating. On the sixth day some Pindarees came that way; Sitarāma hid in the tomb for half an hour with the sun making it more like an oven. Two days more and more soldiers were seen approaching; the Company's. He was taken to hospital, his life saved, and he himself made much of; especially for having brought his musket safe through everything. And in spite of all the enormous odds against success, the Company won the war; and great indeed became their reputation.

Now Sitarāma had leave to go home. He had been absent five years, had grown whiskers and moustache; his mother did not know him; he sat and told stories as his uncle had done; and his reputation grew great too. A marriage was arranged for him. But he could never get a glimpse of his future wife's face; and also, one evening, when telling of his wound he mentioned that his life had been saved by the little girl who drew water for him. A Brahmin priest questioned him and declared

that the girl was obviously of such a low caste that Sitarāma, by accepting water from her, had been defiled and had lost caste. Everyone boycotted him; he was not even allowed to enter his father's house. In time an assembly was summoned, the case stated, and he was purified; but so expensive a matter was this, and so profitable to the priests, that all his savings of five years were used up. Then came his wedding, and the discovery, too late, that his bride's face was the worse for small pox, and also that her property was of a kind that was held in her own right.

His six months' leave was up and very glad he was, too. Very glad, too, to rejoin his uncle and the six-feet-three Sahib. Once more on active service again. In the course of it, he entered a house to find a Mohammedan in the act of killing a girl. The former left the girl and rushed upon Sitarāma with such fury that he transfixed himself upon Sitarāma's bayonet. Sitarāma thereupon fired his musket and blew a great hole in the man's chest. Yet even so he did not get off without a bad swordcut. The enemy dead, the girl told her story; how she was of good birth, had been carried off by the Pindarees, sold to this 'Arab,' thereby becoming disgraced beyond redemption; that her father had been killed by the robbers and that Sitarāma was her Lord, her only protector. She was so very beautiful that Sitarāma was quite willing. Never, before or since, did he see any woman so beautiful. He left her in charge of a camp official, and all went on smoothly for a week, he seeing the girl every day, always growing more and more in love with her each time he saw her, and she calling him, each time, her Protector. At the end of a week the Adjutant sent for him, told him that he could not keep her because women were not allowed with the force, and began bidding for her, beginning at 100 rupees and going up to 400. But Sitarāma was very obstinate, even when his uncle advised him to give way. But soon afterwards, a mine was sprung just as his company was above it, and his uncle was never seen again; in fact, all but Sitarāma and three others were killed. He himself was pulled out of the mass of wreckage by the legs and he never knew how many days it was that he lay in hospital recovering. He

did not recover speech until the guns ceased firing. However, it was one more victory for the Company, and the general was taken prisoner and sent back unharmed to his people for the reason that he was simply carrying out his Maharajah's orders.

'But what is the use of fighting if you do not destroy your enemy? . . . It proves what I said before, that officers and men like fighting for its own sake; and the men are content if they do but have enough of their beloved grog: it is an amusement, a kind of game to them.'

Then followed a long convalescence, with the rescued girl in attendance; the happiest time of his life. In time Sitarāma paid a large sum of money to enable her to regain her caste, and took her as a second wife, as by law and custom was permissible then; and a son was born to them.

It was three years before more active service took place and soon after Sitarāma was promoted to be havildar. In the course of his duties much money passed through his hands, some of which he lent to an officer who subsequently had losses which bankrupted not only himself but Sitarāma also; and although Sitarāma was only following what was a recognized practice, his rank as havildar was forfeited. His comment on this is that sepoys had nothing but custom to guide them; it was impossible for them to become acquainted with the regulations themselves. The latter were, it is true, often read to the regiments, but generally in Persian or Arabic; and they were read so quickly and so many words mispronounced, that the simpler parts were hard enough to follow, while much was in any case beyond the comprehension of any who had not had education above the average. And then,

'a sepoy does not require a lot of rules and regulations to be read to him, which only fill his head with doubts and fears; he ought to look up to his Commander as his father and mother, his protecting power, his God, and as such be taught to obey him. We do not understand divided power; absolute power is what we worship. Among the English power is much divided.'

This, he says, was one cause of the 'Mutiny'; diminution of respect by commanding officers having to refer matters to someone far away for decision, and sometimes having their own decisions reversed. And then, again, 'the people of India also love splendour, and display of wealth . . . and magnificent equipments, shining with gold and silver.' What then, will they think of a Governor-General in a black coat in a pony-trap? Sitarāma often asked the officers why they did not take a lesson from their own wives and wear ornaments; since the English ladies often looked like princesses. One officer told him that the fact was that his own wife, for example, spent so much on her jewellery that it was out of the question for him to have any of his own. And then, too, officers were changed so frequently, and it took long for officers and men to learn to know each other. What was needed, and, when the right man was in the right place for long enough, was achieved, was that the sepoys should learn to look upon their commander as possessing divinity.

Now we come to the year 1837, by which time Sitarāma's son had grown into a fine young man and had joined the army too. Then, too, came the Afghan War, which meant that Hindus must leave Hindustan, a thing forbidden by their religion. They were face to face with perils and hardships hitherto undreamt of, all the more hard to bear because their consciences misgave them; and, if they died there, as many did, there were no means of performing the ceremonies due. And misfortune after misfortune happened to the expedition, and though their leaders, and wives of these also, who accompanied the army to Candahar and their husbands into prison, compelled admiration which grew with every test it was put to, still, defeat was defeat and snow was snow; and sepoys were not used to snow, and five feet of snow fell. Then orders came to withdraw, and the withdrawal took place in the depth of winter. It ended in massacre for most and captivity for Sitarāma. He was sold into slavery and, what was worse, threatened with being made a Mohammedan by force. However, he made good as a slave, learnt much and was useful. He succeeded in escaping in the end, only to have doubts cast on his story on arrival, difficulties

made about repayment of debts incurred on the way, and to be shunned by his fellow-countrymen by reason of his having lost caste again. Of his favourite wife, and of his son, he could get no news. He went home. His first wife was dead; his father an old man; his brother his enemy, since, supposing Sitarāma to be dead, he looked upon himself as heir. His father paid the money for him to regain caste, and wished him to stay at home, but Sitarāma could not rest until he had found his wife. He went to the village where her brother lived and found him to be a Rajput and rich; no sort of brother-in-law for a penniless sepoy to claim kinship with. Still, he went boldly to the house, was well received and found his wife living there. He took her back home and left her in the care of his father and set off to Delhi to rejoin his regiment. But his spirit was broken. His only asset accruing from all these years of service was, in place of all the riches he had anticipated, six months' arrears of pay which he saw little chance of receiving. He was in debt, had lost promotion, and one year and seven months of the time that should have counted towards his pension. But, owing to the losses his regiment had sustained during the Afghan War, he could not get evidence which would satisfy the Company, and it was only through the kindness of his colonel that he obtained even part payment.

One disastrous result of the Afghan War and its failures was that the Mohammendans, who looked upon the Afghans as kindred, no longer feared the Company as formerly, saying that if the Afghans could defeat the Company, so could they. The 'Mutiny' was developing, though it was not to happen for ten years. Then came the Sikh War, and very hard fighting. In a pitched battle the Sikhs were the best fighters that the Indian army came across in Sitarāma's experience; but neither had he ever seen cavalry charge artillery, as the 3rd Dragoons did twice in this campaign. That, to him decided it. 'The mighty power of the Sikh nation became as dust, and the mantle of rule descended upon the Great Company.' A detail that remained in his mind from this campaign was the difference between the behaviour of white and native soldiers when wounded. The former would shake their fists and curse and threaten, but

never cry out with pain; whereas the latter could dance around hugging the limb and calling out, 'Have pity, have pity, mighty Company.'

In 1855 he went to Calcutta and saw railways for the first time. It seemed to him more wonderful than anything he had seen before, though what would seem more wonderful to us were the explanations of the natives as to how it worked; all was explained in terms of demons. On travelling by it, he felt he was losing his senses on account of the pace, but disapproved of the levelling of castes it entailed. And then the ocean-going ships, which also he saw for the first time:

'They were one hundred times as big as I imagined; ... what a wonderful country! ... I noticed in the magnificent city that Sahibs seldom spoke to one another, and I was informed they did not know each other: but how can this be, if they all come from a small island?'

Thereafter came the seizure of Oude, which seemed dishonourable to native opinion; and then the cartridge question, of importance inasmuch as it was the one question that Mohammedan and Hindu united about; agitators insisted it was evidence that the English had the Christianizing of India as their ultimate aim, alleging that both cow and pig fat had been used to make the new grease, which meant defilement to both religions at the same time. The Company issued a statement denying that these allegations were true; which was universally interpreted as evidence to the contrary. Sitarama was due to go on leave at this time and warned the colonel of the trouble brewing, and offered to give up his leave and stay with the regiment. But the colonel dismissed it as nothing more than a storm in a teacup. So it was at home that news of the 'Mutiny' came to him; and his position was a difficult one, until that was put an end to by the arrival of soldiers from mutinied regiments who took him prisoner for his loyalty to the Company-took him with them on their way to Lucknow, to claim a reward for him, and to hand him over to have melted lead poured down his treacherous throat. Many were the cross-currents in the

minds of all as they journeyed. The 'mutineers' unlimitedly boastful of what was going to happen, combined with abject fear of meeting with any English; while Sitarāma, mindful of forty years' service under the Company and of its resourcefulness and deeds and protection, could not fail also to remember many broken promises, and the missionaries whom it allowed to stand up in the streets and tell the natives their religions were false; and that at the Company's instigation, he could not help feeling; and then, as to power, was there not truth in the tales that the English had had all their reserve regiments destroyed in the Crimean War?

On the way to Lucknow his captors were surprised by the English; so much surprised that they forgot to shoot Sitarāma before they ran away; on the other hand, he was nearly shot by the English as one who had not been able to escape. Then followed weeks of fighting against the mutineers, none of whom did he ever see put up a good fight. One day it was his fortune to find, among a band of those rounded up and to be shot that day, some belonging to the regiment his son had served in. Now, since his return from Afghanistan, he had not seen his son, but, in the interval, about twelve years earlier, had had a letter from him, from somewhere in Scinde, to the effect that he was in hospital with the fever from which half the regiment had already died, and that he himself, having been unable to move for four weeks, did not expect to recover. Here, how-ever, standing in front of him, was his son, one of those to be shot at four o'clock with Sitarāma in command of the firing party. He went to the major in charge, who was very angry with him for coming with such a story, only because, he thought, Sitarāma wished to avoid duty; but in the end he had the son in, questioned both, was satisfied, and exempted Sitarāma. Sitarāma never asked that his son should be spared; he did not feel justified in doing that. He went to his tent, amid the taunts of the other soldiers, and waited for the volley to be fired. The major allowed Sitarāma to perform funeral rites (against the rule that the bodies of shot mutineers should be left for the jackals to eat), and was much blamed by the other officers for so doing.

Then came the change from Company to Government rule. Sitarāma was a subadar, the highest rank attainable by a native. He was sixty-five; had served the Company forty-eight years. He found it difficult to learn new drill; he was called names by officers young enough to be his grandsons. How hard they were; how little they knew! The Company had trusted the sepoys too much; the Government trusted them too little. As a Hindu he cannot do otherwise than blame the Mohammedans. He himself could never feel the same after the death of his son. The fact of the latter having fought against those who employed him was not a thing to be recovered from. He had another son, and two daughters; no riches, indeed, but the family estate, and the pension; was respected in his village; and amid people less oppressed each year than they had been the year before. The more native rule, the more bribery; that was his experience. On the other hand, the English punishments are so absurd. They send to prison criminals who are better off in prison than they ever have been before or ever will be again, where a native ruler would cut the man's hand off; 'that is a real punishmentone the thief will never forget.' In fact, the punishments are a laughing-stock. And then there are the laws themselves; not in a language understood; it is said that they could not be expressed in Hindi.

'It would appear to me that crimes which cannot be expressed in a people's tongue, do not require any laws to expound their punishments. Who can understand why a man should not punish his wife if guilty of adultery? Can money satisfy his revenge?'

He himself seldom saw a Sahib. Twice a year he would go to draw his pension, and liked to talk over old times. But few there were left who remembered them and the new ones did not care to listen to an old man talking of things they had never known. However, he had still one son left to perform the funeral rites, and if those to whom he had been known, or to whom his book should come, would remember him as one who served the English faithfully, it is all he would wish for.

Sailor

Among those who have been mentioned already, Randell, Cameron, von Luckner, and O'Flaherty could provide much material, but five others, F. T. Bullen, Sir Walter Runciman, Sam Noble, Sam Kelly and John Nicol, will provide enough.

The first three served at sea almost contemporaneously, round about 1870, Noble in the Navy, Bullen and Runciman in the Merchant Service; whereas Nicol was at sea from 1776 to 1801 and Kelly from 1778 to 1795. Kelly spent his first four years in the Falmouth 'Packets,' which carried the mails; three years in the Transport Service; thereafter being in the employment of a Liverpool merchant, at first as chief mate and later as captain, but still poor. As mate he received £3 a month, as captain £5; except on his last voyage his income did not exceed £75 a year and out of that he assisted three relations. As seaman in the packets his wages did not go beyond 225. 6d. a month.

Throughout Kelly's period England was at war, and danger from privateers was constant. Once his ship was captured by an inferior vessel, and re-captured. Charleston he visited before and after the war there and on the second occasion paid 3d. for an egg where earlier he could get a partridge for ½d. The slave trade he saw much of, at a distance; evidently it was in the same repute among the more decent class of sailors as later it became among landsmen. At Kingston he saw a coloured woman flogged publicly for inciting to murder; held down in the street by four negroes while another negro lashed her, a white man standing by to whip the executioner if he did not lash her hard enough. He heard Wesley speak, and Washington; witnessed the great frost of 1788, when the Thames was frozen over; visited the old Fleet prison; and Philadelphia, too, when there was a lady living there who could remember rabbits running about in what subsequently became the centre of the town. In the Mediterranean he stayed awhile at the island of Iviça and gives one of the rare accounts of the little island; so, too, with the British evacuation of New York and of the founding of the town of St John's, New Brunswick, and of

what it meant in those days to be a pioneer in settlement. He arrived at Spithead a few days after the Royal George had foundered, corpses from which floated past his ship, and were plentiful; no reward being offered to people burying them. There were plenty, however, to search the pockets of the dead, since pay-day had happened just before the disaster.

He had luck, never having been wrecked, or stranded. During his own terms of office judgment and pluck had much do with this, as is seen from his holding on throughout a 119-day passage to New York from Liverpool in the winter of 1700-1701. lying-to forty-eight days of the passage, melting

He had luck, never having been wrecked, or stranded. During his own terms of office judgment and pluck had much do with this, as is seen from his holding on throughout a 119-day passage to New York from Liverpool in the winter of 1790–1791, lying-to forty-eight days of the passage, melting ice to obtain drink, and often unable to cook. Food rations had to be reduced; after dark no lights, and his bed so wet at times that he had to coil round in one corner of it like a dog. Only once during the passage did he take off all his clothes. And yet through all nothing could induce him to turn his course southward. The only thing to cheer him up was the singing of ballads by the seamen; and, also, in the end, when he had arrived at New York with marine grass growing right up to the gunwale, the finding that an American brig had taken longer still on the passage and had ended by running ashore, after the crew had been reduced to a ration of three potatoes a day. The return passage took forty-six days; they remained in sight of Holyhead for six days.

Runciman remained at sea till 1884 but ceased to be poor, and is the only one who speaks with experience of modern conditions as compared with which conditions in 1875 and a century earlier show only minor differences. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the change from earlier to contemporary conditions is excellently dealt with in another autobiography from another point of view, that of Socialist organizer, in Havelock-Wilson's My Stormy Voyage through Life. All the evidence quoted, then, has to do with comparable conditions, all on sailing-ships; the differences being those of different ships and different characters, and, in the cases of Kelly and Nicol, of war experience.

Nicol was born in 1755. In 1822, in Edinburgh, he was pointed out to a gentleman as a very interesting person, as he

walked along with an old apron tied round his waist, into which he collected pieces of coal picked up as he wandered through the streets. This led to acquaintanceship between the two men, and to the gentleman writing down the old mariner's story, as nearly as possible in the latter's words.

These are singularly clear and to the point, free from any of the characteristics of old age, and in keeping with the outlines of the story itself, and with its introductory words:

'Old as I am, my heart is still unchanged; and were I as young and stout as I have been, again would I sail upon discovery; but, weak and stiff, I can only send my prayers with the tight ship and her merry hearts.'

He twice circumnavigated the globe, visiting China three times and sailing the whole length of the Atlantic coast of America. His ship was the first that touched at Owyhee after the murder of Captain Cook there. His first landing-place was Canada, concerning which he says more in four small pages than could well be found elsewhere with much searching; and as much may be said of his account of negro slavery in the West Indies; and he took part in the battles of Cape St Vincent and Aboukir. . . . The most exceptional part of his narrative, however, is the account of his voyage as steward of a female-convict ship, which lay in the river for six months to await delivery of convicts from all the gaols in England, and then deported them to New South Wales. He has many a tale of the convicts; from those who were very glad to leave the life they had been forced to lead to others who were just unfortunate and some who were entirely innocent.

John Nicol himself went to sea out of an irresistible desire

John Nicol himself went to sea out of an irresistible desire which dated back from as long as he could remember and which nothing at any time ever diminished, not even the shock of the company in which he found himself on his first voyage after a home in which family prayers were said night and morning, and of surroundings so unhealthy that 'every morning a soldier or a sheep was thrown overboard.'

He was a skilled workman, cooper and brewer, as well as seaman.

Bullen's With Christ at Sea is a rather tendencious book, but not so much so as the title suggests, and it is supplemented by his novel, Log of a Sea-Waif. Neither he nor Noble, who at sixteen was a Dundee mill-hand, and whose entering the Navy was a mere accident, came of sea-faring families: yet Kelly is the only one of the five whom the sea did not fascinate. But at the time of writing nothing fascinated Kelly except the fear of hell, although, in earlier days, he once went to a dance at Edinburgh, 'being at that time in my natural state, and an enemy to God.'

Sam Noble puts more of that fascination of the sea into words than the others:

'There is an enchantment about the sea—a beauty, a sparkle, a glamour that grips your senses and forbids you to think about anything but itself. The blueness of it, the brightness of it, the clearness, sweetness, freshness and ever-changing variety of it thrills and enthralls you.

'Sometimes, when I was on the lookout, perched in the bunt of the foreyard, instead of looking out for ships, my mind would be away mooning over the colour of the water, the curve of a wave, the lift and fall of the bow, or the spray rising in cascades of glittering silver from the thrust of the forefoot. The wake, trailing away astern, spreading and spreading till it resembled a waving pathway leading to the stars, used to fascinate me. It was like looking back on life, with its ups and downs, its shadows and its bright spots.

'It's a glorious place to be on, the sea, on a clear dark night such as you get down around those parts. The loneliness is immense. You never feel such an atom, such a poor, insignificant, helpless morsel of creation anywhere as you do down with nothing but the stars around you, and such hosts of them.

'And the mystery of it! The feeling that myriads and myriads of other atoms, under you and above you, all as wonderfully formed and perfectly adapted to their places as you are yourself, are living their lives, working out their destiny and serving their purpose equally as well as you, and in the same darkness being guided and protected by Something, and all as important seemingly, and

of as much value in the sight of that Something as you are, big though you think yourself.

'Sometimes I felt that my head would crack with the thoughts that came into it.

'And then the majesty of such a night at sea! The overpowering—solemnity of it, the sublime grandeur! It fills a man's mind with awe, and compels him to think high. He must forget the petty matters he is in the habit of thinking about during the day. At such a time he floats in regions far above earthly influence and is, I am convinced, nearer to God than ever he will be till he goes to Him altogether. Indeed, there's nothing I know of will more readily lift the soul of a man in adoration to his Maker than standing on a lonely deck on such a night, with only the cordage of a ship between him and heaven. The smoke of a steamer spoils the charm completely. A sailing-ship's the thing if you want to think properly.

'Another quality I have always liked about the sea is this: it makes a man young and keeps him so.'

Bullen felt the attraction of the sea, but found no one to agree with him; and even to him the variety of the life has rather the upper hand of it, the mixture of hurricanes, yellow-fever, and small pox, of being wrecked on a coral reef, sinking and sailing, coming home and leaving it.

Now, as to the company which these men found themselves keeping, there is no general statement which might cover that. Bullen's experience was in a greater variety of ships than the others', and he found that brutality to boys and the taking it for granted that they were born slaves, was the almost invariable rule, except on American ships. Only on two extreme occasions did anyone intervene on his behalf, and whenever he mentions coming across kindness, consideration, manners, and intellect, these always came from someone coloured; usually negroes, sometimes Chinese. To which Noble adds that 'some horrible calamity will overtake the whole white race for the way they have murdered, robbed, and taken advantage of the black, who are just as good as they are.'

Bullen found the conversation and habits generally beastly, and Kelly says that in the Falmouth 'packets,' 'the effect of

original sin was to be seen in all its horrid perfection'; but Noble says that:

'Sometimes a quarrel took place, and then you would hear a few pithy sentences regarding one or other of the contestants' fathers or mothers or grandmothers. It was amusing to listen to them. If the dispute took a bitter turn, the other fellows usually slipped quietly on deck, and left the two to worry the bit out between them; if it were foul, then they rose in a body, put the foot down, and stopped it.'

And Runciman confirms this. But then neither worked among the class that Bullen did. On one occasion when there was a calm fifteen miles from land, and nothing left but water, the crew came to the conclusion that there must be a Jonah on board, and a chance remark settled the blame on him. They had tied his hands behind his back and were just about to throw him overboard when the mate intervened and stopped it. Bullen was thirteen at the time.

On another occasion, a man who had been making the most of the worst opportunities that Bombay afforded fell ill after leaving the port. The case soon developed into one with which none of the sailors would have anything to do. A tent was rigged up for him outside their quarters and the boy—Bullen was then fourteen—was told off to attend to him. As pustules the size of a finger-top appeared all over him, so close together that flesh was not visible, and the man was covered with hair an inch and a half long all over, and longer in places, the task of washing him, alone, was almost more than the boy's reason would stand. He says that, having seen lepers in all stages, and many other such diseases, this was the worst he had ever seen; it lasted a week before the man died.

So with the business part of it. When Bullen started at eleven years old it was in midwinter in the Thames, and he with no knowledge whatever of any seafaring language, and at two o'clock in the morning.

When they got out to sea they found the rigging in such a state that it might give under a man's feet at any moment, the sails worn thin, and no material for repairs. From the absence of all such seaworthiness the crew concluded that the ship was never intended to return.

Kelly, in one 'Packet' ship, was told off to the maintop where he passed hundreds of hours sleep with a gunpowder-box for a pillow, even amidst thunderstorms: and attending to the setting of sails on the thirty feet of topgallant mast, up which he had to haul himself by main force, the mast bending and springing like a coachman's whip. Nicol, Noble and Runciman had temperaments and vitality which made hardship enjoyable.

As to food Kelly says that:

(On the Packets.) 'Once the verdigris collected on the copper boilers, through the cook neglecting to clean them, to such an extent that nearly half the men were kept in their hammocks by poisoning.'

As a boy there, he had robbed the parrot of a bone by way of a luxury. He always returned from a voyage thin. A packet came home once, to find that without anyone realizing it, there remained only one cask of water for the eighty people. On the merchantmen: daily food on one ship, beef and pease pudding month to month. On inspection, beer, cheese, and oatmeal were once condemned, but the sailors made shift to keep them, because they were so often kept short of provisions. A passenger brought on board a barrel of salted mackerel, which, when opened, was found to be rotten with age and falling to pieces; this was given to the crew who ate it uncooked with their rice and bread. Kelly, himself, when master, had cheese on board, against times when cooking could not be carried on, and provided oatmeal and treacle for breakfast and rum once a week for the crew, when their behaviour merited it. On another, the barrels of pork contained pigs' heads with the iron rings in the noses, pigs' feet and tails with much hair thereon.

Bullen's experience was that, as a rule the cook was a wornout seaman who, as the usual phrase was, 'couldn't boil salt water without burning it'; and had often seen men break up biscuit into their breakfast-coffee, let it stand, and then skim off two tablespoonfuls of maggots and weevils. On one ship two casks of tar got broken near the meat store, and the beef, bad enough before, became saturated with the tar. Yet it was eaten and they soon grew accustomed to the flavour. Some of their flour was a dirty grey and full of vermin. Board of Trade inspectors would then pass much that was unfit for consumption, and that would have been considered loathsome ashore. Utterly different were things on the French ship he once sailed in. There, instead of the alternate salt beef and salt pork, split peas, 'biscuit,' tea, coffee, sugar and vinegar, he was accustomed to, all bad, and miserly, they started the day with good coffee, good bread, and cognac, and had two pleasant, well-cooked, nourishing meals, plenty of vegetables and variety, and half a pint of wine with each meal.

The Navy allowance in Noble's time was 'pound and pint'; pound of 'salt' oss' and 'hard tack' (beef and biscuit), or pork, pint of cocoa for breakfast, pint of tea in the afternoon. Transparent pea-soup and preserved potatoes were an extra, plum pudding on Sundays, a ration of lime-juice each day, and what else they could buy with money that nobody had got, made up their weekly fare. Some of the beef was so old that no one could tell its age, except for one cask whose mark and tally proved it to date back to Trafalgar. One of his messmates made a model of a frigate out of a piece of the beef, which, when sandpapered and polished, would pass for mahogany. And the biscuit was so full of such lively weevils that once, when a sailor had laid down his bit on the table during an argument, when he turned to take it up again it had wandered to another part of the table. The biscuit was kept in bags; tins did not come into use until he was leaving the Navy. Cockroaches were so plentiful up in the beams that they used to flop down at every meal into basin or plate, so much so that the men got into the habit of counting their catches, and hundreds were swallowed with drink or eaten with food.

The navigation that their lives depended on was more by sight than science. In Kelly's time charts could not be relied on to be accurate within a few miles, nor tide-tables within a few hours. One captain he knew navigated for thirty years without any chart, and another relied on passing ships to ascertain how far he was from America. And Runciman speaks of one who stood out above his fellows because he could read and write. Coast and estuary lighting and marking were in their infancy, and ship lighting such that the risk of collisions was always imminent. Everyone was dependent on personal qualities and experience, and Runciman, who knows most of the subject, speaks most highly of both. One captain he sailed under was in the habit of verifying his position in the North Sea with the deepsea lead with a bit of tallow on the end of it, and the character of the soundings that the tallow brought up was guide enough for him to bring his ship safe home by. And Kelly tells a tale of a captain who had broken a leg, the re-setting of which left splinters to work their way out at intervals. Deciding one day to cut out a troublesome splinter with a penknife, he called the mate to hold a candle during the operation. When the mate fainted, the captain fetched brandy to revive him and then went on with the surgery. Another captain, when beating into harbour, was left in the lurch by the wind, and, on being asked why he was swearing harder than usual, answered, 'That's a fine thing for God Almighty to give a leading wind to a Dutchman, and let His own countrymen be left on a lee shore.'

Such are typical recollections of the conditions under which the staple trades and the defence of the country were carried on. Another factor should be mentioned which has now, by comparison, passed away; that is, that in those days every sailor was primarily one of a crew, cut off from other human beings for weeks, or months and months; another is that every crew sang, both at work and at leisure.

Let Noble have the last word. He wrote late in life, and that life a very hard one, which had left him a cripple. And yet:

'I liked the life, I liked my shipmates, and I liked my ship. I liked the Navy as well for the romance surrounding it as for the life itself—the open air, the variety, the charm of change, of seeing new faces and new places, living with companions who thought as I did, spoke as I did. . . . It was glorious.'

(b) Tinker, Tailor

This heading must be understood as standing for all kinds of manual labour.

Maxim Gorki spent all his early working-life so: bootmaker, scullion, cook, ikon-painter, gardener, rag-picker, bird-catcher; and even after entering Kazan University he was still struggling with pauperism and became a baker from 6 p. m. till midday out of every twenty-four hours. And all this amidst unrelieved cruelty and squalor; gaiety, he says, having no place in Russian life.

John Clare was a labourer, the son of a labourer. He was also a poet. Born under King George III and dying under Queen Victoria, he lived for a while in the light of Charles Lamb's circle, and all his latter years in the shadow of insanity. His neighbours always considered him mad; his father and mother considered him a genius, and the former lived to see him taken to the mad-house. Nowadays he would probably not be considered mad at all; or, at least, might not have been allowed to drift into becoming so. By request, he wrote an account of his early days in 1821. Northamptonshire was his locality.

His father was nearly illiterate; his mother entirely so; both poor to the extremity of poverty; so that they were often hard put to it to keep, as their saying was, the cart upon wheels. But, only two of their four children surviving infancy, they made every effort to give John what schooling could be had; and few years passed until he was twelve but what three months in each was not spent at school, and every winter night the table was cleared and John set to work with what writing-materials he could beg, and father and mother would look on with heartfelt approval, the seal on which was set when he could lay before them a copy of his printed poems and the praise of strangers.

Any kind of learning would do for John; drawing triangles with bits of chalk on the walls of barns, hiding on Sundays to read Jack and the Beanstalk, believing every word of it, using up the blue paper in which groceries had been wrapped, to write on, making up romances, of course, in which he was the lucky hero, talking to himself; and all these treasures also served to

divert his mind when he had to pass the haunted spots, whereof there were a multitude locally; the local old women saw to that. And so it went on, side by side with the daily drudgery with plough or flail, until, when he was thirteen, he came across a copy of Thomson's 'Seasons,' which made his heart twitter with joy, and settled his future. An eclipse soon followed, consequent on his undertaking a gardening job, but once that was done with and he out in the fields again, the course was resumed and writing verse started. His library consisted of thirteen books, four of which were mathematical; Joe Miller's Jests side by side with a ragged Milton. Yet those who had been at school longer than he were ahead of him in mensuration, etc., to which he attached little importance, as things discovered in days of old and so only suitable to routine minds; whereas when he pointed out the beauty of scenery or of a flower to these same minds they laughed at what they called his droll fancies. When, however, he found a reference to grammar as indispensable for a poet, he thought it was no good trying further; he knew he knew nothing about grammar. But he applied himself to that too, in the end, with the help of the twelve pencils he had bought of a Jew at Stamford Fair, and which lasted him for several years. A further set-back was the crippling of his father with rheumatics. And John himself became diseased through frequenting brothels. But both these hindrances were minimized by his falling in love and meeting a publisher.

And there he ends just where many would have liked him to have started, on the eve of his entry into the society of Hazlitt, De Quincey, Coleridge and others, of whom, nevertheless, he has left some fragmentary notes, very pithy and vivid, as his custom was. A kind-hearted, modest, clear-sighted soul, who deserved a better life and fate.

Now before we go any farther in this chapter, it is only fair to warn the reader that if he is expecting more entertainment, or rather, perhaps, if he is still trying to find some, this will not be the place to look for it. Manual and casual labour is a subject that, truthfully dealt with, cannot be turned into light or pleasant reading by any yeast known to literature. The sins of all our ancestors lie on it, and that weight would flatten anything.

Witness Wenzel Holek. The autobiography of poverty is mostly written by persons who are more or less well-off, having abandoned the hell of pauperism for the purgatory of property. That vast majority which subsists on the brink of starvation from the cradle to the grave, remains dumb in consequence. But there are exceptions.

During the years 1903-1905 the firm of Diederichs, of Jena, published two autobiographies of working-men, which came to the notice of Wenzel Holek, a Czech, and induced him to write his own. It was not an easy task. He was about forty-five and his experience of life hitherto had been an unceasing round of work, sleep, hunger, and pauperism. He was maintaining five persons on 15s. to 17s. a week in daily fear of unemployment; beginning work (at a glass-factory at Dresden) every day at 6 a.m., stiff from yesterday's work, every working movement painful, knees giving way, sweat pouring off him; but no rest; otherwise he might lose the premium of 2s. 6d. a week allowed for quick work. All around, a deafening noise that prevents a man thinking. Nevertheless, he started writing in the evenings; as he writes at the window, after such a day's work, a wagon bangs past every ten minutes, the baby in the cradle behind him cries, his defective schooling hinders him. But he finished the book; he wanted to disclose the whole physical, spiritual, and traditional state of wretchedness amid which working-class youngsters grew up; he did it, and it was published in 1909. Holek's book is here taken, as that of one man speaking for millions.

All his early life had been spent in his own country. His father had been left an orphan at the age of eight and had spent so little time at school as to be practically illiterate; his mother could neither read nor write; she did not want to; she said she got on very well as she was, and indeed, seemed to. She had been in service from twelve to twenty-six, when she married.

His father was anxious that the boy should attend school as much as possible, and Wenzel also wanted to, but the mother saw no use in it, and, in any case, the family were so poor that they had to go anywhere where work was offered and make use

of anything the boy could do. However, they were generally at his native village during the winter and the schoolmaster was very helpful; but when he was twelve a different master came, one who ruled by fear and the stick, and, worst of all, of whom no one dared ask questions. His hair was pulled, his head knocked about until bumps were often showing on it; he was called all sorts of names; and the relations between the boys themselves grew worse. No more talks about other lands and languages and customs; or of earth and sky. But one idea that had been planted in him by the first master took root and remained with him; namely, when the master said that if you take what does not belong to you you may grow up to be a bad dishonourable man and a convict. This always kept him from theft, except under pressure of extreme need, and outlasted any fears put into him concerning the devil and hell, because the two latter he never saw and he did see bad men and convicts. Holek remembered this first teacher all his life with gratitude as his guide to all that was good and desirable, by reason of these words; and as one who understood what can profit a man. May not the poverty of the poorest be estimated by this? how little of the best is offered to them, and how little they can assimilate? What was offered, as freely as possible and absorbed in spite of himself, was stories of crime and the devil. His mother was an excellent story-teller, and at one village where they spent a summer there was a custom of story-telling in the evening; so much so, in fact, in that locality, that a good narrator could pick up a living as such. He wishes his parents would have kept him away during such story-telling, such shivering fear did they put into him, both at the time and afterwards; but no, all thought that only by means of fear and anguish could anyone grow up moral; and one must begin early.

It seemed to him that his mother treated him very harshly; it was not till later that he realized it was extreme need that drove her to it. She would oblige him to come wood-cutting with her; she had a permit to cut off dead branches for fuel, and a cutter at the end of a twelve-foot pole to do it with; no other woman used such a permit because the physical strain was so great. And then, when she got a day's work at a distance, Wenzel had to

stay at home to look after the family; was beaten when he refused; and locked and bolted in; any infants there were being tied and wrapped up until they could not move a limb and the sign of the cross made over them, with the words, 'Sleep sound, my angel, God protect you.' Much of his time was taken up with making 'zummel,' i.e., bread and sugar worked into a pulp in the mouth, spat into a bit of linen, kneaded and worked with thread into the shape of a doll's head; then dipped in milk or coffee and put into the child's mouth. If this was not ready when a child cried and he was doing lessons, he would be beaten and his books thrown on the floor. At the same time, things might have been worse; they and their neighbours were peaceful, sober people; bad words were seldom heard; he was filled with fear when, at the age of eight he first became acquainted with railway workers, untidy and dirty, with their blue and red faces, using pick and shovel as weapons.

His father obtained a plot of land on which to build a house. The house itself was almost all home-made and they celebrated the putting of the roof in place with a great feast: beer, bread, butter, and cheese. Holek had butter on his bread for once: usually he had it dry, and, if he asked for enough to stop himself being hungry, his mother asked him if he was daft. A three-room house, the biggest room 15 feet x 12 x 9; No. 2 half that size; No. 3 half the size of No. 2; they only used the two latter rooms to begin with. Floors of beaten clay: doors made of planks nailed together; the roof tiled by themselves; sunshine, rain, and snow came through, where the joins were imperfect. The front had to be left incomplete until they should have time to steal timber from the forest.

They would all have felt very happy in this No. 84, had not a stone fallen on Holek near the end of the work and injured his right foot; and as he lay disabled pains set in all over him. His parents were too busy to attend to him and too poor to send for a doctor. His little brother came to him sometimes and his mother twice a day. When he got worse, the herbwoman was called in: a beggar, the poorest of the poor, who gathered herbs when she was not begging, and came for nothing. Prob-

ably she saved his life: he was not expected to live; 'over-exertion,' said the herbwoman.

He recovered, and went to help his father at a tile-works. The pains came on again and the work was terribly hard. His father beat him if he was not quick enough, and was annoyed if he cried. I had to work at your age, and nobody was sorry for me.' Mother said father could not help it: they must have money. He hoped to go back to school: but no, tile-making over, there was hop-picking and then the beetroot harvest: leaving home at four and returning at dusk; the mother, too.

Coming home, they would be met by screams from the daughters, complaining of Albert, and he of them. Albert would be beaten with a broom handle. Then the baby, who was still at the breast, and had been left all day, wanted feeding, kitchenfire lighting, hens, geese, goat, and cow receiving attention; the children would fall asleep hungry in a corner, and by eleven or twelve all would be quiet until three, when the mother would need to be up again. Work seemed to lighten a bit soon after this: for Wenzel went to school more: and a great happiness came to him, when his mother was persuaded to buy him an 'harmonica' for eighty farthings. That was how he, later, came to earn his living as musician. But, he says, his pen trembles in his hand at the thought of the miseries it entailed, the wandering from door to door, and village to village, in cold, rain and snow-storms. Poverty remained great. He bethought him of prayer and the saying, 'When need is greatest, God's help is nearest.' Evening by evening he would go to the chapel in the village, begging and with tears, that he might be enabled to take some help home to his poor mother. None came. He concluded he was too great a sinner.

The mother was so habitually complaining about the father, that his baby brother began to speak with the words: 'Stupid father, gives no money: no bread to eat.' Even in their misery, they made a joke of this.

His mother turned to the idea of him becoming a streetmusician. He felt as if boiling water had been poured over him: and heard his schoolfellows saying 'Beggar-boy.' She could get no answer from him. In the end she said: 'If you won't go, no food for you.' He went out of his village to another: was successful, and forgot his misgivings at the sight of his sister's joy over the food and money he brought back.

He went regularly and got used to it: except as to playing at Jews' houses, because of the stories of sacrificial child-murder there; he would not go in, nor even go near unless his little brother went with him.

In time he went farther afield—three- or four-day tours, with a twenty-year-old partner, Dominic, son of a beggar-woman who lodged in their third room, unwashed, unlettered, and mangy; they slept mostly in cow-byres, paying nothing and getting milk free.

He was eleven, and had four sisters and two brothers. Here then ends his 'school-life'; the law was that all should have eight years at school, and nine if they were backward.

Next, Wenzel went to work at tile-making with his father; and the work seemed light at first because there was a girl to help, too. But the girl soon died from over-exertion. He was at work at six and home after dark; the midday break lasted no longer than eating lasted and there was no meat but once a week, on Sunday, that is, if they happened to catch a rabbit; and one rabbit, they found, did not go far among nine.

They now lived in the biggest room; Dominic and his mother in the smallest; a couple with four children and a barrel-organ in the middle-sized room. The work changed too; at a sugarfactory this time; day-shifts alternating with night-shifts week by week; the changing over taking place on Sundays, which meant an eighteen-hour stretch, midday Sunday to 6 a.m. Monday. He left this to go to Saxony; his father had gone thither to find work, and, as two neighbours were going too, Wenzel went with them. His outfit consisted of one pair of breeches, a cap, two thin coats, a waistcoat, two shirts and half a loaf. One of the coats was stolen on the way. He was overjoyed at the idea of seeing new places, but two and a half days' walking barefoot depressed him somewhat. It rained, too. He became a rubbish-burner, working in a cloud of dust which seemed to burn the lungs and was spat out solid; and encountering destitution and degradation beyond his experience hitherto: family after family

totally without furniture; and nothing out of the ordinary for a woman-worker to be raped during the midday interval without serious resistance, amid laughter and applause.

When the sugar-factory re-opened, he returned home; when it closed again, another journey to Saxony, this time with his father and taking the harmonica (he was thirteen by now) and making the journey pay for itself thereby. On the way they reach a high point whence they can see all over the home country; his father sits deep in thought until the boy sees the tears running down his cheeks. They cry together in silence for a while and then on again. But on arrival, there is no work. All that journey on foot, and all for nothing; there were no bicycles then, nor labour-exchanges. Yet, farther on, there are tiles to be carted and stacked, at ninepence a thousand tiles; bread, coffee and bouillon to live on; sleeping on straw with a horse-cloth over him; teeth chattering with cold in frosty weather, plagued with thousands of fleas in hot. Working-hours, 4 a.m. to 8 p.m.

So things went on till he was nineteen, when he set out again on a journey he never forgot, so full was his head of new plans; he was going to marry soon and Luis and he were never going to quarrel as his father and mother did, nor send out their children to beg. But after two years at Aussig on the Elbe, not one of his plans had been realized; he and Luis were living together, but not married yet, earning twelve to thirteen gulden a week jointly, having no pleasures and yet saving nothing; and his work of such a nature that broken legs and burns were taken as matters of course; there was no insurance as yet. There seemed no prospect of anything different; just when the vital change was at hand, which came the day the shoemaker lent him the first socialist pamphlet he saw, and he stopped short in his reading, his mouth half open, sitting there in a maze, reading and re-reading what he saw in print, as if he could not trust his eyes.

Then follow the step-by-step of Socialism, the finding of kindred minds, the handing on of propaganda amid fear of police and police-spies, the hiding-places for books, the high hopes and the difficulties of untrained minds in becoming articulate, or comprehending the articulacy of others; the hearing of ex-

periences of prison and persecution, and the submerging of enthusiasm and hope in hate and longing for revenge, the difficulty of making his fellow-workers see as he did, difficulties at home, too, with the fears of his wife and mother-in-law. When his first-born was baptized, all the relations gathered together to dissuade him from continuing (he was twenty-two) and their entreaties, etc., filled the whole evening.

But he continued, and no harm came. Only the eternal intermittency of work, and journeys to find it, until there came a snowy Christmas and no work for either, not even the coal-cart loading which Luis had undertaken, although heavy work even for a man. Shop-keepers gave credit and they were in debt. But then Holek saw an advertisement for agents to sell rubberstamps and that he undertook; but he found that pick and shovel gave no training in the exaggerations necessary in commerce.

Peace at home, hitherto unbroken, now began to give way and bitterness arose over Luis thinking that work would have continued had not he been a socialist. There were three children by now. One child died. They undertook legal marriage now for the sake of the children: to church at six, back to breakfast, at work at eight; cost, 3s. 4d., and that unpaid.

In the spring Holek went back to work with the shovel and later to more skilled work at the glass-factory, in which his knowledge of both Czech and German told and also the greater experience gained. Rather lighter work in character, but not better pay; 66 hours a week. The smelter worked 102 hours a week and had been doing so for ten years: he had become half-crazy by now.

Debts were paid off, and the future seemed brighter, when the mother-in-law died. She had looked after the children, and been a good friend. Now there were burial charges to pay and the wife must stay at home. Also, they must take in lodgers, although they had only the one room, in which all had to be done, including reading and writing. He nevertheless resumed socialist work and was welcomed as a speaker, in spite of his wife's opposition. She even threatened to leave him, but he felt he could not act otherwise, nor fail to respond to the needs he saw and was asked by others to assist towards. When it came to start-

ing a co-operative store, he had no time left for home. But the number of supporters had grown to 2,000. Next came the glassworkers' Union; a library in which books increased week by week; and a big meeting to which neighbouring workers came, including a woman with a boy of ten and a girl of eight, whose husband had been sentenced to eight years' imprisonment as a Socialist and had recently died in prison. Holek made a speech from a table on their behalf, with the two children standing on either side, till tears came, and more was collected for them than the woman earned in a month.

In 1891 his father came to see him, broken-hearted. After thirteen years' work at the sugar-factory, he had been told he would not be wanted any more: too old. Eventually he obtained a job as night-watchman in another sugar-factory, where he still was when Holek wrote his book. At Christmas that year he visited Prague for the first time. This was as delegate to a Socialist Congress. It lasted three days: he received 16s. 8d.; the fare thither was 5s. He left at 4 a.m. the first-day of the Christmas holidays. All the names of delegates were taken at the doors, and he soon received a week's notice to leave his work. He obtained a better job at a dye-works; spoke at a May 1st meeting and received a day's notice. His work-card bore the words: 'departure May 2.' He could get no more work with that card, so he threw it into the Elbe, and got another.

A paper was started and soon reached the biggest circulation in the district. Other activities also sprang up in connection with the movement, and he often reached home at 1 and 2 a.m. There was no thought yet of paid officials. Many left Christianity, because they hoped for an end to their troubles while they yet lived, instead of after death.

Next came to the front the need of a periodical in Czech. Holek was appointed publisher and editor at 10s. a week and was very pleased when the first number was pronounced 'well and truly done.' Later numbers were complained about because they were not hot and strong enough, it being Holek's habit to avoid a tub-thumping vocabulary. He made for facts and clearness, which so displeased the director of the glass-works where his mother and three sisters now worked that they were all dis-

missed. His mother and eldest sister called him names and spat in his face. But the case was not taken to court, as Holek asked for it to be, and the workers who were ill received the dole they were entitled to, which had not been the case hitherto.

The periodical failed to sell freely enough and had to be abandoned. Holek was refused work everywhere. He turned merchant, opened a store, and the turn-over soon amounted to £25. a week. But his ignorance of book-keeping led him into serious trouble, and belief that his wife was unfaithful to him into more; and as shop-keeper he found himself treated as capitalist and had bitter experience of all the weak points of the working-classes. He was accused of betrayal and theft, when inexperience placed both co-operative ventures in bankruptcy. This failure prejudiced the whole movement: all crumbled away. It had grown up too hastily: and had no deep roots.

He was left to find work, any work. What he found was the heaviest and nearest to slavery of any yet. On Good Friday, 1895, he was called away home: his wife was delivered of twins and her condition dangerous. The midwife left them alone when she thought Luis in safety; a while after Luis turned and said, 'Wenzel, my love to you,' and died. Of all their plans, none but marriage had come to pass, and that had been wrecked. Four children alive, 1½-9½ years of age. The burial was on Easter Monday; all expenses were paid by his fellow-workers; hundreds attended the funeral. Two days later he injured a leg; when it grew sound again, the work was over.

His children were taken by relations and he went to work, when procurable, normally 4 a.m. to 8 p.m. for 17s. to 21s. a week. His father urged him to marry someone with money. But who such would? And looking at his sorrowful past, inconsolable present, and gloomy future, he saw only two alternatives, drink or suicide.

On Monday he decided, put poison in the beer-flask, and took the two children with him to the river. He sat there, while a bird sang overhead, and he thinking, why birds should be so happy and men so wretched. Suddenly he saw the girl take the flask to drink from. He seized it and flung it into the river.

He set up house again; i.e., hired a room and took three of

the children back. When their little furniture was in, there was little room to move about.

A second wife was recommended to him, and they married, although she was German and a Catholic. He turned Catholic again for form's sake, but they were married without her father's knowledge, although the latter sang in the choir during the ceremony and learnt the rest at the Church door. It was the same parson as for the previous wedding, and the fee was still unpaid. The parson agreed to be owed for both. She turned out a very good wife, except that she used no patience with the children; thought it wrong to do so: children, she thought, ought to live in fear of their parents, as a dog of his master.

In 1896 he had employment at tiles again: a factory without drinking-water at the furnaces where the heat was so great that five quarts of beer and three of coffee was a normal day's drink.

Then came a hard winter and six weeks' illness as well; 7s. 1d. sickness allowance, and eight to feed, since there was now a new baby. And no getting into debt, because they had to look to the summer 'surplus' for new clothes and shoes, which could not be thought of in winter.

His wife took in a child to nurse, but soon was laid up with inflammation of the lungs, a weak heart and dropsy. He had help from a convent, but had himself to turn nurse, and lose his job.

Then came a real change for the better: a post as superintendent in a tile-works. It did not last long: he was too sympathetic and lenient in his treatment of the workers; merely dismissing those who were unsatisfactory, after warning; but not sharp-tongued. The workers themselves could not feel respect for humanitarian ways.

To day-work again, amid great depression. No feeling of happiness, except that brought by alcohol. Without much said, he felt that his wife regretted the marriage, and thereby relations became bad between them.

Most of the work of which he has spoken was done in part in open air: if it rained, they got wet.

Moving to make sure of a better winter, they secured a

cheap room, 100 years old, the roof low, with one small window which looked on to a churchyard.

But the director of the factory was dying, and before the winter had set in the works were closed. But they had remained open long enough for a tile to fall on his foot, laying him up for three weeks. He heard of work in Dresden, and by leaving the family penniless and hungry and by borrowing fivepence was able to get there.

It was well-paid work, but so terribly hard that, in his ill-nourished, anxious, state, his physique failed him. He was penniless and remained workless; in the end he went back home, walking the whole way.

All this time his other interests were all abandoned, all reading, etc.

At home he was glad to earn 2s. a day.

Then a better offer came: sole charge of a small factory in the countryside, owned by a peasant. It was the peasant-custom, when any decision had to be reached, for all the family to meet to decide, and before them all Holek appeared. It was settled without anything in writing: the peasant could neither write nor read: simply a verbal recital, and then it was said, 'The good God is witness.' This was in 1897.

It was Holek's first experience of being alone in the country: not a sound, so he says, but the barking of dogs and crowing of cocks in villages round. Perhaps his eyesight, always defective, hindered him from taking an interest in his surroundings. In the evening it was the stillness of the grave. He found it lonesome at first. His wife learnt the business and was especially of use when the furnace was alight, enabling him to get some sleep now and then. And his eldest son was now free to help, too.

This was a summer job. In the winter he went back to sugarfactory work, after a seventeen-year interval, during which period scientific methods had enabled a factory to produce as much in eleven weeks as formerly in six months. Wages had not risen; and therefore workers who relied on such work in winter-time found themselves out of work during the coldest part of the year. The tendency was, therefore, to drift into the towns.

Holek was now able to go back to reading: history of the world, history of religion and some astronomy and mathematics.

He had another offer, and, in considering it, remarks that his present situation attracted him, inasmuch as he had it all to himself—the first expression of any pleasure in any work he has done so far. The new offer meant work all the year round and more weekly profit. He accepted. It was relatively very profitable, but he and the owner did not get on well enough together.

In his next work he came again into contact with the Socialist movement, and ended by becoming manager of another shop, and had more experience of all the worst side of his fellowworkers. They objected to his wife buying at the shop unless some other member were there at the time, and so on. He made many enemies and in the end was turned out. Although this was in the spring, the following months were the time of his life when want seemed greatest: no work was to be had in the district. The sewing-machine, which cost £3, had to be sold for 25s.; almost all his books, too, had to go, which he found harder to part with than with any of his children who had died. He had had nine children by his first marriage, five of whom had died: four by the second, of whom two died. The last of these was born just during this period. On Christmas Eve his mother sent him bread, milk and potatoes: that was all they had for Christmas.

For months more they existed somehow on bits of work at intervals, until he resolved to leave his country. He went to Dresden, found work; they all moved thither. This was September 15, 1904. He was forty.

In this year, too, he saw an assembly of the local Czech workers. There were 18,000. He was astounded at the results won in twenty years.

At this point Holek's narrative ends, but he continued it in a second volume, beginning with how he arrived in Dresden with two farthings and a piece of bread in his pocket, at the house of a married sister whom he had not seen for seven years. They had not exchanged a single letter, either; in fact, although the sister

had been eight years at school, she could not compose one; it was with difficulty that she could read, and her husband could write no more than his name. He found her up to her eyes in work with lodgers, without whom she could not live; and not encouraging about prospects of work; the glass made thereabouts, she said, was too bad in quality to yield more than a bare subsistence; misery and want were the common lot. When the lodgers arrived from work, they just sat around in their sweat-soaked clothes, complaining and smoking; Russians and Poles mostly, and all illiterate. Throughout the books, indeed, runs the trouble of competition against foreign labour used to starvation standards, and the impossibility of affiliating it with trade organizations on account of its ignorance of the language.

He laid down on the bed thinking: 'Is it worth going on any more?' and the answer came, 'What about your dependants? You must carry on on their account.' The tears came into his eyes as he thought how he loved them all; and the picture crossed his mind of the State as it might and would be. Then a youngster of twenty came in who found everything amusing and saw nothing to worry about except that wages did not leave enough for drink and dancing.

He returned home to talk matters over with his wife, and the burden of what she said was likewise: 'What should we do without you?' and at home he found the love and the hope, the warmth and the strength, needed to enable him to go on; together with a doubt in his mind as to whether his agnosticism could supply what his wife's faith in God did supply. He found too that help had been received from a middle-class man during his absence; further evidence of what he had been gradually learning, namely, that every middle-class man was not necessarily the working-man's enemy. So off he went to work again—six hours' walk—lighter-hearted; and earned just over £1 in a single week—nearly a record. At Whitsun was a holiday; after two hours' sleep he walked home; leaving again at 3 a.m. to reach work at eight. In time he obtained work near home, as stoker at a glass-factory, where, what with poisonous fumes from furnaces, violent changes of temperature and the spirits taken to counteract the effects of these and the broken sleep on night-

shift weeks, few continued at the work many months and none a full year. But he had to go on because his wife was near another confinement and had to give up her work. A fortnight after her confinement he had to be certified ill and she had to go back to work (twelve hours a day) because the sick pay of 10s. 6d. was not a living wage for eight, there being now six children under thirteen. They got 6s. a week from a charity, but then the new baby had to be buried, and that cost 12s.

A turn at celluloid-comb-making was foreclosed by a lockout and the search for work was made more difficult now by new conditions. A list of places vacant would be posted up at the offices of a Socialist newspaper, but the strongest and roughest got to the notice-board first; and in any case it was always the man with a bicycle who secured the job. He heard of better wages in Berlin, but found that higher costs left no more margin, and housing conditions were such that on his first day there he searched from nine till four without finding anything; going to fourth and fifth floors, along passages dark at midday, to little rooms with four lodgers in them; and many a kitchen with a bed in it.

However, at Christmas there was work as extra postman; his eldest son of twenty-three came home and helped; he made the acquaintance of a schoolmaster-friend whose friendship made up for much of the bitterness of the past years, particularly in the way of directing him into thinking more in terms of human qualities and less on party lines. These sentences are the first pleasant ones in the two books. And it was now that his first volume was written. Things were never so bad again after that book was issued, bringing him, as it did, many practical friends. For one thing, for the first time in his experience, he found himself working with men among whom there were no drunkards. Socialist discussion was continuous and strenuous; but no one had read, or could read, Marx; nor was there any perception of wider issues than party ones, with a view to obtaining better conditions by force. All were anti-colonial. 'English hours' were being kept, i.e., seven to five, which enabled Holek to spend time at the free library opened in 1905, but not all to the best purpose until the librarian came to the rescue and diverted him

from Kant and Nietzsche to others who were easier, and more to the point, so far as he was concerned. He thinks that many of the difficulties he met with in philosophy were accounted for by the fact of his experience of life differing from that of philosophers. In the end the librarian instituted an advisory council chosen from the working-men who frequented the library, as a temporary expedient; it continued all the four years that Holek lived there and enabled many a reader to continue reading instead of returning to cards, etc., in despair; and the councillors got on so well together that the council became a holiday-club as well. All this while, nevertheless, he was earning no more than 20s, a week with a wife who had been an invalid for two years and was thankful if she was well enough any day to be able to stand up to do the cooking. But readers of his book provided her, too, with the medical attention she needed. Another reader was Dr. Pestalozzi of Zurich, who treated him to a holiday in Switzerland, providing for the maintenance of his home meanwhile. It was Holek's first experience of leaving home under such conditions, amid merriment and best wishes for the journey. Every other time it had been in search of work, with his pockets and the family's empty, all hungry and likely so to remain, tears, and sighs; and any money to be obtained at the other end to be sent home.

Thereafter followed experience with the development of the model suburb of Hellerau, educational work at Leipzig, ending with co-operation with Siegmund Schultze in Berlin; poor still, but to be co-operating with Siegmund Schultze was the kind of riches he had always been seeking.

Etienne Bertin was born in October 1823 and remembered an uncle in the house who had but lately returned from campaigning with Napoleon. He lived to see motor-cars in 1902 and to tell his story to a neighbour of his, the writer Émile Guillaumin, who wrote down in French what 'Tiennon,' as Bertin was always called, told him in dialect, since the latter could neither read nor write. He had spent the whole of his life in the one district, the Bourbonnais, and on farms.

From his fourth to his sixth year he often accompanied his

sister shepherding; thenceforward he went by himself, being dragged out of bed at 5 a.m. to begin the day's work, in terror of dark woods, snakes, and floggings. At fifteen he was doing a man's work; at twenty-two he married and rented a small holding. He farmed; Victoire sold milk. When she became pregnant, Tiennon undertook the milk-walk as well. That amused people, and it amused him too; but it made a long day longer; so that when the baby came, with little help available, his work, which began at 3 a.m. often did not end till 1 a.m., and he 'almost got out of the habit of sleeping.' Altogether, he had four children.

In 1853 he was offered a job as 'metayer.' Had he not accepted it, there seemed no prospect for his children but to tend animals as soon as they were old enough. He had a house and the profits, less certain payments in cash and in kind. The house consisted of two rooms; very old, the floor-level below the level of the soil outside, and the cement floor in one room torn away until pointed stones made themselves seen and felt from end to end of the kitchen; in the other room the floor was just the bare earth. Both rooms opened on to the yard by means of big gothic doors, and the lighting was such that when, in winter, it was too cold to let the doors remain open, one could scarcely see indoors at noon.

After twenty-one years of labour under these conditions he had saved four thousand francs, which he entrusted to a man in town who undertook to pay him 5 per cent. Within three months this man had decamped, and that was the end of both principal and interest.

Throughout these years he had worked as if the land were his own, introducing improvements, learning a better technique and applying it; stinting neither expenditure nor work nor thought. Improved results led to increase in terms being dethought. Improved results led to increase in terms being demanded; and when he felt that such demands had gone too far and refused to agree to another increase, he was dismissed—after twenty-five years' service. However, his dependants were growing fewer; he lived with his grown-up children and maintained his independence by odd jobs, returning eventually to tending geese as he had done seventy years previously.

As a boy he lived on bread as black as the inside of the

chimney and as gritty as if coarse sand had been added to the rye from which it was made. Barley was used but rarely, and only for invalids. Their mainstay was vegetable soup. He never had a 20-sou piece in his pocket before he was seventeen; a man's wedding-suit would be expected to last him all his life for best.

'When I think of what I did and suffered before I was seven, and compare my childhood with that of a child of to-day who is cherished and cared for and of whom no one expects manual work before the age of twelve or thirteen, I cannot help saying that they have all the luck. Now dogs are treated as if they were human beings; they are given good soup and good bread.'

He remembers his father making his reckoning for his employer once a year from memory, none of the family being able to form a figure, and gives two pages to the complexity of the family calculations under those conditions, while the employer, being able to keep accounts, always had the last word, regulating the balance with the help of threats of dismissal. His own relations with his employer read more like those of slave and slave-owner. He acted as 'metayer' eight years before he saw any room in the mansion other than the kitchen. Then the new heir to the estate interviewed the staff in the drawing-room, and Tiennon was astonished at the number of useless objects therein; concerning one, the nature of which he could not even guess at, he inquired, and was told it was a 'piano.'

As to religious matters, Bertin went to Mass on alternate Sundays, and did not approve of those who spent Mass-time at the inn. Yet he set little store by what the clergy said—theories about Heaven and Hell, confessions, fasts. He believed in a Supreme Being who regulated the course of the weather and the seasons, and who therefore must needs be appeased; for this reason he continued all the pious ceremonies which were traditional. He always took a bunch of boxwood twigs to church on Palm Sunday and put them behind the doors afterwards; likewise with the crosses made of reeds which were consecrated in May, the hawthorn of Rogation Days, and the other bunch, that is, of the three kinds of herbs appropriated to St Roch, which

keep animals from sickness. He attended the procession on St Mark's Day to draw down a blessing on the earth, and the Mass on St Athanasius' Day, who is the protector against hail. And so with other customs, such as lighting a candle when it thundered, or saying a prayer morning and evening.

When the time came for him to leave the farm into whose service all the best years of his life had been sunk, and with which he was identified in his own and his neighbours' opinion, at fifty-five years of age, he meditated on the common lot of the farm labourer as he had never meditated before; on the work, and the work, and the work, never ceasing; and never any pleasures; on all the pleasanter months of the year and their reputed beauties, the beauties peculiar to each, to April and to May, and so on, and how to the labourer each month meant just that work peculiar to each and no delay. The longer the daylight, the longer the hours; the hotter the sun, the quicker the ripening and the harvest; and when that was through, dusty all over, head throbbing, limbs weary, then there was the manure to be spread, while the rich could sit in the shade or lie in the sun and drink what they liked when they liked. And winter was filled with all that there was no time for in the summer, and what hours could be spent by the fireside were beside a fire with little heat in it; damp wood and smoking chimneys; no respite but when snow fell and even then there was the regular attention that the animals demanded; even when they were well; but then, the diseases of animals, and of crops too, and the eternal dependence on the weather. And then, too, when business took them into the town, there was the sadness of seeing in the shop-windows all that they could never buy, and, whether it was the doctor, or the chemist, or whoever it was they had to go to, all charged more than the labourer could afford; even the clergy for prayers; and as for the notary, there was twenty francs gone for nothing. And all those were people who, after all, according to their needs and rights, played fair; but what about the others one was up against who were just enemies and against whom was no remedy? And then, as one grew old, in addition to the common lot of loss and loneliness, there was the passing of the eternal dream of becoming

rich, somehow, sometime, that had buoyed one up a little in times gone by, and the fear of all strength, all resources, vanishing, and leaving one a burden on those who had too many burdens already. There are many pages on these subjects, and every sentence tells. There is also a side to all that that never occurs in Holek; those years when Bertin had a share in the welfare of what he cared for, of seeing crops and stock prosper when that prosperity was the creation and the reward of the exercise of his own qualities, of taking his own stuff to market and seeing it hold its own and a bit more. And more, the familiarity with the splendid landscapes in which he spent his whole life; the living in contact with earth and air; there came intervals in which he could look around and be glad of all that and be sorry for the shop-keepers and artisans who spent their lives between four walls; and even towards the end, when all that had passed away, and all else too that had made life tolerable, there were the grand-children around enjoying the present as if the present were going to last for ever.

That same saving grace of part-proprietorship which made all the difference to Bertin, and whose absence as much difference to Holek, comes out most strongly of all in George Sturt's The Wheelwright's Shop; but, in view of how much use has already been made of his writings, it need only be referred to here as a perfect story of perfect craftsmanship, and with regard to its value as a record of changes that have taken place in England in the last two generations without most of the population even knowing how much that was of value has been thrown away, and many of them being glad to help the process on.

Let us go on to Thomas Burt, whose autobiography (1837–1874) covers all the period of his service as a miner and part of his Trade Unionist career up to his election to Parliament. He was one of the best and earliest of English labour leaders and a prime agent in the formation of one of the most important Trade Unions, and of the development of the whole Trade Union movement. He represents it, both as a matter of ideas and ideals and practical working, at its best; he is authoritative and suggestive for the period and subject; and it brings out, as clearly as any one book could do, how and why, in all matters relating to

a social conscience, we are a changed people, and that that change was mainly effected in a generation. Also, the chapter on his election to Parliament serves as an epitome of how and why the Labour Party rose, and how revolutions are managed in England.

About thirteen years of age he became known among his companions as a story-teller. His stories do not seem to have been drawn from books but from hearsay, helped out by natural gifts. He never knew he possessed such gifts until the appreciation of them by his audiences made him conscious of them, and at first he thought his companions were making fun of him. His sense of realities outside himself had, up to then, been ministered to by delight in outdoor life, country and sea, which itself was stimulated doubtless by the two-room system of living. of living.

The possibilities of reading, deferred by excessive working hours, dawned on him about fourteen by his being lent some highly spiced 'adventure' stuff. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* followed the next year, and a volume of essays which introduced him to Milton. Later Gibbon. None could be bought if they cost more than a few pence, and then only by walking to Newcastle nine miles each way; not a penny was spent by any of the family on drink, tobacco or any luxuries. The great aim of the workman-student often is to improve his social position. That was not Burt's; he studied for study's sake. The chief difficulty lay in the want of privacy. His main resource was to combine walks with reading.

Walks with reading.

He had a grandfather, when he was a small boy, of over seventy years old, who was one of the chief influences of his life; still equal to long walks and running races, who on one occasion climbed a high tree to get a wild dove to show the boy, and afterwards climbed up again to put it back in its nest.

He was very strictly brought up, but when he had got into the habit of holding his own with the other miners in swearing and his father overheard it, all his father said was that if he

could not do his work without swearing, he had better go back home; he (his father) was still able to keep him and he would be very glad to do it.

Boys began work at ten years of age and for a wage of 10d. to 1s. a day. He had barely two years at school.

When he was thirteen he was working fourteen or fifteen hours a day including his journeys backwards and forwards, and at work which threw such strain on his physique that he remained the worse for it for the rest of his life. Oftentimes he arrived home so used up that after dinner he would fall asleep, unwashed, on the floor. And the work was of a character in which mutilation and fatalities were frequent.

Later, when he was in the night shift, he was quite alone, there was only one man near, and it was rarely that they saw each other. He had one candle and no matches, and if the candle went out, it meant a two-mile walk in absolute darkness to relight it.

The family had to move many times, and each house was very much the same; a house consisting of one room on the ground floor and a garret above.

Much of the work started at 3-4 a.m. And then there was the Union secretarial work, carried on for fifteen years at his house, although, in the earlier years, he and his wife had but two rooms, kitchen and bedroom. As many people, he found, are under the impression that miners are rather a rough lot, he adds that never a visitor came with too much drink in him, nor one using a vulgar or offensive expression, nor doing anything of a kind capable of upsetting pleasant relations.

Burt's book implicitly contains a warning concerning the limitations of autobiography. It illuminates us concerning him but not particularly about mining. That is really done better by two amateurs, J. Husband (A Year in a Coal Mine) and Stenbock-Fermor (My Experiences as a Miner); and better still by Zola in his novel Germinal.

George Edwards took a leading part, 1850–1922, in the organization of the agricultural labourers, which before his time did not exist and of which he was the first representative in Parliament. His working life was spent in Norfolk.

His father had been an agricultural labourer in Norfolk too, but, after fighting in the Peninsular War, found that ex-soldiers were treated as undesirables. He was unemployed at a time when bread was 1s. 6d. a 4-lb. loaf, and when married men received 9s. a week, and unmarried 6s.; when the poor-rate rose to 22s. in the pound and nearly 50 per cent. of the population were receiving poor relief in some form or other. This was round about 1830-33.

By 1840 Thomas Edwards was in work at 8s. a week and married to a widow with three children. By 1850 he was earning 7s. a week, living in a cottage with two bedrooms, with his wife and seven children, George having just been born; the mother added about 4s. a week to the income by working at a handloom, sometimes sixteen hours a day. The father was a bullock-feeder, working seven days a week, leaving home before dawn, returning after dark. Then came the Crimean War and with it increases in prices until the cost of bread alone for the family came to 4s. a week more than the father's wages. The eldest boy at twelve years of age, was earning 1s. 6d. a week, the second, of ten, 1s. 2d. On Saturday nights George and his sister went to bed early so that his mother might mend and clean their clothes, since they had but the one lot and they were to go to Sunday School on the Sunday, the only school that George ever attended. Both parents were very particular about religion.

One night in 1855, as there was no bread in the house, the father took five turnips from a field. It was not the first time he had done so and a policeman was on the watch for him. He was sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour; the wife and family went to the workhouse, where they remained all the winter; George was only five years old then but was not allowed to remain with his mother. When the father was released, no one would employ him; what! employ a thief!

On coming out of the workhouse, George received his first job, scaring crows from a farmer's field at 1s. for a seven-day week; very proud he was when he took home a whole shilling to his mother so that all should have enough bread and she should not cry any more. Cow-tending, turnip-cleaning, harvesting, brick-making, followed; a little bread and butter for breakfast, two slices of bread, a small piece of cheese, and an apple or an

onion for dinner, working often from dawn to dusk, and many a thrashing. One steward treated him so badly that the mother slapped the steward's face; fined 5s. and costs, with the option of fourteen days' hard labour. And so to horses, and ploughing, leaving that farmer after four years' work because he would not pay more than 2s. 9d. a week; and succeeding in raising his wages to 6s. in another three years, while becoming a skilled hand at all farm work.

In 1870 George married and took part in local Primitive Methodist services until, in 1872, he was appointed to conduct a service. At this time he could not read. Now his wife began to teach him, but for a long time he had to be mainly dependent on memory. But once having learnt to read for religious work, he was not content to stop there; he gave up smoking and his two ounces of tobacco a week, which released sixpence a week to buy books with. Reading suggested to him that social conditions, especially the sufferings of his father and mother, were not as God meant them to be.

All the years of Edwards's life had been years of improvement in profits from land without corresponding improvement in the conditions of life among the labourers; and those who had perceived the drift of things and exchanged country for town found themselves better off and wrote so to their friends in the country; especially about the advantages of organization. It was in this year of 1872 that the first Union of agricultural workers was formed, under the leadership of Joseph Arch. The movement spread and Edwards joined it. Labourers were discharged by the hundred; evictions became a policy. The movement went on spreading: 150,000 joined. A demand for a weekly wage of 13s. was put forward and conceded; it was the first time such a wage had ever been received by an agricultural labourer in Norfolk. Next followed a demand for a stoppage of work at breakfast-time; any food that a labourer had between tea one day and dinner the next he had to snatch as best he could, while working. Edwards was one of those who struck work on this question; for the time being he went back to his other trade of brick-making. His wife read the weekly paper to him; they searched the Scriptures together to find what was

justified and what not; and they found everything asked for was justified. To Edwards the Labour Movement became a religious movement also; he always remained of that opinion, and therein lay his strength, in that, and in having the wife he had, and no children, and excellent health.

In 1879 he was still brick-making and under an employer with whom he got on very well, until Mr. Gladstone's extension of the franchise became a burning question. As he was working under a contract the employer could not give him notice as he wanted to do, and had to content himself with getting sixpence deducted from the allowance of half a crown a week to Edwards's mother-in-law, living with him, and dependent on him, which the employer, as a member of the Board of Guardians, was able to do. Edwards informed the political leaders of this and it became a platform battle-cry. When the election came on, his contract had expired; he came forward as a speaker; Joseph Arch was elected to Parliament.

But the labourers' movement had not continued successfully. Dissensions ruined it. Wages were down to 10s. by 1886 and at that figure Edwards returned to agricultural work, walking six miles to and from work. But his employer was one who sympathized with his reading and helped him much by lending him books; others he bought. Once he had a new book in hand, he read nothing else until it was read right through, and the contents thought out and accepted or rejected on their merits. Some were theological, most economical; Henry George, Adam Smith, Thorold Rogers. Reading was done late at night; often he would go out at eleven o'clock and wipe his eyes with dew in the effort to keep awake.

In 1889 the belief in a Union returned, and this time he was asked to lead, which meant, in time, that he was addressing five meetings, and writing articles, each week; all, of course, in addition to his work. A meeting might be ten miles or more away; he did not cycle in those days; he would be leaving a meeting at ten and reaching home at two. He was offered £ 1 a week to give all his time to organizing, but would only take 15s. until such time as the labourers should receive an increase themselves.

One of his chief difficulties was to overcome disunity of

effort and his own instinctive feeling against strikes, and to put the whole movement on a wider footing than that of mere wage-improvement.

In 1892 he put up as candidate for the County Council and nearly won, and went to London to give evidence before the Commission considering the administration of the Poor Law, which he enlightened by quoting the case of a widow who was being allowed sixpence a week for each of three children and no money at all for her baby-in-arms, together with a stone and a half of flour for all; and what flour it was he took samples to show. Joseph Chamberlain cross-examined him for some hours; and George quoted many other cases, especially concerning contributions demanded towards the support of aged relatives from those who could not afford it. His evidence was among the most telling of all, when printed; and contributed towards revision.

In his own case, the Guardians demanded 1s. 3d. from him towards the 2s. 6d. which was their total allowance to his widowed mother, and on his refusing to contribute that sum they stopped the 2s. 6d. She left the cottage in which she had dwelt for fifty years and came to live with them until her death in 1892, entirely dependent on them; as did his wife's mother too, for sixteen years. When the District Councils were instituted in consequence of evidence presented to this Commission, both he and his wife were elected and discovered worse cases than any so presented.

Till 1896 there ensued constant effort as an official and speaker and writer, amid constant disappointment, until on February 10 he went back to work, having lost all faith that his class would ever be manly enough to emancipate themselves.

But he never lost faith in the cause, and his wife never lost faith in him. Consequently, when, in 1906, at fifty-six, another call to reorganization took place, Edwards, known to all for his work on the Councils and otherwise, all unpaid, unequal as he felt to fresh effort, felt unequal, too, to refusing the invitation to take it all up again when his wife told him he must try. It had meant a lonely life for her; it would remain so, she knew, and it did, right up to her death in 1912. That year he cycled six thousand miles, leaving home on Monday mornings and returning

on Saturday evenings, and never missing conducting a service on Sundays. And even when he was at home there was continual work to be attended to, and that in a room four feet by six. He was never at a loss for devoted assistance, but on the other hand never free from all the annoyances that a committee can inflict on a competent secretary. He got into Parliament, too, in the end, and made his mark there; but had to put up with even more than a politician needs to reckon on in the way of libel. And religious as he always was, he had to put up with, for example, a clergyman accusing him of blaspheming the name of Jesus and demanding that an apology be made to him (the clergyman) and threatening him with a thrashing when he refused. On the other hand, when we find him addressing his Sunday audiences on texts such as 'The labourer is worthy of his hire,' or, during an election, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour,' one can understand something of the opposition he aroused.

Better still, when one reads the extracts he makes from his articles and speeches. But it is just here that the uses of Autobiography are illustrated. The former, taken by themselves, are specimens of one-sided, rhetorical clap-trap, illiterate and biased, narrow and violent, of the kind which one is given to pass over with regret that politics cannot be conducted without such debasement of all that civilization has to offer. The Autobiography, on the other hand, shows that same man writing soberly, clearly, tolerantly, intelligently, modestly, and producing the evidence that justifies the frame of mind in which the controversial matter is written. The Autobiography shows us the real man; the articles the conventions from which he has been unable to free himself, by reason of the lack of just those educational opportunities which have been denied him and given to so many of his inferiors.

As to achievement; when he was young, the labourer had no vote, no voice in local affairs; had to accept what conditions were offered, and was bitterly penalized if he complained; Edwards lived to see labourers, both men and women, become qualified to be Justices of the Peace, and some actually so appointed. It could not have been done without a man who, in

addition to the qualifications above mentioned, and similar experience, could not also say of himself that, peace-loving as he was and often blamed therefor by associates, 'when, however, I had to fight, I gave no quarter to anyone and fought with the greatest determination.'

(c) Beggarman, Thief

James Burn was not a beggar all his life, because he was such a friendly sort of person that he had no need to be so as soon as he got known. Offers came along before he asked. But his finances were always on a beggar-basis. His style is very diffuse; 'the Rev. Mr Harrison was a man over whose head the bleaching influence of many winters had left a snowy impress,' and so on; he moralizes interminably; but a simple-minded sincerity distinguishes him throughout, and the period his recollections cover (1804-1882) give many of his banalities an interest. This is all the more so by reason of his restlessness and observancy. Except for three years in the U.S.A., his whole life was spent in Great Britain in constant movement; the 'Border' country and London being the most familiar to him. It may well be that children of his are still alive and yet here is the father speaking of London in 1810; of its savagery; of the stench of the Tower moat; of a dozen or so of corpses hanging in chains near Greenwich. He saw the press-gang at work, too, in Liverpool; in the cellar where he was lodging he saw a working-man hauled out of bed, and the wife beaten off when she clung to him. His comparisons of coach and rail, old and new Newcastle, English and Scotch beggars, and notes of changes in the hat-trade, are some among many points in social history of abiding interest.

The illegitimate son of Irish parents, his first recollections are

The illegitimate son of Irish parents, his first recollections are of a garret in Dumfries, containing an old bedstead, a small deal table, a chest which served as dresser as well, a small tub, two three-legged stools, some plates and basins and two long-handled horn spoons; and so many rats that the mother kept a switch handy at meal-times to keep them away from the food. She carded wool, for her own and the boy's living. From 1806 he remembered a public execution, a ducking; and his mother's marriage with a soldier who was the worst for the Peninsular War

and drink, an attractive man, admirable when sober. All three set out as peddlars, but ordinarily he was alone with his step-father, whose conduct was such that within two years the boy had accompanied him into every gaol in the south of Scotland. They often just begged, and mixed with every type of beggar then on the road in Scotland, which included many types that have since disappeared, as, for instance, the hand-barrow beggar, i.e. cripples, real or pretended, who laid on barrows and were left at a farmhouse door, it being the custom for the farmer or cottager to give them some alms and to push the barrow on to the next door, however far that might be away. Often the weight of the cripple would necessitate two men to push. Then, too, able-bodied imbeciles were kept in food and clothing by going the round of the parish, and doing such work as the farmers could manage to get out of them. On both sides of the Border almost every house provided a welcome for the beggar: plenty of food, comfort for the night in barn or byre, and in many instances bedclothing was specially kept for them. The pedlar was treated as one of the family. One reason for this was that few people left their home-district and there were no newspapers; consequently households were dependent on wayfarers for news. and drink, an attractive man, admirable when sober. All three for news.

In 1810 the stepfather tried to obtain an army pension, and they all begged their way to London, receiving a pass which enabled them to get assistance in every town they passed through. They were treated so liberally that they visited many more towns than needful; and had the stepfather only kept sober they could have saved up enough money to start in business, besides obtaining the pension.

they could have saved up enough money to start in business, besides obtaining the pension.

Here in London the family parted, the mother taking the boy and the other two children whom she had had by the stepfather, and, with the help of another pass, visiting all the towns on the East coast on the way back. James must have been an attractive youngster; several offers were made at different times to adopt him. Back again, then, to the Border; listening to the chimney-corner tales of bygone days, noting the prevalence of the belief in witchcraft; and the practice of smuggling whiskey into England, in spite of the prohibitions enforced to prevent

it competing with slave-made rum from the West Indies. There was much hardship, especially when his stepfather, who had rejoined them, was in 'delirium tremens'; and narrow escapes from injury and death at times; but on the whole there was much to enjoy. All the latter came to an end when the family moved to Ireland and James was left with his own father. It proved a bitter cruel home for him, from which he ran away, penniless, back to Scotland. This was his start in life. He begged and worked and made shift; changing coats once with a scarecrow, much to his advantage. In 1817 his stepfather died and his mother had news of the boy and they went out together as pedlars once more. It was a year when the corn was cut in December and was only fit to feed cattle with and when the country was very near to revolution; but bad years and good years alike were years of perpetual changes to James. Soon he was assistant to a thorough-paced scoundrel, from whom, if he had had any capacity for crime, he would have learnt that business. James left him after nearly getting imprisoned for unwittingly passing his base coin.

By 1819 his mother had married again and he had tried trading between Scotland and Ireland, employment in a coal-pit, smuggling whiskey, hay-making, cutting corn, shearing, and illicit trading in tea. Then to Newcastle, where he endeavoured to be taken on as apprentice by tradesmen, and would have been, had he been able to find sureties. After being refused at a stone-quarry as physically unfit, he went to Liverpool with a man in the hat-making trade in the hope of finding employment in that; but his companion changed his mind and went to America instead. An attempt to enlist was stopped by his having a skin-disease. Then to sea with a trading vessel from Liverpool to London, leaving the ship with fourpence in his pocket and two ship's biscuits. He found London too big for him, and, after the second night homeless, wandering about the streets, looking for a miracle, but finding only misery, male and female, and having eaten his remaining biscuit, he set out walking north, and on the Great North Road met the miracle, in the form of a gentleman near Barnet, who gave him a whole half-crown. At Barnet, then, he had one of the most refreshing meals of his

lifetime, and with two shillings and threepence farthing in his pocket, reached Ely and there refused an invitation to join in with two thieves. In crossing the Wash he was nearly drowned. At Helmsley he found an old friend who introduced him to the hat-trade, which was to be his stand-by for most of his future life. And yet, he had not been at it five weeks when he decided to go on to Hexham, for the sake of a girl there whom he hardly knew. Now that he had an inkling of the hat business he found it practicable to obtain an apprenticeship. This was in 1821, and was a turning-point in his life. He remained at work for the first time, and so continued for five years. At the end of that period, he was earning ten shillings a week, thought it enough to marry on, did so, quarrelled with his master's son, and was out of work. At this time he could read, but not write. He went to Dublin, a most enjoyable trip, but unprofitable; returned; set to hat-work again at Otley; remained at that a year and, in January 1830, removed to Edinburgh. In May his second child was born, and in 1831 he was taking part in the political struggles of the age and had got as far as becoming the delegate chosen to represent the hatters of the district at meetings. His first speech resulted in election to membership of the Central Committee, and eventually he could look back on an interval of real practical service in the public and trade interest; and above all, that he had attended all these committee meetings without becoming a drunkard; of only three of his associates could as much be said.

In 1833 he went into business on his own account, and for two years did well, but politics interfered with success and in 1837 James changed to tavern-keeper, under the style of the 'Hatters' Arms.' Politics ruined that too. And his wife died, leaving him with five children. By 1839 he was married again and changed from tavern to spirit-cellar, the lowest state he ever reached, he thought, morally; by reason of its success being dependent on the degradation of his customers. Then sciatica came upon him, and typhus on the whole family. Fortunately, he had taken a great interest in the beginnings of the Odd-Fellow movement, and been energetic in support of it; the Odd Fellows accordingly came to the rescue. The same old life began again; vagrancy; intermittently finding money for a journey alternat-

ing with not finding money for the family; another birth now and then; new experiences, such as grain turning, agencies, ad-vertisement-writing, making commercial directories, the lastnamed being cut short by the entry of Kelly's into the field. This was in 1852. Passing over much else, we find him at Euston Station in 1857 with 1s. 6d. in his pocket and six persons to provide for, and he fifty-three years of age. By 1859 he had become first President of the newly formed Burns Club in Edinburgh, and in 1862 the family were all off to the U.S.A. to make their fortunes and live happy ever after. On arrival they had 12s. 6d. between the seven of them, and all the best of their baggage had been stolen, and the information which they had relied on as the inducement to emigrate was mistaken. James took to the hattrade again there, at sixty-two, under conditions so entirely new to him that he was at a great disadvantage as a worker, even apart from his age; he adapted himself to the new conditions of living and working, but his wife and family did not and never tried, holding themselves aloof from their neighbours and uniting in making the worst of things. How much adaptability was needed may be gauged by one fact—that at one shop in which plank kettles were used for the work, even in the summer heat, he worked for five months in trousers only, and those wet with perspiration every night. By 1865 they were back in London, their passages paid by a friend, and £10 to start with. It was now that he wrote the first part of his autobiography, for which he obtained \mathcal{L}_{20} , on which he thought himself rich. He was, however, much richer thereby than he knew; many were the profitable friends the book brought him in the days that were to come. Meanwhile he was most conscious of the failure of his wife's mind. He wrote other things too; some articles for a local paper when he was back at Hexham, in the country he had known so well for so long; and ultimately his book procured him a friend who pitchforked him into a situation as a clerk in the Salmon Fisheries' Office in Westminster, where he had Spencer Walpole for his chief and was happy and prosperous until the office was reorganized and he was out of work again with six in family and nothing but his last week's salary of thirty shillings. Some journalism, with lamp-shade trimmings at Christmas, filled up the interval, eked out with presents, until a job at South Kensington Museum turned up, which lasted fourteen months. When over seventy years of age he obtained employment with the Great Eastern Railway and there remained over ten years, when his working life came to an end in retirement to a daughter's home. His wife had died in 1879, and, as for children, he had had eighteen births and thirteen deaths to provide for.

He says of himself that he was bashful but proud, and ambitious and self-respecting. He was also very sociable and came into contact with so great a variety of people that he must have learnt and avoided learning everything that attracted or repelled him. He changed from vagabondage to steady work and yet says that there were many occasions when it seemed mere chance that he did not become irreclaimable. A factor, no doubt, was that he carried an air of gentility, and spoke well with a good accent; on the other hand, this sometimes told against him, in suggesting to people that he had had good beginnings and had fallen away. It was taking to a trade that was the turning-point in his life; before that 'my life had been like a feather on a stream.' As a trade worker he was temperate and industrious; never losing a half-day through drink when employee. Very resourceful, too; once, when stranded in Bradford, he made up a lecture on Burns and induced enough people to come to realize four pounds. He made friends so easily that in later life he came across them everywhere with a frequency that is at times ludicrous; in the streets, in the dock, etc. Even in New York he met a gentleman in the street whom he had known at home, went to a restaurant with him and there found another, formerly a gentleman and an acquaintance, serving behind the bar. Very goodtempered, too, evidently; though of this he says little except that once in lodgings in Liverpool there were so many bugs that his temper gave way: 'I don't know that I was ever out of temper with any of the lower animals before.'

Hopefulness and cheerfulness were two leading factors with him.

The change from vagrancy to steady work dates from the

time of marriage, and the tendency increased as wives and children increased.

Games and sport never had any attraction for him, nor gambling. A liking for the society of his social superiors had much. He was always particular about the social position of his family; even when the next meal was to seek. And social ambition was a determining factor which lifted him out of vagrancy; 'that which I aspired to was to be a respectable working-man.' His political career he looked upon later as so much misdirected energy; and he lacked, he thought, judgment too much to succeed in business. His home was always a happy one. He never remembered consistently harsh treatment except at his Irish father's home.

W. H. Davies also worked at intervals, and, if writing poetry is work, has worked quite a lot. And he achieved beggary rather than was born to it. The narrative runs from 1872 to 1906.

His father died early and he was adopted by grandparents who led him to Chapel, morning and evening, each Sunday, and led him back, while he saw other boys at liberty. The only way to alter these conditions was to apply for work. So he hired himself out to an ironmonger for 5s. a week. Afterwards he was apprenticed to the picture-frame trade and when his grandmother died, which was when he was twenty, and left some money, the income of which was to be divided weekly among her three grandchildren, he obtained an advance of £15 and went to America.

On the way to Chicago he sat down on one end of a seat when at the other end was sitting one Brum, a notorious beggar, who introduced himself and proposed a partnership. That was how Davies became a beggar. But previously, when at school, he had done quite a lot of thieving, and, in fact, organized it. There were six in the band, all of respectable families; but once one of the gang blundered, and in five minutes they were all captured and in prison. They were birched and sent home.

In the U.S.A. he sometimes begged and sometimes worked, returned to England, went back again to live the same life. After five years in all in the U.S.A. he again came home thinking of

opening a book shop in London, but on seeing an account of the gold-mining in Klondyke in an evening paper, returned to America. Between Ottawa and Winnipeg, in attempting to jump on a moving train, to get a free ride, as his custom was, he slipped, fell under the train, and had his right foot cut off. The leg had to be amputated at the knee and he very nearly died of it, but his vitality and the kindness of the people at the village hospital and in the village pulled him through; so many strangers visited him that the matron's dog, who always barked when a visitor came, became hoarse. With one leg he found his spirits likely to be permanently lower and gave up all ideas of adventure. He returned to London, as optimistic and simple-minded as ever, with his thoughts turning more and more towards literature. He lived in London mostly, at Rowton House and similar places, and went on writing and writing, with intervals of begging to raise money for publishing his writings, and in the end succeeded so well that he had no need to beg any more.

His distinctive heritages were three: first, a taste for beer (he was born in a pub.); secondly, for fighting; and thirdly, for reading. It is evident that of drink he had a great deal more than was good for him; of fighting about as much as was good for him, and as for reading, he was one of the few who never do themselves any harm with it. There were indeed times when it seemed differently, as, for instance, when he was an apprentice, and habitually read too far into the night to be able to work well next day. What developed his tendency to read was a desire to emulate the cleverness of a boy friend of his who was distinguished enough to recite in public, and he began with the common penny novel. At school he did well, and all through his life as a beggar the desire to read was continually coming to the surface, as when he arrived at Liverpool; the day after he landed, he says, he made his way to the Public Library. And at the end of his fifth year in America, it was an article on Burns in a weekly paper that decided him to go home. 'My thoughts wandered back to the past, the ambition of my early days, and the encouraging words of my elders.' It set him thinking that if he had had the daily companionship of good books, his mind might have been capable of doing something.

Among the elders referred to above was a young woman, living in a small village near his home who was very clever, and a great reader of fine literature. This was during the second year of his apprenticeship. He had already written one or two things and showed her one of them.

'She was the first to recognize in my spirit something different from mere cleverness, something she had seen and recognized in her books, but had never before met in a living person. I had known her only six months when she died, but her words of encouragement have been ringing in my ears ever since they were uttered.'

It may well be, he thinks, that this was a factor which decided whether drink was to be the first thing in his life or not.

He exaggerates: let him contradict himself.

'It was never a desire of mine to possess jewellery, fine raiment, yachts, castles or horses; all I desired was a small house of my own and leisure to study.'

and he held forth to Brum as follows:

'Although I had by this time become lazy, losing all sense of respectability, I often reproached Brum for the aimlessness of his existence; telling him we must seek work and attend to other wants than those of the body. I would tell him of the arts, and how the cultivation of them was lost to us through a continual lack of funds. I told him of the pleasures of reading, visiting picture galleries, museums and theatres, and of the wonders of instrumental music, and of the human voice. Saying: "Your life is not mine. We often go for days without reading matter, and we know not what the world is saying; nor what the world is doing. The beauty of nature is for ever before my eyes, but I am certainly not enriching my mind, for who can contemplate nature with any profit in the presence of others?"

But Brum was a practical man. He made out a list each morning of what he needed to ask for and get that day. Begging to him was a fine art of which he never tired. His directions as to the advantages of begging near a railway track, by Catholic Churches, from fat women, and in blind alleys, have all the marks of genius as well as experience, and are entitled to the reader's full attention, however experienced he may be in beggary. There was another, called Wee Scotty, who knew Baltimore so well that he could take a stranger with him three times a day for a month, to receive each meal from different good people that were known to him. He could take up a position at a street-corner and say: 'Go to that house for breakfast, come back to this house for dinner, and yonder house with the red gate will provide you a good supper.' But Baltimore was exceptional; Davies himself took a bag and two companions, who each took one side of a single street, and in ten minutes they were both back dropping paper bags into Davies's bag; and after both had disappeared into houses for supper, they refused further invitations and settled down to the main results; fried oysters, turkey, chicken, beef, mutton, ham and sausages; potatoes and yams; pancakes, tarts, pie and cake of every description; bananas, grapes, apples, and oranges; mixed nuts and a bag of sweets. With Brum, indeed, they had had so many luxuries that both came to prefer plain bread-and-butter, and on their summer expedition by the seaside, where lodgers had often left clothes behind them, clothes were often offered them, and that to such an extent that Davies was well dressed within a week. There were many recognized beggars' camps, which formed meetingplaces, and had cooking arrangements. It was, in fact, beggars' cooking that Davies chiefly missed when he returned to respectability; the camp fire made a chicken more tasty than the house oven, and civilized food generally seemed to suffer in flavor from the want of good wholesome dirt. There was also the difficulty of sleeping in a soft bed. When Davies finally left America and came to London, it

When Davies finally left America and came to London, it was with a clear idea of achieving literary fame. But he recognized that an interval was to be expected; say, twelve months. With a cotton shirt, then, a pair of stockings, and a handkerchief in a brown paper parcel and two pounds in his pocket he left his village in Somerset and sought for lodgings in the Blackfriars Road at sixpence a night, and eventually settled down at a prewar Rowton House, living on eight shillings a week and finishing a tragedy in two months. The most tragic thing about this

tragedy was its reception by the publishers, and by the time a long poem had been written, then another tragedy, a comedy, a volume of humorous essays, and hundreds of short poems, the twelve months was up. His efforts to get these published were, indeed, a form of beggary, but it is too well known a form to dilate upon. He then found it necessary to reduce expenditure, and therefore moved to a place run by the Salvation Army, where the beds were so close together that he was glad to get one next to the wall, in which, by turning over, he could sleep without the breath of his neighbour coming into his face. But he went further; he decided to raise funds for the publication of his poems by going out as a hawker; to do which he would need a new leg, his first wooden one showing signs of wear. He circularized likely persons, which brought him up against the Charity Organization Society, his experiences of which were more than even his good temper could stand. But he gained a new leg in the end and with three to four shillings' worth of laces, needles and pins he left one beautiful morning in September.

'As I advanced towards the country, mile after mile, the sounds of commerce dying low, and the human face becoming more rare, I lost for the time being my vision of the future, being filled with the peace of present objects. I noted with joy the first green field after the park, the first bird that differed from the sparrow, the first stile in the hedge after the carved gate, and the first footpath across the wild common that was neither of gravel or ash. I had something like nine shillings in my pocket, and I felt that business was out of the question as long as any of this remained. Reaching St Albans on the first night, I walked through that town, and, making a pillow of my pack, lay down on the wild common. It seemed as though extra bodies of stars had been drafted that night into the heavens to guard and honour the coming of age of a beautiful moon. And this fine scene kept me awake for two or three hours, in spite of tired limbs. This seemed to me a glorious life, as long as summer lasted and one had money to buy food in the towns and villages through which he passed.'

It was not till he was nearing Rugby that he considered selling anything and then he found he had nothing to sell, all his stock having been rendered unsaleable by damp. But that morn-

ing he fell in with a 'gridler,' who was scandalized at the idea of a man with a wooden leg not being successful whereas he, with all his limbs complete, had nothing to do but pick up coppers. A 'gridler' is one who sings, preferably hymns, in a horrible, lifeless voice, making himself appear as wretched as possible. Davies did have a try in partnership with him, and coppers came raining in on them, but self-respect put an end to it; he was destined to sing in print only; that, and no worse.

Partnership with another pedlar followed, and profitably; his

Partnership with another pedlar followed, and profitably; his capital amounted to nine shillings before reaching Birmingham; but there again he found so much offered him at the Public Library that it was only when his last three coppers were going on a meal that he realized he must start work once more. But he was a bad beggar. It was begging, this pedlar's job, inasmuch as anything he offered for sale could have been bought cheaper at a shop; but he lacked the volubility and shamelessness to pitch the long tale of distress required by the public; and sometimes he would pass through a whole town without accosting a soul. He also made the mistake of keeping company with a grinder, the kind of tramp most disliked at lodging-houses, and thereafter fell in with a 'downrighter,' i.e., one who just begs openly. Yes, he was learning all the time; but then, here was November, and bad weather setting in; only three pounds gained towards the thirty that the publisher demanded; and the ideal of a small room and a cosy fire and a full bookshelf, seemed as far off as ever.

He set off for his native village and two days before Christmas was still twenty-seven miles away, but succeeded in making the wooden leg average three miles an hour for nine hours on end, and so 'home' on Christmas Eve. After a rest he returned to London. His fellow-lodgers were very glad to see him, and he them. Davies digresses to talk about them in that spirit of utter friendliness which makes the book an outstanding one, and which made them talk to him and he to write about them in a way which makes the whole beggar-world kin with the rest of humanity. Among so many, let but two be quoted: Irish Tim, a very small man with a sarcastic tongue; an out-of-date printer broken on the wheels of the new machinery, the leader of arguments on politics, rarely having a good word for any public

man, but never losing an opportunity to stroke the cat; and Bob, an idealist, a dreamer, full of the wonders of Nature, marvelling much at the undertakings of men, railways to cross mountains and bridges to span canyons; and deeply interested in the early growth of things, ere they were manufactured into a form that every person could recognize; a most brilliant conversationalist and a good companion for others, but seldom having a comfortable moment when alone. It was Davies who discovered this, through Bob sleeping in a cubicle next door to Davies; where Bob, who, five minutes before perhaps, had been in the kitchen laughing, reading aloud, or marvelling, would be sitting on his bed trying to throttle himself, and then would smother his face in his bedclothes and invariably end by sobbing. This and these were at the 'Farmhouse' in Southwark, where, with two hundred men, seldom would a voice be heard raised, while from the slums outside would be heard the fighting and swearing of men and women and the screaming of children, to such an extent that Davies would often give up trying to get to sleep and return to the kitchen. There were, it is true, jealousies; as between the rival bootblacks one of whom had no need to work as hard as the other, having a mother who kept a flourishing cat's meat shop; but he and they were such that

'these men respected me and never failed in civility in their dealings with me, though I did everything that these men dislike. I wore a white collar, which they at once take to be a challenge that you are their superior. Few other men in the house could have produced a tooth-brush without being sneered at. (True, it induced Brown to ask the question whether I felt any actual benefit from cleaning my teeth; he had heard so many different opinions that he did not know what or what not to believe; saying that he had often watched me, and wondered at so unusual a custom.) . . . Again, I was almost a teetotaller and that was the worst charge of all. In spite of all this, I do not believe that I made one enemy, and am certain that I never received other than kindness and civility from the lodgers of the Farmhouse.'

'The greatest enemy to the man who has to carry all his ward-robe on his body, is rain.'

The only free shelter is the public library, where he may sit for hours staring at a page he never intends to read, unless he cannot get a seat, in which case he will need to have learnt the art of going to sleep standing up, which is very difficult to acquire; but it can be done, and that so successfully that cases are known to him in which the art has been put into practice unnecessarily, as, for instance, of going to sleep while standing in front of a baker's window merely to take pleasure in the sight of the eatables. The homeless man had to remember that he may not go to sleep in public; those who can afford to remain idle may, but not the beggar. Besides, not only is there the danger and discomfort of the rain, but his goods would spoil if exposed to rain; and also, while the rain lasts, his earning power is gone.

'I would never beg, unless forced to the last extremity, for I feared the strange fascination that arises from success, after a man has once lost his shame.'

So, too, when he was advised to 'Stand Pad,' that is, just to stand and hold out something in his hand for sale, to invite charity, which he, as a one-legged man, would be sure to receive. Three times he started out to put this wise advice into practice; but each time returned without having done so.

He gives several instances, as typical, of the beggars' contempt for those who work.

Davies worked his passage backwards and forwards across the Atlantic as cattleman, and gives as detailed and vivid a picture of the life as of his other kinds of life.

And so also of U.S.A. prison life, much of which was regularly adopted by tramps in the winter in those areas where the officials were paid at so much per prisoner and consequently were anxious to induce anyone to enter the gaol and to keep him there as long as possible. Under such circumstances crimes, conviction, and board and lodging, were all arranged for in the most accommodating manner and with all due regard to the prisoner's comfort and freedom.

No, no, it is too late now; the system has been done away with.

Back to Chicago again: this time for Crime.

There is a publication by the Behaviour Research Fund connected with the University of Chicago entitled The Jack-Roller, 137 pages of which consist of the autobiography of a Chicago man of Polish parentage whose name is not given but who is referred to as 'Stanley.' It is typical philanthropic publicity-work, the editorial matter being fatuous, illiterate, and long-winded; and yet lacking in the one thing most needed, a glossary. And 'Stanley's' own work, if not put into his mouth, certainly reads as if put into his mind. But it is no doubt all done, on both sides, in good faith, and considering the tampering that is brought to bear on autobiographies by publishers, conventions, inarticulacy and literariness, 'Stanley's' is a welcome effort. Moreover, there is this to be said in fairness for the editor's work, that its many references to other autobiographical matter of the kind make up the nearest approach there is to a bibliography of the subject. The period covered seems to fall entirely within the present century.

Stanley's mother died in his fifth year. The father re-married; he and his three children lived with the stepmother and her seven in four rooms in a basement. It is to this stepmother's illtreatment of him that Stanley attributes all his wrong-doing; but the leader he followed was her son William and the latter's friend Tony. Tony had two sisters who were as good thieves as the boys, and child-prostitutes as well. Stanley found the street life fascinating and learnt all these four could teach him before he was seven: the others were about twelve years old. He was small for his age, had something attractive about him, and found stealing thrilling, school dull, and home abominable. He took to running away from home until his father got tired of going to the police-station for him. When he was eight he was arrested as incorrigible and sentenced to a Juvenile Detention Home, and, after having his first bath, went to sleep in a clean white bed, thinking how pleasant a place gaol was.

During the time he was there he learnt more about crime than ever before, from the other boys, of all ages up to seventeen: the worse they made themselves out to be the more admiration they got from each other. He was sent back home after a

while, and during the next few months the same process was gone through nine times more. The school teacher said he was a 'menace to society,' and the magistrate said his parents loved him and he must stay with them. But on this last occasion, after leaving, as usual, the first day, after the first whipping, a stranger, an Irishwoman, found him and made him one of her family. He thoroughly enjoyed himself there for five weeks, but then, being recognized by two detectives, was up before the magistrate again, who, on the stepmother's suggestion, committed him to a reformatory for three months, at nine years old. Discipline was very severe; also punishments, such as chewing soap, and being kept without food and sleep. His one resource was to dream dreams of freedom and what could be done with it, when it came. When it did come, the first night he was pulled from under the porch where he was sleeping by a policeman, and then sentenced to the St Charles School for Boys, thirty-eight miles from Chicago, in a very beautiful landscape, valued, the editor says, at \$1,250,000. Discipline here was stricter still, talking being forbidden. Nominally there was self-government, but the 'captains' chosen by the principal, were as much despised as hated; brutal ill-treatment and sodomy being normal. Many little boys had to put up with the latter four or five times a night. Some education was given, with the result that he took to reading; stories of adventure, when possible; those available inciting him to dreams, of becoming a success in the business world. There was much military drill, with a prize for the best company, but as the captains utilized this as a means towards bullying, the pleasure was lost. There were games, too, but the big boys kept the little boys out of those. As to food, the same bill of fare was gone through in the same order each week.

After release, he was re-arrested and sent back within twenty-four days, for another ten months, and then put to work with a farmer who was very kind to him, but country life was strange to him, and dull. He longed for the only life familiar to him, amid cinemas and crowds. Escaping to Chicago, he found a friend who got him employment, out of which he drifted back to theft.

In the course of this he caught the attention of a prostitute

who gave him a home and happiness, just mothering him; but he grew frightened of the situation, thinking she might be arrested and he with her. So he left and was very miserable about it, and got back to 'St Charles' all the same, for another eighteen months. By this time he was becoming an older inmate himself with a position of his own, harder and more self-confident. So that when he left, instructed to be in bed by nine and keep out of bad company, he was fully convinced he was going to become a success as a thief.

Back to the old slums, then, and old friends, international, criminal, sympathetic, homelike. However, he did start with a job. It lasted five days, till he got fired out for smoking in the w.c. Then another job which lasted a whole week: he lost that through fooling around with the girls. And so on, till he met an old friend who wanted a partner in 'jack-rolling,' i.e., following drunken men or sexual perverts, clubbing them, and taking their valuables. But one day his partner failed to turn up, and 'Stanley' found he had no nerve to 'jack-roller' alone. He went to a social-worker, got a good job with a big businessman who decided to adopt him: he dropped straightaway into luxury and kindness. But it was dull: reading and card-games and snobbish friends. When he found himself with \$23 in his pocket, he could not resist temptation and was off, out of Chicago; but was soon back in the same old slum. At fifteen and a half years he was a convicted criminal.

It came as a great shock to him to realize he was a criminal: he had only thought of himself as a mischievous lad up to now. He was only sentenced because he gave his age as eighteen: he was the youngest there and looked down upon for 'jack-rolling,' a nigger's job, the others thought. Crime was the sole topic of talk, or rather crime and sexuality. As a training for a criminal, it was quite a university. And he had always had a leaning that way. 'Crimes held lures and adventures for me that nothing else did.' In prison, all was discipline, monotony, and humiliation: self-pity and self-abuse were necessaries rather than luxuries; the luxury was day-dreams, ministered to by reading. He says he read everything obtainable, but does not say what it was. Out of prison things went on as previously: occasional employ-

ment as a necessity, partly under the influence of his half-sister, the only one of his relations for whom he cared. She was considerate and he liked to retain her good opinion, and also to be a help to her in money matters. The idea never seems to have occurred to him, or have been suggested, that there might be work he liked. He just took anything, hated it, and put up with it for as long as he felt equal to doing so; never for long. A real change came when he made the acquaintance of one Buddy, a rotten youngest son of a well-to-do and well-behaved family. Buddy's specialty was prostitutes and Stanley did not want much leading to them. The two got into the habit of going to brothels two or three times a week and 'so I went on, my spirit of adventure holding me in its grasp.' Buddy took him home to live with him, out of the slum district into a 'swell neighbourhood. Green grass, trees and the quiet pervading air soothed my aching soul.' He thought he would have been very happy there but for the daily deception of Buddy's kind and hospitable mother.

Buddy and he made plans for an adventurous life together and eventually started for California, but never got there. The main thing he found out was Buddy's true character. He also had a love-affair. But every adventure ended disastrously. He was always learning something, but never quite enough: and his 'spirit of adventure' always somehow led him back to Chicago slums. Eventually he took to 'jack-rollering' again there, and 'jack-rollered' once too often: the victim was not so drunk that he could not follow him and give him in charge.

In the cell there were eleven prisoners at very close quarters. For food they received a slice of sausage and a slice of bread each once a day; they all drank out of the same pail of water. Another pail served as w.c. There were no seats. He was in a sad and sentimental mood over the bad start in life he had made through no fault of his own, and when another prisoner began singing appropriate songs he felt like a lonely orphan aching for sympathy and pity, but when, the next day, mission-workers brought him both, the temptation to shock them got the upper hand, and he told them all he wanted was cigarettes because he was past redemption, and prayer would not reach his sinful soul. He was glad anyway to be taken to court, because the number

of prisoners had been increased to fourteen, and some of the drunk ones had been sick on the floor. The sentence was a year in the 'House of Correction,' the prison with the worst reputation. It differed from his previous confinements inasmuch as his companions were of all ages, mostly older. The net result of all their talks with him was to impress him with the need to give up 'jack-rollering' because there was so little in it. As a matter of proceeds and self-respect, better the big job than the little job: risks were equal, and consequently not worth it in the latter. All the more experienced men looked forward to one big haul and retirement to a life of ease on the proceeds. Bravery was what they respected most. Stanley was put to tailoring and managed to do some reading and dreaming. The reading is again unspecified, but its inspiration developed on the same lines: namely, a big robbery, after which, 'I visioned myself as a criminal superior with a big automobile, driving round the town putting on airs, and having a broad on the string,' i.e. a prostitute of his very own. The earlier ideas of making a fortune honestly in business seemed 'all poppycock'; no hope but in crime.

The prison-life in the 'House of Correction' he looked upon as the worst time of his life. His narrative always tends to shoddy rhetoric instead of enlightening detail, but apparently it was not so much discipline, vermin, and insanitariness that made it so, so much as general treatment, resulting in 'the utter low-downness, animal-like existence that it forced me down to.' Monotony is, he says, the prisoner's worst enemy: that was worst on Sundays, when they were locked in their cells all day, except for meal-times and church-services.

Stanley was not, however, one of the worst-off. Two classes of prisoners were singled out for special ill-treatment, niggers and junkers (i.e. drug-maniacs). He has no word of sympathy for the niggers, either in or out of prison, but for the junkers he thought that their habits, and the forcible cure of them in prison, made up suffering enough without more added: 'Imagine a physical wreck wielding a ten-pound sledge-hammer all day, amid cuffs and beatings, with rotten food.' But, in fact, Stanley became one of the lucky ones: he was given one of the special jobs that were open to prisoners, that of a 'runner,' who ran

errands. In this way he got more variety, and some privileges, and saw the whole working of the prison. He dealt out the tobacco, too, a position of real power, tobacco taking the place in prison that is filled by money outside. These privileges were sometimes more than a prisoner's character could stand: one was actually turned 'selfish' by them. The serious part for Stanley, however, was physical: from 142 lbs. his weight went down to 118: the doctors thought his state serious: damp cells and bad food told rapidly, rheumatism was succeeded by pneumonia. But the hospital was no place for a cure: it was all one ward: screams worked up by venereal disease, D.T.'s, and dopers without dope, mingled; and the nurses, afraid of their job, just carried out orders and no more.

Once released from prison, his life did not run according to plan. The whole story, so far as it goes, may be summed up as one of crime as an artificial by-product of unnecessary respectability, broken up by some ordinary sense and kindness on the part of a few people. These got to work on his release, as a continuation of what some of them had done earlier. He was made a member of an excellent home, and appreciated it. His impatience as a worker continued to cause trouble and as the home chosen for him was in Chicago, he was still in touch with his former companions and surroundings. Neither was there any attempt, either on his part or others', to find a job which interested him, until one was offered by chance, that of tending the animals at a laboratory. All the experimental work going on around him and the characters of the staff, different from anything in his experience, resulted in his enjoying going to work in the morning and finding the day pass quickly: novelties to him. He contrasted his own habits with theirs: and wanted to change. They treated him as one of themselves. It led to him seeing some use in education, and going to evening-classes to get it, which cut out gambling, which had previously filled up his spare time. The next step was to fall in love with one of the staff and then to dress better, and then, on having a quarrel with a man at the hospital, to fight him. That was the only way he knew of settling a quarrel. He was dismissed. This was after four months. Then followed a succession of commercial jobs as before, and eventually he found some success and satisfaction in salesmanship. He gradually broke away from all connection with the slums and slum-people, and four years after leaving the House of Correction, the story ends with him established, at twenty-two years of age, with wife and child, and consequently something to work for; some depression at times through fear of it becoming known that he had been in prison, but hopeful enough, with an insurance-policy providing for the infant son's future at college. The deciding factor was that the girl at the hospital stuck to him. As a moral story nothing could be more adequate: as an Autobiography it is patchy and has been written too soon.

This is not so with Eddie Guérin, whose narrative covers sixty-seven years. He had been a criminal all his life and was concerned in some well-known robberies; but became still better known for his escape from the French penal settlement of the Iles du Salut. And for the failure of the attempt to get him extradited from England. The stories he has to tell are of interest in themselves, and he tells them fairly well, but the main interest of the book lies in the light it throws on how a criminal is made and kept criminal; on the mentality that makes it possible and the environment and on the compulsion of circumstances. And also on the penal systems he came in contact with. As a boy of fourteen in Chicago he was employed in the same shop as Gordon Selfridge, and believes that he, too, might have become a millionaire had he worked hard and often. All the courage and determination which his friends saw in him, he reflects, frittered away on fifty years of looking for trouble. He gives a verdict in favour of the long view as against the short cut. But the end is the same in each case-riches; on the assumption that there is nothing in life that cannot be bought for cash. Once, when he was journeying in custody from Calais to Paris, and his policeguard had with them a bag containing £1,500, part proceeds of the theft he was in custody for, one of the police put the bag on a window-sill where it could easily have been grabbed. Guérin eagerly looked out for someone to whom he could signal to grab it, but all the passers-by appeared 'too meek and mild.' The idea that anything but mental deficiency could induce a person to abstain from crime never enters his mind.

His father died early, and his mother had no influence or control over him. Neither had school; from which he ran away and tried a variety of jobs, none of which paid enough to keep him in gambling money, until one as errand-boy gave him opportunity to steal odds-and-ends frequently.

This it was that led to his first arrest; and the company he

met in prison and the treatment he received there—all this was in Chicago-tended to facilitate more crime and less of anything else. His next arrest was a result of travelling in the wake of Barnum's Circus as one of the pickpockets who always followed it up. Two years in Ohio Penitentiary were followed by two years as assistant in a gambling saloon in New Orleans. He even saved money, but not enough; and in time made a beginning at what was the nearest approach to a business he ever had-robbing banks; except for a period when he really did try to make good in Toronto, where he attended church every Sunday for a year and believes that with a little more luck he might have settled down. However, it seems more probable that the luck would have had to come earlier in life to have been any good, would have had to come earlier in life to have been any good, before he had got into the habit of gambling; once having got the habit of expecting big money quickly, there was nothing for it but gambling and crime; and both were losing games for him. He makes a great point that crime is a losing game; yet gives instances in which it was not. One woman spent half a lifetime in crime and settled down, investing the proceeds in real estate, and left £200,000. Another spent thirty years in England in crime and never fell into the hands of the police.

He is contemptuous of his fellow-prisoners, whose one idea is to get the necessaries and luxuries of life with the least trouble, and, in practice, manage the business so stupidly as to get into prison while their cleverer fellows keep out of it. They live from

He is contemptuous of his fellow-prisoners, whose one idea is to get the necessaries and luxuries of life with the least trouble, and, in practice, manage the business so stupidly as to get into prison while their cleverer fellows keep out of it. They live from day to day, always in the hope and belief that they are on the verge of the one final big haul which is to provide for them for life. After his own best haul he stayed at an hotel spending \pounds_7 8s. a day on drink and cigars. He had \pounds_6 000 in his pockets when he was arrested and $\pounds_{1,500}$ 000 on the top of his cupboard at

his hotel. He never even comments on his not lodging this in a safe place. He received £2,500 as his share of this robbery and kept it just a week, before he got arrested again through carelessness.

A person whose name is freely taken in vain in Guérin's book is 'Chicago May' (May Churchill Sharpe). She too has written the story of her life, and that much more satisfactorily. It was written when she was fifty-two, during the last year of her life, 1929.

She spent fifteen years in prison, and it is in respect of those fifteen years that she may be classed as a poor person. During the rest of her life she was often, perhaps usually, rich; she was a thief from twelve years old, when she robbed her father of sixty pounds and went off to America, that is, from Ireland, where her home was. She was a Desmond, the only daughter among seven children.

She had had a very happy life at home, in which she matured very quickly, handling all animals freely and loved by them, even by those which were refractory to men. Her parents were a very pleasant, efficient pair. Although she left so early she seems to have had at least seven years' schooling; fighting a good deal, that is, with the boys; the girls were afraid of her; and learning all about sex from the animals. From her second school, a convent school at Dublin, she was often sent home as uncontrollable, and was finally expelled when her class started algebra. The only one who understood her was the parish priest, who told her that education was a necessary evil, one which had to be put up with and got through with as quickly as possible, in order to start life in the outside world.

On the journey out she said she was seventeen and could pass as such; extremely direct and affable, and strong, inside and out; she had no illnesses except in prison and could eat and drink any quantity and quality, apparently, without being the worst for it.

In America she found prices too high and wages too low, and consorted with wild company; most with the wildest. By 1890 she had met her only hero, twenty-one and mature and a high-

wayman born; handsome, brave, and chivalrous. It was love at first sight on both sides and they lived together; after a few months he insisted on marriage for her protection in case of his death, as he lived a risky life. And, in fact, he was soon lynched; she was a widow at fifteen, with some elementary education in crime, filled with vindictiveness against a state of society which had robbed her of her husband and denied her well-paid work, unwilling to put up with the returns that work brought, and full of a well-justified confidence in her ability and luck. She undertook a systematic course of instruction in advanced criminality in Chicago.

Her life thenceforward consisted of using her training, her qualities, and her sex, to rob men who had a lot of money; but, thick-skinned and unscrupulous as she was, from most points of view, about sexual matters, she always had her own standards, never adopted prostitution as a means of living but only the appearance of it as a cover for robbery, either as incidental to blackmail or for direct theft.

She seems to have had extraordinary luck in being exculpated when arrested, but personality and competence must have been factors to a degree which can only be inferred. Another factor was that she never had a bad conscience; she was always living according to the standards that seemed right to her; and her standards were the product of clear thinking.

Also, she had no children.

She, too, makes much of the idea that crime does not pay. But there is much fallacy in the argument. Insistence on it is based on the idea that virtue does pay, which is not the experience of those who have tried it; it may pay their dependants, but not themselves. Few people make any kind of life pay. Also, May lays much stress on the expenses of crime-money; on the extravagant habits it induces, quick profits, quickly spent; blackmail, parasites, high-priced assistants, etc. But there again, she has no experience of taxation, especially English taxation; and, in fact, all persons who have no experience of it do not believe, when told, anything there is to tell about it; they just smile and pass over it as a good story. May's income would often have rendered her liable to super-tax here. Crime, to her, was the result

of the impossibility of obtaining a living wage; and, once a criminal, one lived as a hunted animal, or as a spy in enemy country. Animal spirits, and romance, led her into it; political economy, her own and other people's, kept her there.

All the people she robbed belonged to the class that were best worth robbing, and best deserved it, and could best afford it. She had an exceptional capacity for gaining the confidence of people, and especially of her victims. When she had begun to age and was suffering from her over-imprisonment, she could still hold her own as a result of increased experience. It might have been said of her, as of one thief she knew, that she was clever enough to steal a red-hot stove; and of whom she adds that, on hearing the remark, he did steal one, to prove it, out of bravado.

She never allowed herself to lose her independence through either drugs or drink. The latter she made very free with, because she had an inside and head that could hold their own against it; but not so with drugs. She realized that they were stronger than she and kept clear of them. Most criminals, she saw, became drug addicts and lost their self-control, their freedom, and their skill, thereby. Even with drink she never drank by herself.

In prison in France, she spent her sentence (1901–1904) at Clairmont, and later, at Montpellier. The former was administered by nuns; the latter by laity. At Clairmont the food was black bread and garlic soup; no heating, no hot water; a bath once a year, which had to be taken with a sheet wrapped round the body, and all dressing and undressing had to be done in bed; the least exposure of the body would be reported and punished. At Montpellier things were better, but not much; she had her five years' sentence commuted on a medical report that she would die otherwise.

The English sentence was for ten years and was served at Aylesbury, 1907–1917; hard labour: it was hard. This is her experience of 'our green and pleasant land.' At ten every day they were given two ounces of hard cheese; dinner at noon, and supper, a pint of something hot, and bread, at 4.30, when they were locked up for the night. The dinner varied, but usually

consisted of two ounces of meat, a potato, two ounces of cabbage, and bread. The amount of bread a day varied, but never amounted to a pound. For the first eight years she had no fresh green food; but during the last two years, lettuce, during the summer. When she dreamed, which was not often, she dreamed of food; meal-time at home in her childhood; or, later, at the best hotels, with scathing reproofs for the waiter if everything was not of the best and exactly as ordered. At first the beastliness of the food-on Thursdays, for instance, the dinner consisted of cold, hard, suet pudding with black treacle—nauseated her; but in time she got used to it and was always hungry for more of it than she got. The worst part was the eye that was painted on a little sliding panel in each cell; so carefully done that when the panel was moved and the wardress's eye took its place no change was observable; they could always be watched without knowing it; and it seemed as if they were always being watched. One of the saddest parts is that concerning the visitors; how 'influential' they were; how much they tried to do; how little they did. There was this to be said, however, that there was no solitary confinement; and much reading; May was a diligent and omnivorous reader in this interval between active work, which latter left her little leisure. But the library is also sad to think about. May tried to make friends of the two flies which were the only animals she met with in prison; and suggests that chances to care for animals would be a real and practicable improvement in prison life.

She never complained. She had been told by her lawyer that prisoners who complained were sent to Broadmoor, the prison for the insane, whether they were insane or not, for the rest of their lives; and experience in the prison showed her that the lawyer was right. It generally was deferred, too, until the sentence was expiring, and hope of release was being expected.

She herself had a hard struggle not to go mad or die; but three things strengthened her: the chief was the sight of the prison cemetery, which she so hated that she made up her mind she would not be buried there. Then came the War, and with it hope, and in fact, certainty, that the English would be defeated. And later, the Irish war.

(d) Women

Considering that Betty May was at one time a member of an Apache gang in Paris and, as such, decoyed and branded a Cambridge undergraduate, and did much else similar, she may seem to belong to crime. But she had the anti-criminal qualities of imagination and intelligence. Certainly she knew poverty; was as much, and more, of a woman than of a criminal; and, in addition, it is clear that, as she says, she never tried to be ordinary and to fit in with other people.

She was born somewhere about 1895 and the story is brought up to 1928; and was written primarily for money at the suggestion of a journalist. It should have been a longer book, written later, but her personality redeems it from all these defects.

It is evident from the later parts of the book that intense vitality was a leading characteristic with her, and that that naturally had begun to die down some years before her career had reached as far as the book reaches; she had ceased to react against thwarting as she had done formerly, for one thing. She did not remember a time when the father lived with the family. Her mother and the four children lived in one room; two, counting the scullery; furnished with a table and chairs; no bed. The mother was five feet tall (Betty grew no taller) and worked twelve hours a day at a chocolate factory for ten shillings a week: not enough to live on, but too much to die on. So things went on; the father went to prison at intervals for not making any contribution, but made none. However, the mother kept them and the house clean; only the blackbeetles had the upper hand of her; Betty always remembered the scrunch they gave when her bare feet stepped on them. The mother was half French, but the mother's mother, of whom they saw something, was a thorough coster, and from her Betty inherited flamboyance and love of colour; it was in that district she lived, Limehouse, and adored the swagger and showiness of it all. Her brother was her great educator; with him she used to explore the district, in itself a good training, inasmuch as it taught her you never could know what was going to happen next; and everything her brother told her to do had to be done or she was pinched until she did, or pushed into a canal.

They misbehaved until the mother sent them to live with the father, who did no work, living on the proceeds of a brothel run by a Jewess. They were no better off there and not so clean. 'Dreadful was the nipping of the hungry bugs, and the cough of an unknown consumptive who always slept in the opposite corner to me.' They preferred to sleep on the stairs though much disturbed by customers coming and going; but the father disapproved of their doing so and thrashed them for it. He was naturally cruel, liking to pick up cats in the street and dash out their brains against a wall; and when drunk, was fiendish. He was the son of a cook and a policeman, who had often tried to put him in the way of making a living; once putting him into business as a fried-fish merchant at a cost of fifty pounds, and later into the fruit-barrow trade for five pounds. The first business he sold (on the third day) for one pound and the second for half a crown. The daughter mentions these cases to explain her own behaviour in money matters.

When he next went to prison they all three went to court together; she being sent on by the magistrate to the father's mother, who passed her on to an aunt who lived on a barge, which became Betty's home for the next few years. It was very monotonous, that life on the water; so that when she was sent on to another aunt who had a farm in Somerset, she found it delightful for at least a week. The village school spoilt it; lessons bored her. On the other hand, one of the masters there brought a new interest into her life. He had a great love of Keats, which he tried to instil into her; and to such influence she was as responsive as to thrills. They went for walks together; they got on very well together; too well for village conventions. So there ensued a tearful scene with her aunt, at the end of which, as she would not give way, she was packed off, with a few pounds, in sorrow and fear, to London. That and no more; left entirely to her own resources; no arrangements made; no information given.

Arriving in London, she made for the only district she knew: the Commercial Road; bought new clothes; wandered about; a young Jew stood her a gin at a pub., the first she had had since her grandmother used to give her some on market-days; and in the pub. there was a kindly old woman who took her home to sleep. With that base Betty took her bearings again as a Londoner. But that all came to an end in another pub., where a stranger induced her to come to the West End with him, in spite of the warnings of the bystanders, who knew the beast.

After trying to seduce her in the taxi, and finding that neither force nor persuasion were of use against her, he pushed her down the steps of a night-club in Leicester Square and so left her. But she settled down very happily to night-club life, with her hair still hanging down her back, and made some better friends. After refusing an invitation to join a woman-blackmailer in business, she made a centre of the Café Royal, admiring the artists who then used it as a meeting-place, until she herself attracted notice and joined the set. After about a year another white-slaver invited her to go to Bordeaux with him, where, he said, he could get her a job as a dancer. It was an adventure, and she accepted. The first night at Bordeaux she had to defend herself with the only weapon to hand, a pair of scissors; but won; escaped into a town where she knew neither the language nor a single person; fell into the hands of one of the worst characters of the Paris underworld, and so to Paris with him; entirely of her own free-will. It was adventure. She became a member of the gang, and to such effect that it was there that she gained her nickname of 'Tiger-Woman,' and followed out instructions with too much success, which ended in the headquarters being raided and the men-members sentenced, while she herself made her escape to England. Here, in Paris, she touched the lowest depths she specifies; but they made her famous among her set in London; and she still felt herself a child seeking adventures.

In Paris she had developed her two accomplishments, dancing and singing, but for a living seems to have depended on acting as a model. But anything in the way of earning was always more or less of a side-issue for her and much of the rest of the book is concerned with the people she met in the night-club life, and in the intervals, such as when she got engaged and spent time at a Cornish rectory endeavouring to be turned into a lady by the family of her fiancé. After three months she

made a wild dash for London and married, after changing her mind several times as to who was to be her husband. Her final decision tied her to a drug-taker from whom she adopted the habit, finding in that too some of the adventure, for the time being, for which she had the same craving still. As for drink, it was always a link between her and her friends, as if it were absinthe that makes the heart grow fonder.

Her account of the effects of cocaine on her are worth attention, culminating in attempts at suicide, as for instance, when one day at a restaurant the waiter brought her white coffee instead of black, and 'immediately I concluded that the whole world was against me, that not only my friends but even my favourite waiter had entered into a conspiracy to prevent me drinking black coffee,' and she drew a hatpin to finish matters. From drugs she was rescued by an Australian; it was war-time by now: husbands died, and successors were found, with rapidity; but later both she and the husband for the time being found their master in a magician with whom they stayed in something like bondage in Sicily. Whether this was the cause or the effect of a decline in her vitality and concentration and determination is not clear, but it is here that the decline takes place; and soon after the narrative breaks down and breaks off.

Contemporary with Betty May was Maria Botchkareva, one of the women who fought in the Great War. She not only fought; she recruited, trained and led a battalion for the Russian army during the first year of the Revolution in order to continue the fighting against the Germans, and to shame the men into continuing, at a time when all discipline was breaking down. Yashka's adventures on battlefields—Yashka was her soldiername—her rescues, her escapes, her wounds and her recoveries from them, her being sentenced to death by Kerensky for differing from him on a point of political theory in forgetfulness that he had just abolished the death-penalty, her mission to Kornilow, the counter-revolutionary general, through Bolshevist lines and her return, the mental processes and excesses of the rank and file, her trials and successes in building up the Battalion of Death—all this makes one of the most marvellous of war-

stories. But the book would be a first-class Autobiography even if it ended before she joined up.

Born of a mother whose first pair of shoes were given her by

her husband, and of a father who was always either terrorizing or starving the household, an emigrant to Siberia with the family at six years old, a wage-earner and contemplating suicide at eight, working from dawn till bedtime at eleven, but surrendering her earnings to her mother although her father worked but two days a week and drank hard, seduced at fifteen under promise of marriage, whipped nearly to death and often driven out into the snow barefoot by her father, marrying at the same age to escape home, knocked about by her husband till at eighteen she ran away, having to submit to rape by an official before he would visa her passport. Her husband discovered her hiding-place and married life was resumed on the same terms until she ran away again, to Irkutsk. There she struggled on amid underpay, overwork, and unmitigated lust, until she married an ex-convict, who promised better, but turned out as badly as the rest. However, for three years things did go well. Then that came to an end through her husband befriending an old friend of his wanted by the police. Her one desire was to become a convict with her husband and to obtain permission to do that she underwent privations and ill-treatment that reduced her weight by one-half. And so to the Arctic regions, finishing the journey with two months in a roofed barge with a thousand others: no air, no light entering but by openings in the roof, sleeping almost on top of each other, some dying uncared for, and all allowed out but once a day on the roof, when not under punishment. The governor of the prison offered her privileges for her husband on the terms usual with every man she met, and on her refusal, drugged her, and raped her just the same. She took poison, but recovered and her husband went to kill the governor. Both of them were sent into exile among the Yakut tribes, where her husband degenerated to such an extent that she fled, walking one hundred and thirty miles in six nights, hiding by day, to Yakutsk, and so back to Russia. It was the outbreak of war and the desire to serve her country that decided her. Thereafter she lived as a soldier.

All her life she had experience of little but misery and bestiality of a kind and degree that few of us ever meet with once, but the whole book is radiant with hope and faith and determination, never more pathetically shown than in its last lines when, in 1917 at the age of twenty-eight, she leaves Russian territory for the first time to seek salvation for her beloved country from—President Woodrow Wilson.

Perhaps a little older than these two would be the heroine of Kathleen Woodward's Jipping Street. A novel of slum life (Southwark), circa 1898–1913. At once a remarkable novel, autobiographical in the clearest form, and equally clearly the best apology for the form being used, since one cannot imagine a more direct form giving the same impression more distinctly and incisively. There is not a person or an incident mentioned who and which do not stand out as having been just so, and worth the words; it all rings true. It is not, therefore, a book which can be used without regret at having to leave out what one has to pass by, but as our concern is with the life of the writer, one must just mention this fact and, for the rest, keep to the point.

Neither is it a book to summarize; since summarizing is the art of leaving out what is of lesser importance, whether subject-matter or way of saying things, and here the writer's gift for writing and for omission is perfection. It needs to be said, then, that here is the early life of a London slum girl, daughter of an invalid father of good breeding, and of a washerwoman mother who belonged to the district and knew no other, and to illustrate this by quotation:

Her father.

'My father was tall and slender, and . . . exquisitely gentle and sensitive; he was refined without being cultured; quiet, retiring, having in him a certain quality which drew to him men, women and children. He retained his sensibilities and his charm through all his adversities: in squalor, poverty, want and ugliness unredeemed, his coat was brushed to a thread, his boots patched and polished. He bathed regularly, and with infinite difficulty, in a

small hand-basin; he refrained from the common vulgarity of speech which surrounded him, and was consistently fastidious in his habits.'

Her mother.

'You must see mother as she most familiarly comes back to me: From out of the wash-house in Jipping Street, for ever full of damp, choking, soapy steam from the copper, which settles on the broken window panes and in a moment becomes a thousand little rivulets, falling drunkenly down the surface of the windows, and hangs in tiny, tremulous drops on the ledges which I can watch as I wait to turn the wringer. I wait, and watch the steam on the window, and listen to mother.'

'Out of the steam comes mother's face—pinkish purple, sweating, her black hair putting forth lank wisps that hang over her forehead and cling to the nape of her neck. The hairpins in her hair rust in the damp and steam.

"Christ!" she gasps, and wipes the sweat from her face, and for a few moments rests her hands on the side of the wash-tub hands unnaturally crinkled and bleached from the stinging soda water.

"Wash, wash, wash; it's like washing your guts away. Stand, stand, stand, I want six pairs of feet; and then I'd have to stand on my head to give them a rest. . . ."

'I lived close to my mother, held fast by strong ties which existed without love or affection; indissolubly I was bound.

'And I shall never know how much strength and resolution she gave to me. She gave me courage; and from her I learned to hide my fear, however little I might learn not to be afraid.

'I humbly acknowledge my debt to her, although I can never know really its nature or dimension.

'She nursed only one softness in her heart, a tenderness for my father. Him she sustained in body and in soul, without being conscious of the sacrifices she made, the giving out; she gave without question.

'She sweated and laboured for her children, equally without stint or thought, but was utterly oblivious to any needs we might cherish for sympathy in our little sorrows, support in our strivings. She simply was not aware of anything beyond the needs of our bodies.

'In her anger, which was frequent and violent-for when she touched that extreme verge of tiredness in mind and body and

would not give way it seemed to revenge itself and become a fierce anger—she aimed her blows without feeling or restraint. Once she split my head open; and again she threw a fork at me, which dangerously pierced my side.

'Violent she could be, ungovernable in her rage, but she never was mean. I have nursed many a scar and wound she inflicted on my body, and, for a week on end, have nursed bruises for some childish misdemeanour, but I have never felt a moment of animosity towards her, or been conscious of the suspicion of a feeling of bitterness.

'Her chastisement was, as it were, clean and honest, and in keeping with her nature.

'She had no love to give us, and, thank God, she never pretended what she did not feel; but children miss the presence of love and wilt, when they are not embittered, in its absence.

'At home it was always wintry.'

The child of both.

'I could not discover in my own self either her grim acceptance of life or her rigid endurance, and my days were spent in a be-wilderment on unresolved protests, questionings and problems. I could and I did conceive of a world that was wholly different; and this was a torment no less than a relief.

'Listening to mother, life seemed a long-drawn-out agony of uncertainty, rounded off by death and possibly the workhouse, which was worse than death. The terror for me, however, lay beyond rather than in the immediate present, where mother was, for I could not imagine a happening that would break down her obstinate endurance.

'I got up in the mornings, and each fresh morning there was a quality of eager promise in the day before me. Sitting on the canal steps, I could quietly snatch at the day before it was astir.

Life was vigorous, unrelenting; the multitude of odd jobs I performed was matched only by their singular unremunerativeness. Every penny weighed. I have the memory of winter mornings before the dawn, that time of day when the dark seems most improper and out of place—desolating mornings when the cold does not bite and sting, but damply enwraps you with a leech-like embrace.

We had to rise early for a place in the wood-line, and vividly I recall in those first frigid moments greeting the dawn with querulous tears seemingly frozen under the eyelids (but keeping the

eyes open); the blind groping after clothes, and the growing sense of the urgency of the occasion, for wood we had to get.

'Again, in the street, to be frozen to all but the sense of utter desolation, I would make a muff of my wood-sack to keep my hands warm, and from some less frozen spot inside my head I directed the speed and motion of my feet: my legs I could not feel from the knee down.

'The wood-yard was only half a mile away, but on winter mornings it seemed an endless stretch in Greenland.

'We huddled close together in the wood-line to keep each other warm. At six o'clock the coffee-shop opposite opened, and we smelled the smell of kippers frying, and bloaters—warm, human smells, to increase our sense of the long, long waiting.

'Through the windows of the coffee-shop we beheld a scene of infinite unrest as the proprietor of the "Anchor" rattled the mugs in place, restored the upturned forms and tables, blew out his cheeks, tied the strings of his dirty white apron with the air of a man who has all to hope and nothing to fear—certainly not the hunger we suffered.

Presently the customers came, shadowy figures out of the gloom, and slowly the steam from the tea-urn rose sheer up the front of the window, dissolved and gathered in little streams that fell irregularly down the face of the window as sheet after sheet of steam rose up the surface of the glass, sealing and re-sealing the privacy within, leaving us to imaginings that drew down the face and made more hollow the stomach.

'At last the wood-yard opened to the queue of cramped mutes that we by this time had become; and I remember with what an inscrutable countenance the yard boss finally dealt out the wood—a figure to thrill our frozen limbs with fear and awe. Yet, as one's turn came, one seemed to read into his stern face a certain kindliness, to feel an outrush of gratitude as chump displaced chump in the sack, aimed by this compassionate Olympian who never once relaxed his features nor opened his mouth, except to say at intervals: "Get a move on, stiff guts!" Stiff we were.'

'Hollow, hateful years! I shrink even now from looking back at them, the hateful years, crowding life into an hour of the day before seven, when I left Jipping Street, and could sit alone and flavour the day before the day was astir.

'I had lost my dreams and I grew away from the people in Jipping Street who consoled my childhood, because they accepted

without question, although with eternal complaint, a state of things that I found intolerable. I could not reconcile myself; I was filled with unrest; I questioned and criticized; I raged and rebelled and knew that in acceptance came a measure of peace, only I could not pay the price of such peace. Some uncontainable force spurred me on and on to where I knew not, nor to what end.

'I accustomed myself to hunger and that tiredness which takes away all sense of feeling; only, I could not accept; I could not accustom myself to acceptance.'

'Meanwhile we lived in our rooms at the hospital end of Jipping Street, and mother went out to scrub in the morning and we took in washing to occupy the afternoons and evenings, and I sat in Jessica's parlour, or slid unseen round the gates of the stable in Jipping Street and climbed to the top of the pantechnicon that was housed there, and hid myself from everyone among the sacks and shavings. In this solitude a more benevolent spirit would well up in me, and quiet the turmoil within; and I dreamed my dreams.'

'One day it came to me strong and clear—the end of all desires, the longing beneath all longing; and there shaped in my dreams a little room with white walls, clean white-washed walls, and bare floor-boards, set far away on the brow of a hill I had never seen, remote, inaccessible. Swirling, fugitive at the foot of the hill, the world pressed on—Jipping Street.

'In the centre of the room was a square, solid, white deal table, for scrubbing; there was a chair I could scrub and, in magnificent array about the room, the bookshelves I myself had builded supporting the books I had most strangely become possessed of; and in the room there dwelt peace and cleanness in perfect accord and sanctity.

'I was nearly twelve. How I sickened of people; loathing them! From morning until night, and again in the morning: people, people, in travail with their insufferable burdens. They toiled all day as I toiled, and felt about them the unseen, unsubstantial chains of a slavery too real for sight and substance, but biting into the soul.

'I shrank from them because they scattered and refuted my dreams, with their tired eyes and indomitable endurance; subtle, insidious enemies of revolt, with their forlorn, wooden acceptance of the intolerable burden of life in Jipping Street. Going on and on from the beginning to the end; from the sticky, shiny, smelling

perambulator—with a teat stuffed in the mouth to keep you quiet—to the grave or to the workhouse.'

'I retired more to my little room—my citadel; . . . It made possible the days which did not belong to me. Always there was the early morning which was mine; mine, too, were the late hours of the night alone in my room. There were no worn faces to scatter my dreams. I could draw the curtains and shut out the ugliness and squalor and the light of day. Oh, I could not bear the light of day, for in it everything seemed more hopeless and unlovely! The night is more kindly.

'I had stripped the walls of their dirty and verminous paper, and with a liberal use of whitewash brought them nearer to the clean white walls of my heart's delight. Other nights I scrubbed the floor, and it, too, shone white and clean. I could not mend the windows, but I covered the cracks with brown paper, which I pasted to the frame. I owned one chair without a back, but with a surface washed as clean and white as the floor and the walls, and on this I sat, night after night, and looked at my books on the mantelpiece, and set out, in my mind's eye, the bookshelves I should one day build me round the strong deal table I should one day buy; but for the time I was more than happy to breathe in the solitude and feast my eyes on the white walls and clean fresh floor-boards.

'My room was like a world apart, and every night and every morning I was re-created in its solitude, girded, armoured for the day before me, and the people, whose very presence laughed at my secret thoughts.'

"... No devotee approached the symbol of his faith more devoutly, more humbly than did I approach the glories of our language as they then appeared to me.

'I confess that the sense of these books was often uncomprehended by me—only the sound was not lost—and there was nothing that brought sweeter music to my soul than the sound of beautiful words. The Blessing, for example, in the Communion Service: "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord: and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain with you always."

'I knew it by heart. I read it aloud in my room at night. I repeated it to myself in the factory where I alone could hear myself speak, for the noise of the machinery was so great.'

'Life then was like walking on a parapet, looking neither to the right nor to the left, looking straight ahead, pressing on and on, encompassed about with fears, nameless fears; shutting out but not forgetting.'

'There remained, however, my room—my citadel. Oh the inexpressible balm of its bareness! No odds and ends; no cheap china pieces with inflexible countenances; nor photographs, nor stuffed chairs smelling with age and the need for fresh air—none of those things which made up the real Gethsemane of my childhood. Only the line of the room (small though it was); my books now on shelves made from those excellent Tate sugar-boxes and stained to resemble oak; clean-smelling, fresh whitewashed walls; and I no longer looked up at my grandfather's memorial card on which, with the date of his death, was inscribed the fact that his body was washed up at Mortlake.

Blue curtains at the windows matching the blue covering of the couch—a deep, rich, unfathomable blue.

'My landlady, the moneylender, shivered as with the cold when she beheld the bareness of my room. She said acidly, "You might as well be in a hospital," and retired hastily to the swarming knickknacks in her parlour, where, under a picture of the Crucifixion, depicted in a manner unsparing of physical detail, she received her clients when they came to borrow sixpence or a shilling.'

A book that has much in common with Miss Woodward's is that of Adelheid Popp, in spite of differences resulting from the former's sense of beauty, absent in the latter. The latter was the first German woman-socialist leader: there is no book more typical of modern times. All that she speaks of took place in Austria, before 1910.

The dominant factor in her self-consciousness was the unhappiness of her early days. Her father she dreaded; she never remembered a time when she had spoken to him, or he to her, but many a time when she had crept under the bed when he was beating her mother. Most of all did she remember the Christmas Eve when her mother, by saving farthing after farthing, had been able to buy a Christmas tree, the only one they ever had,

and how they waited and waited for the father to come home, and when he did come, past bedtime, he was drunk, and chopped up the Christmas tree. Most people, she found in later life, had at the back of their minds the wish—if only their child-hood could come back to them; she herself not only had the sadness of hers to remember, but also to bear the sadness of having missed all that the others could still enjoy in retrospect.

sadness of hers to remember, but also to bear the sadness of having missed all that the others could still enjoy in retrospect.

She was the youngest of a family of fifteen, five of whom were surviving and she the only girl. When the father died, her brothers ranged from eighteen to ten, and none successful. So she had to turn to and help out of school hours; first, at sewing buttons on to silver paper at halfpenny a gross; sometimes she earned as many as twenty halfpennies in a week. Sometimes there was an extra sixpence to be had by following the funeral of a rich child, perhaps over a muddy route with no soles to her boots. Then there were begging letters to write for her mother who having left school at six, could not write. Adelheid mother who, having left school at six, could not write. Adelheid left school at ten years of age, crocheting shawls for twelve hours a day, earning sixpence a day, and taking it all as a matter of course, except for one wish, to be able, just once, to go on sleeping until she woke of her own accord. At twelve she was apprenticed to lace-making, twelve hours' continuous work at 1½ d. an hour or less, and often taking work home, thereby depriving herself of her only pleasure, reading. At fifteen—unemployment; more begging letters; prayer, too; no results. God and women she found cruel; men were kind, but always too kind. In time she found work at a factory and progressed up to ten shillings a week, buying a midday meal for 1¹/₄d.; it smelt like it. During this period she had much illness, started by a fright she received from a sexually-minded lodger. Fainting fits increased her difficulties in finding work, or even in applying for it; obsessions began to torment her. The doctor found her undernourished and anæmic to the last degree, and advised 'exercise in the open air and good food. At fourteen years she was put into the workhouse infirmary as a hopeless case, along with the aged invalids, and only by chance did she get treated otherwise.

All this while she never ceased to make opportunities to read.

The wildest romances were what appealed to her most, with suffering heroines, but these were shelved in her sixteenth year in favour of 'history' about royalty. She would often go without food to buy a newspaper for the sake of its leading articles, preferentially a Catholic paper, which criticized the workers' movements adversely. Then anti-Semitism carried her away; and next it was the turn of the Anarchist movement, stirred by the methods used by the police in repressing it. And thence she came to the conclusion that the organization of society was not a divine arrangement. When first she attended socialist meetings she was the only woman present; but her intensity carried her eventually into public speaking, and into success with it. After eleven hours' work at the factory, she would attend committee meetings thrice a week, stormy meetings and late ones; and in the end broke down through reckless exertion in going long distances to speak. She became a whole-time worker in the movement, and was 'infinitely happy,' and equally happy in her marriage during the eight years it lasted, though many a time fearing another breakdown as she sat at her table writing, with an infant in her arms, and the household work waiting to be done. When in prison, and aching from the hardness of the prison bed, and frightened of the peephole through which the warder could inspect her at any moment, she could always maintain her spirits with the words of George Herwegh about the ends in view—that the poor may be provided with bread and work, that their children may be educated, that their old people may not have to beg.

Her mother and she were great trials to each other. Mary, the fifteenth child, was born when her mother was forty-seven, and, at any rate up to her sixtieth year, the mother never had a day's rest. When no work was to be had, she would go selling soap or fruit. To be dependent on no one, to owe nobody anything, such things were worth any sacrifices. She was against books, against the staying out at nights for meetings, against every future but marriage; and when Engels and Bebel, then famous throughout Europe, came to talk her mother over, and get her to realize that her daughter was one to be proud of, she could grasp nothing of what they said, and her only idea

was that neither of them was young enough to be considered as a possible husband.

There is an English book which may be mentioned as a sort of appendix to the foregoing, Life as we have known it (Hogarth Press, 1931), with an excellent introduction by Virginia Woolf. The contributors write of similar conditions, but also of the abolition of the worst part. Moreover, the contributors are a cheerful lot. And here it may be mentioned of 'Poor Folk' generally, what compassion they feel for the dull life the gentry oblige each other to lead; Gorki speaks of it from experience, and Kelly, too. And as to women, reference may also be made to the nurse of the Strachey family, a fragment of whose autobiography is printed in J. St L. Strachey's own (Adventure of Living), in which is shown how a woman, born poor and so remaining, with a wide and deep capacity for literature, found happiness in using it to tell stories to the children in her charge, and sought no other.

Then, too, there is Mary Antin. Much as has been said of her already, she cannot be kept out of this chapter either. It is a characteristically different contribution from anyone else's, a different method from any of the foregoing of reacting against environment; namely, how to be happy in a slum.

In her *Promised Land*, the lodgings that awaited them were three small rooms, for the six of them, in an alley in a Boston slum; furnished with bare necessaries; enough to break the mother's heart, perhaps, if she expected relief from poverty; but to the children wonderful; everything American was wonderful. Most of all, what was to be had free. The street lamps, with light free; a brass band, music free; education free, with no questions asked and no prohibitions in force; one just had to go there. So many changes, too; they had to be re-dressed and re-named; to learn to use the iron stove, the telephone; to speak English; not to be afraid of the policeman. In years to come the chief wonder of her life, when some chance thing, a letter from Russia, a word, happened to remind her of the contrast between past and present, was rather that she, Mashke, grand-daughter of Raphael the Russian, denizen of the Pale of Polotzk,

should be living in an American town, free to live as she chose, dreaming dreams in English: but at first all the wonders were concrete; shops and postmen and fire-engines. But, above all, school.

As to the schools themselves there is nothing to show that they were anything but the usual starvation to children's minds: indeed, Mary says that the geography lessons were. But the teachers had enough of the teacher in them for Mary to bring it out. Her enthusiasm and ability could extract from a textbook what the writers of the textbooks had failed to express, but was nevertheless dormant there; some residue of the personalities of those who had done the original thinking and research.

Wheeler Street and Dover Street were places where families had flats of four rooms or less; slept two to four in a bed, in windowless bedrooms, with a backyard so small that the rubbish-heap filled it. On the narrow pathway and in the street was a rubbish-heap of humanity; babies in the gutter. No parks or playgrounds then. In the Dover Street parlour the dingy paper hung in rags and the plaster fell in chunks. Those bedrooms that had windows looked on to dirty yards and advertisements, and when a window was open, there came through the clang of trams, the screech of machinery, the clatter of wagons. Dover Street was rarely quiet; never clean. One could stand in the unswept entrance-hall and note what was going on in the other flats by the noises issuing; for doors were seldom closed; there would be spanking in one, drunkenness in another, the scabby baby fallen out of bed on the third floor with no one to pick him up; quarrels about washing on the roof. The latter was a standing feature; it came into the children's game of 'tag'; with

'My-mother-and-your-mother-went-out-to-hang-clothes; My-mother-gave-your-mother-a-punch-on-the-nose.'

'From my little room on Dover Street I reached out for the world, and the world came to me. Through books, through the conversation of noble men and women, through communion with the stars in the depth of night, I entered into every noble chamber of the palace of life. I employed no charm to win admittance. The

doors opened to me because I had a right to be within. My patent of nobility was the longing for the abundance of life with which I was endowed at birth; and from the time I could toddle unaided I had been gathering into my hand everything that was fine in the world around me. Given health and standing room, I should have worked out my salvation even on a desert island. Being set down in the garden of America, where opportunity waits on ambition, I was bound to make my days a triumphal march towards my goal. The most unfriendly witness of my life will not venture to deny that I have been successful. For aside from subordinate desires for greatness or wealth or specific achievement, my chief ambition in life has been to live, and I have lived. A glowing life has been mine, and the fires that blazed highest in all my days were kindled on Dover Street.

'I have never had a dull hour in my life; I have never had a livelier time than in the slums. In all my troubles I was thrilled through and through with a prophetic sense of how they were to end. A halo of romance floated before every to-morrow; the wings of future adventures rustled in the dead of night. Nothing could be quite common that touched my life, because I had a power for attracting uncommon things. And when my noblest dreams shall have been realized I shall meet with nothing finer, nothing more remote from the commonplace, than some of the things that came into my life on Dover Street.

'I had moments of depression, when my whole being protested against the life of the slum. I resented the familiarity of my vulgar neighbours. I felt myself defiled by the indecencies I was compelled to witness. Then it was I took to running away from home. I went out in the twilight and walked for hours, my blind feet leading me. I did not care where I went. If I lost my way, so much the better; I never wanted to see Dover Street again.

"... But I must never forget that I came away from Dover Street with my hands full of riches. I must not fail to testify that in America a child of the slums owns the land and all that is good in it. All the beautiful things I saw belonged to me, if I wanted to use them; all the beautiful things I desired approached me. . . . Everything that was ever to happen to me in the future had its germ or impulse in the conditions of my life on Dover Street. My friendships, my advantages and disadvantages, my gifts, my habits, my ambitions—these were the materials out of which I built my after-life, in the open workshop of America."

CHAPTER VI

BUSINESS MEN

Business men boast of their skill and cunning
But in philosophy they are like little children,
Bragging to each other of successful depredations
They neglect to consider the ultimate fate of the body.
What should they know of the Master of Dark Truth
Who saw the wide world in a jade cup,
By illumined conception got clear of Heaven and Earth:
On the chariot of Mutation entered the Gate of Immutability?'

CH'EN TZU-ANG (A.D. 656-698) (Waley's 170 Chinese Poems).

WATSON, CARNEGIE, FORD

IN 1896 times were bad in Massachusetts. But Thomas A. Watson was rich. Local business was mostly shoemaking, and part of his business consisted in making machinery for it. Watson gave away a great deal to help bad cases, but in the end decided to extend his machine-shop and take up ship-building as the best means of assisting people. He tendered for two destroyers and got his contract accepted.

This was the beginning of the Bethlehem Steel Company, which in 1919 employed 20,000 men, with an annual pay-roll of \$33,000,000. In its first twenty-five years it paid out more than \$130,000,000 in wages and was a leading factor in the prosperity of the district.

The business grew and grew until cruisers and battleships were added, and the capital required grew and grew until Watson had to raise it on terms which forfeited his independence. He was superseded by a nominee of the directors. When the directors retrenched by ceasing dividends, his income disappeared; when they foreclosed the mortgage, his capital went. His business was a tremendous success, a local, and also a national, asset; and he was in the position of starting life over again.

The above is the central part of Watson's business life, although what he is best known for is his record as mechanic working with Bell in the invention of the telephone. The detail of how this happened is quite enough by itself to recommend Watson's book; but here it is more appropriate to speak of all that went to the making of him as a shipbuilder since that seemed to him the most splendid part of his business life, and of all that that implied personally before and after; what he was personally being the best part of the book.

Watson was born in 1854, son of a foreman at a livery stable, who worked seven days a week, and was hardly seen by his children except at meal times. The mother and an aunt washed, ironed, scrubbed, mended and cooked all day and every day, winding up the week's work by scrubbing the youngsters in a wash-tub every Saturday night. There were no conveniences to lighten their labour. All fuel and water had to be tugged up two flights of stairs from a dark, wet, cobwebby cellar—that becoming Thomas's share of duty at a very early age.

There is very marked contrast between Watson's innate and acquired characteristics. While becoming a leading and typical figure in United States industry and progress, he was in many ways personally, as a boy and even permanently, just the kind that might be expected to find himself least at home there. For one thing, most of his daily life, as a boy, consisted of things to which he took a permanent dislike. The above-mentioned household drudgery left him with an abiding interest in any device that simplified and saved labour. Horses and everything to do with horses he thoroughly disliked. His father and all the stablemen smoked, but tobacco was never a temptation to him; whiskey and water was the staple drink, but Watson remained practically a teetotaller all his life. Church he went to twice each Sunday, and that left him with an intense dislike for churches and preachers which also lasted all his life. And:

'I am sure some spiritual insight came to me in those days. Even as a child I liked to get away by myself and dream about things until the commonest objects became new and wonderful. I remem-

ber particularly one sunny morning sitting on my back-door steps looking at the morning-glories when suddenly they began to talk to me. I understood but I never tried to put it into words, for it did not seem necessary to do so.

'And I found a secret nook high up on the roof of the stable, which I reached by climbing through the scuttle of my house. Out of sight and sound of the busy scenes of the stable yard, I often sat there alone in the twilight with a delightful feeling of being part of the sky and on good terms with God. Later in my life, when I began to take long walks in the woods and on the seashore, this sense of an intimate relationship with everything—the birds and squirrels, the grass, the trees, the water and the sky—became so strong that I would lie half the afternoon in some quiet nook, miles from home, in a rapturous dream.

'All these dreams seemed important to me then, but I never told anyone about them, perhaps because, when I was not dreaming, I was afraid these blissful moments might be just laziness. But my childhood had no greater happiness than what my dreams brought me. I fancy, if I had been born in India I might have been content to spend my life in meditation, but that can hardly be done in our country where the impulse to work and get ahead in life dominates and leaves little time for philosophizing.'

Yet Williams's shop was the place where Watson found himself, a machine-making shop. He had begun work at eleven years old as a delivery boy for a crockery store; packing the goods on a wheelbarrow or in winter on to a sled, which he hauled about. In those days no such extravagance as a horse and waggon was indulged in by any store in his town.

Hitherto there had been no indication of any mechanical aptitude on his part. As a boy he could not saw straight, or drive in a nail without endangering his thumb. But at Williams's shop he grew skilful and ingenious in using tools and devising new apparatus until he became entrusted with the construction of complete machines; finding a poetry revealing itself in the work akin to that which he had revelled in in days earlier still during solitary walks in lonely forests. Then it had arisen through a sense of being a living part of living creation: now through a sense of mastery of stubborn metal.

At the same time he would wake up now and then in a

mood for a holiday. One day was always enough: those single days outdoors were among his brightest recollections; but next day the shop seemed as bright. Sometimes he would take a longer way round to work, to see the harbour, and reckoned the loss of an hour's wages well worth it.

He was also a pioneer without knowing it in the elimination of useless movements in doing work, with the result that in two years' time he ceased to be an apprentice and became a skilled journeyman who always kept his place even in the slackest times because he could turn out work with such notable rapidity. It was this study of movements in work which was one of the factors that led to his being chosen to do pioneer work on the invention of the telephone.

By 1881 he had played his indispensable part in the invention of the telephone and left the business, because he felt that its future would be all routine, like 'the rind of yesterday's fruit.' Instead he gave rein to a few of his other interests—rocks, animals, plants, poetry, dramas, philosophy, music, painting, languages, travel, which led him through all the usual parts of Europe. He accounts for his possessing all these interests by the fact that his schooling had been scanty as well as bad, whereas, had he been granted all that was then and there available in the way of higher education, until, say, twenty years of age, he felt that it would have sufficed him for a lifetime and that he would have become well content to stick to one job thereafter.

When he came home again he turned farmer; bought a farm, hired a farmer, bought all the newest farming apparatus. But the farmer did not agree with the apparatus, and farming did not agree with Watson, and the apparatus did not agree with the farm, the latter being too small and rocky for the former. Watson found himself spending more and more time reading, or in the carpenter's shop, and less and less in the fields. But in time even the desire to make good the deficiencies of his schooling gave way to a desire to be back at a machine-shop; and that led him from experiment to experiment until it landed him in the ship-building business.

Two other interests, however, the science of speech and

geology, were never discontinued.

There were also kindergartens and a People's Institute and School Board chairmanship, leading ultimately to an attempt to apply the ideas advocated in Bellamy's Looking Backward; a love of better and simpler ways of doing things being the main motive. A practical application was made by getting legislation passed to enable his town to municipalize its electric lighting, with Watson in charge, and this was successfully done; but ultimately, he decided, the time was not ripe for official enterprises; some of the ideas became common property, and the rest failed to retain their hold on his audience.

When all was lost in the crash he gave public readings of poetry, and turned his geology to account by going prospecting. Alaska and California were visited, the ideas and experiences incidental to the journeys took form in lectures and pamphlets, the people and scenery contributed, and his judgment was continually kept at work to prevent him buying mines that looked worth buying but were not. And fresh interests started. On his trip to Europe he had been puzzled to know why painting did not yield him the pleasure and profit that it evidently did to some others. He had tried to find teachers and books to enlighten him; but without success; now he tried again and found the right man. So, too, with music. An executive part soon struck him as wanting in results to himself and likely to remain so; and certainly a great strain on anyone who happened to listen, voluntarily or otherwise. The introduction of mechanical music filled the gap.

All this ended in what may be called the Benson period in his life, beginning in 1910, when Watson was fifty-six, by his writing to F. R. Benson to ask for a place as a beginner in Benson's Shakespearean company. Although the conditions of living, weather, lodgings, etc., were such as he would not have found endurable at any other period of his life, he never felt so fresh and so well as during the year he remained with them. It met a need.

The narrative goes on to 1925, but the business career is over.

Two other U.S.A. business men, Ford and Carnegie, have written books about their careers which are too typical to omit, but too well known to call for more than brief reference to salient points.

With Andrew Carnegie these are his inheritance and early surroundings. His father was a very good father, but no good at business. This is a common factor among successful business men; and with reason; it is a great incentive towards success to be thrown on one's own resources early and always; not that the theory can be pressed very far, since among the 2,000,000 people in the world, most are economic failures, both father and son. For most of his positive qualities Carnegie was indebted to his mother and her father; concentration and courage and a happy, kindly disposition. He made it his practice to go contrary to the maxim as to not putting all one's eggs in one basket, but rather to put all good eggs into one basket and watch that basket. On those lines, twenty years after arriving in U.S.A. as a pauper, he reached an annual income of \$50,000. Enough, he thought, and turned to complete his education. Hero-worship for William Wallace was a main factor in his courage: as a boy he dreaded the way home through the unlighted churchyard in Dunfermline, but went that way, in preference to the lighted streets of the town, because Wallace would have done so. His fund of happiness, his belief that the mind, as much as the body, can be moved from shadow into sunshine, came from the happiness of his home, and from the use that his parents and their children made of all the depth and breadth of the beauty of the town and its associations. It was long before he felt anything but a stranger in the States and only changed on finding that they, too, had their heroes.

Henry Ford's My Life and Work might well be omitted from 'Autobiography,' since it is written in collaboration and its contents suggest that a better title would be 'The Gospel according to Ford.' On the other hand Ford illustrates the tendency of the business man to moralize; it is generally the farthest point in metaphysics that he reaches. For example: 'The habit of failure is purely mental. . . . This habit gets itself fixed on men because they lack vision. They start out to do something that reaches from A to Z. At A they fail, at B they stumble, and at C they meet with what seems to be an insuperable difficulty. They then cry "Beaten" and throw the whole task down. They have not even given themselves a chance really to fail; they have not given their vision a chance to be proved or disproved. They have simply let themselves be beaten by the natural difficulties that attend every kind of effort.

'More men are beaten than fail. It is not wisdom they need or money, or brilliance, or "pull," but just plain gristle-and-bone. This rude, simple, primitive power which we call "stick-to-it-iveness" is the uncrowned king of the world of endeavour. . . . People see the successes that men have made and somehow they appear to be easy. But it is failure that is easy. Success is always hard.'

'And also I noticed a tendency among many men in business to feel that their lot was hard—they worked against a day when they might retire and live on an income—get out of the strife. Life to them was a battle to be ended as soon as possible. That was another point I could not understand, for as I reasoned, life is not a battle except with our own tendency to sag with the downpull of "getting settled." If to petrify is success, all one has to do is to humour the lazy side of the mind; but if to grow is success, then one must wake up anew every morning and keep awake all day.'

And then his maxims:

"... overcome the habit of grabbing at the nearest dollar as though it were the only dollar in the world."

'Everything can always be done better than it is being done.'

A new set of ten commandments could be compiled from the book, far in advance, it is only fair to say, of any ten in use, either among business men, or others.

Characteristic, too, of the class of book is it that, whereas he does not get born till page 22, he gets to twelve years old by the end of that page (at which age his life begins, according to his reckoning, that is, the first time he sees a mechanical vehicle;) and by page 30 he has been married for some time. 'It was a very great thing to have my wife even more confident than I was.' That is all he says about her.

To finish with America, we may turn to C. Harold Smith's The Bridge of Life, deserving notice as the lowest point that Autobiography touches.

It is dedicated to his children in order 'that they may better understand the meaning of life.'

It begins:

'A few are born to riches, and inherit distinguished ancestors—honourable forebears with titles. Others are born to toil and misery. Why? Who can answer? The Creator sows the seed, casting some on stony ground, some in fertile soil.

'In the first month of the year 1860, I was ushered into the world, head-first, naked, and bare, without my consent or selection, to find in time that I was the offspring of healthy parents and inherited the name of Smith, the broken toys of my sisters and the cutdown clothes of my brothers.'

His childhood, too, is passed over with just a few jocose trivialities but all rendered highly literary with adjectives and alliterations; and then, after more prefatory matter concerning ups and downs in adolescence and ultimately being rescued from suicide by one of those kind-hearted prostitutes who usually appear in the nick of time, he starts on the real business of life by raking in the dollars by the sale of lamp-black. The middle chapters provide a steady rain of anecdotes, some readable, and some commonplace smut; reminiscent of travelling as an apostle of lamp-black; 'odd stories of out-of-the-way places' (such as Constantinople), as he says, but all intended 'to extend your horizon.' He pays what may be called a 'solemn tribute' to the virtues and usefulness of his wife, who held a permanent mortgage debenture on his affections, the ordinary shares, of no par value, being held by a number of other females; but bursts out into genuine enthusiasm over the benefits and possibilities of lamp-black; winding up with a welter of tall talk on the lower levels of economists' morality until he circles the full circle into:

'Is it luck, fate, destiny, or chance that on the selfsame night in the same city two infants are born, one on a bed of roses, the other on a bed of thorns—one to rank and riches, the other to sordid poverty—one a perfect being, the other incomplete. Is there a reason, or is it chance?'

forgetful that, earlier, in acquiring the 'religious tolerance' which seems to him one of the great gains obtainable from travel, he came to understand that, among the kind of Mohammedan who was willing to talk to him, there was visualized some other paradise than that of unlimited money on earth, an eternity of unlimited women, open to all, free.

G. BARBÈRA. J. M. DENT

By way of contrast consider those of two publishers who had much in common, G. Barbèra and J. M. Dent.

Barbèra was born in 1818 and wrote for the benefit of his children, taking the narrative up to 1878. He reaches the year 1833 on his seventh page and gives no recollections of anything but school. He went to work at fifteen. His parents were people of very strict and simple habits, in the textile trade, and it was to an employer in a similar business that Barbèra was apprenticed for three years. He found favour with his principal because he was willing to work overtime, unlike the other apprentices. This, he says, is the road to success:

'for a diligent person always stands out in comparison with his fellows, who are mostly lazy, and once anyone becomes known for good qualities, it seldom happens that opportunity does not occur whereby he may come to enjoy the favours of Fortune.'

He felt handicapped by the poor clothes that he and his family wore: and he remembers the death of his little three-year-old brother so vividly that he continued to mourn him even forty-eight years afterwards.

Torino was then a difficult place to live in, especially for the intelligent, governed as it was by Jesuits and the police: both of whom aimed at keeping the citizens servile, egotistic, and double dealing: 'and succeeded therein marvellously well.' It was not till he was seventeen that he read a book for the first time. However, others soon followed, all serious. He was fond of the country, as a thing to look at and provoke thought, espe-

cially as fortifying a belief in God, which remained with him throughout life: as is common with the steadier kind of business men.

'Believing is a heart-felt need, a consolation in tribulation, and a sure guide amidst those perils which success itself oftentimes creates.'

In 1837 he entered the service of one of the best textile firms in Torino and became a commercial traveller for them. He was very diligent and successful, and became conceited and provoked envy: when one partner retired, the remaining one gave him three months' notice. It was then that he started his connection with the book-business. It came about through his being noticed giving his attention to the window of a bookshop in the fashion that others would look at a jeweller's. However, he unwillingly attracted the attention of a lady whom his employer admired, and was dismissed once more. He therefore digresses to give a warning against paying attention to fair ladies to whom one's employer is also paying attention: it may have advantages to begin with, he says, but sooner or later you will regret it:

"... so far as women are concerned, have patience: marry when you have enough money to support a wife and family; not before: and keep within the law. Live according to what is permissible and customary, and you will live wisely."

Very soon he received an offer just such as he would have wished for—to go to Florence. He went, although warned, as a Piedmontese, that he could not go there without endangering his character. However, he did not remain long in his first office, which was concerned mainly with expensive books, disposed of by means of which he could not approve. He wanted to take part in the publication of the better class of literature at low prices. He was, indeed, very nearly placed in charge of the Archivio Storico, then (1841) about to make its first appearance. However, what actually happened was that he joined the publisher Le Monnier as principal assistant, working at all publish-

ers' business up to 11 p.m. His principal work was the initiation and supervision of the Biblioteca Nazionale, a collection of works ancient and modern which, everything considered, ranks with the best efforts of the last century to do the best service that a publisher can do for the reading public. After fourteen years of this fortunate co-operation, there was a quarrel, and they parted. This was in 1854. Barbèra had savings amounting to L. 10,000.

Some months followed at Fiesole, re-considering his past, present, and future; and things in general. He was far from happy about much of it: equally far from being disheartened. One thing he was quite clear about—he intended to become a publisher. Full of faith in Someone Above, who had helped him, he also reflected that he had a great appetite for work, no pride, much courage: and was widely and favourably known as a business man in the book-world. He therefore gave much time to reading literary history and gaining a more critical acquaintance with Italian.

But all that was happening now and was to happen later was defined by something that had happened six years earlier. In 1848 chance had put in his way two books then new to him, Machiavelli's Prince and Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography. The Prince was in the Paris edition of 1825, in a form which greatly appealed to him, and which was later to be used by him as a model: the book itself he re-read time after time, always took it about with him, and could always rely on it ringing true and fresh at each re-reading. But of Franklin's book, he not so much read it as fed on it. He and Franklin, Barbèra found, were kindred spirits; Franklin's occupations and pre-occupations were, in essentials and often farther, his own; their standards of right and wrong, of what was worth doing and what not, were similar; their ideas of reality and the degree and kind of enthusiasm which prevented either from becoming inactive or sterile. And, it may be added, their limitations. He procured all other writings by Franklin that he could, and continued to find in them an incredible amount of practical moral support and common sense, and, in especial, that all that Franklin recommended was of a kind easy to put into practice there and then.

In reading, his attention was directed towards studying character and training himself to grasp what writers might have to say to him. Poetry appealed to him little as compared with prose: authors he attended to heedfully, but expected more of them in the way of moral character than he subsequently thought reasonable or tolerant.

He started business on his own account, with some extra capital added by others, October 1854. The political conditions were inimical to literary work: writers tended to be either silent or too far removed from the world around them, or too much concerned with it. Censorships abounded, and different censorships, and no one knew what censorships were likely to succeed existing ones. The tendency was to issue unnecessary and costly reprints, the printing of which was often done abroad. Barbèra wished to attend to literature that would meet present and pressing needs, dealing with current problems and encouraging young authors; and, by low prices for attractive volumes, to develop the new reading public which, he believed, was awaiting such ventures.

By 1856 all was going well; he then journeyed to Paris to see the new mechanical printing-presses, and bought one which was still working well when he wrote his autobiography, twenty years later. By 1858 he was proceeding with his Collezione Diamante, very highly esteemed in Italy and abroad for format and texts. So far his publications seem mostly to have consisted of classics. This year he issued Sarpi's History of the Council of Trent, in consequence of which the Pope persuaded the Archbishop of Florence to take criminal proceedings against Barbèra, as indeed he was theoretically entitled to do, but the theory was out of date: Barbèra was acquitted and acquired esteem and popularity through the trial. In 1860 he became sole proprietor. The revolution led to greatly increased demand for printed work and Barbèra paid another visit to Paris to buy another press. He also bought ink from London and would have bought type too, thinking English type the best: but London was too far away; his type came from Paris. He ended by buying all his ink from Hanover.

He had married in 1854. It was characteristic that he first

decided to marry and then let his friends know in order that they should let him know in case one of them knew of a suitable wife. The plan worked very well.

In 1864 he travelled to Germany, England, and France on business, spending no more time in each country than was necessary. He regretted at the time that he forewent the gratification of all other interests, but intended to revisit the first two countries at leisure. He never did; and, except for business visits to France, never left his own country again.

He was not happy in England. Neither did he learn much from English printing establishments. They were housed in buildings not built for the purpose, but adapted, and that badly; cramped, dark, ill-equipped, compared with those of France and Germany, and Italy; and the presses slow, noisy, and antiquated. Many hand presses were in use similar to those in fashion elsewhere at the beginning of the century, turning out a fifth of the work in a day that German presses were turning out. The managers of the establishments did not seem even to know of the existence of such presses. No wonder that English book prices were high, he concluded. Where they more than held their own was in type and paper. Panizzi, the Italian Librarian of the British Museum, gave him an introduction to the Whittingham Press, and thither he went, expecting to see the latest machinery and, with such an introduction, receive a hearty welcome. But he was told that they had twenty-two hand presses and no others, and that in so icy a fashion that he returned home at once. The Times, on the other hand, staggered him with the power and perfection and lavishness of its arrangements. The House of Clowes he also found notable, except that there, too, the stereotype in which they specialized was executed on an antiquated system, giving good results, but unnecessarily expensive. Spottiswoode's was also up to date and efficient. Book-binding customs were as different from the Continental ones as they still are. At Spalding and Hodge he bought paper to the value of more than L. 4,000; paper which made every Italian publisher envious of him. He also inspected the Bank of England's note-printing. All his business life he had been a great admirer of much that was English; even after

visiting England he still, he says, retained his respect for it; but came to the conclusion that the best of the English were those who visited Italy, and how glad, how very glad, he was to be back in Paris amid the more expansive and genial Parisian ways.

On his return he instructed an architect to build him a printing office embodying all the improvements he had noted abroad, especially light and ventilation, and was well satisfied therewith when it was completed in 1866. But the year was saddened by the death, on December 14, of his two-year-old boy Beppe, of whom he says that he remembers him in his prayers every night. And whereas he had been in the habit of never leaving the office by day without being obliged to, now and henceforward he and his wife every afternoon at three o'clock used to meet his boys as they left school and walk home with them, combining 'a pleasing duty with healthful exercise.' In 1866 he was elected to the City Council of Florence and gave much attention to the duties of the position from that time on; and his work as publisher went steadily on; of one Manual of Italian Literature he says he continues to sell copies daily 'as if it were bread.' His only notable failure occurred when, in a state of annoyance over friction about a periodical he had published for many years which led to another publisher being found for it, he issued another in competition with it; which proved a very costly failure. The details of this he conscientiously records for the benefit of his children, to take warning by; not to let such considerations and procedure enter into business.

The course of his life sounds as a quiet progress in moneymaking; in reality, a life of incessant hard work, of putting ideals into practice, and maintaining solvency at the same time; of grit, sense, and tact, demanded, more than ordinarily, by the violent political changes he lived through; with an undercurrent of strong human affection.

Throughout his book he includes much which would be more in place in a guide-book or a newspaper or a private letter; being equally matter-of-fact about the ephemeral as about the eternal; just as he prints the most ordinary letter in extenso, including the date, place, and 'Yours faithfully,' when the substance of the letter seems to call for mention.

The other publisher, J. M. Dent, was one of twelve children whose father was a house painter by trade and a musician by choice. He had very little in the way of education, but, by the age of twelve, had read all Scott's novels and soon after developed a passion for the theatre in spite of all that home opposition could do. Yet he was nearly thirty before he began to know Shakespeare seriously. He has a telling passage on the sufficiency of Shakespeare for all moral and intellectual purposes, and this, taken together with many similar passages in his Memoirs about the books he liked best, contradict the idea which seemed sometimes to govern his publishing work, that he preferred dead to living authors mainly because dead men sell no copyrights. To those who knew him in later life in London it is particularly interesting to read about his early days as a very poor boy beginning work at thirteen, apprenticed to a printer, trying to learn the whole of the business but exasperation his applications and the second seco ing his employer, who told him that he would never make a printer because he always forgot what came next. It was in this business, nevertheless, that his interest in book-binding began, which lasted throughout his life. His lameness dated from much earlier, and as it cut him off from most games and handicapped him in other ways, it probably became an asset to him as a business man by delimiting his energies.

When his employer failed, Dent, at seventeen, tried his luck

When his employer failed, Dent, at seventeen, tried his luck in London, working for a bookbinder from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. and often later, and four on Saturdays, at 12s. 6d. a week, when his lodgings cost 14s. This apprenticeship lasted for three years and then, getting work at 28s. a week, he married, without any furniture of his own. Of the three previous years in London he had one special recollection, that of walking home after a long day standing, lame, and, what struck him most, even more than the tiredness, so extraordinarily lonely. Coming from the provinces, from a small town where almost every face had been familiar, it remained throughout his life as vivid a

recollection as any, what it meant to do that three-quarters-ofan-hour's walk without recognizing anyone or being recognized.

By the time he was twenty-five there were two children to keep as well, business was always expanding, and so it went on, a daily, moderately successful, fight for fifteen years, until, in November 1887, his wife died, and on the New Year's Eve his factory was burned down, leaving him with nothing, apparently, but debt and a young family. It was in fact the beginning of his real career. For one thing it was just about this time that he made his acquaintance with Toynbee Hall, which was even more, in his case, the inspiration that it always has been more or less to everyone who has come in contact with it. All this time he had been bookbinding, but had had some idea of publishing. The fire precipitated this idea into practice. He found backers and started, and from that time on the business went on getting bigger and bigger, although his disabilities were always a serious handicap, his leg being a minor trouble compared with his head. It remained a puzzle to him how he ever became a business man, or continued one, so wanting was his brain from his youth up in capacity for orderly, coherent, direct thought, or expression of thought.

Then, again, he found himself quite incapable of learning a language. Also, he was most uncritical. It comes out very strongly in the preferences he expresses among books and plays and his reasons for them, classing Kingsley and Mrs Henry Wood and George Meredith all together, with many other similar mixtures; and passing over, and remaining oblivious to, practically everything and everybody of greatest value in contemporary writing, and yet all the while being continually in touch with many who recognized it at its true value at sight.

But his weakest point of all was in finance. In all the fortynine years of his business life the occasions were very rare when he was not short of money. Even in 1905, when he had £10,000 in cash, he completely under-estimated everything that was involved by the 'Everyman' series, to such an extent that when the £10,000 had disappeared and twice that sum in addition was required, he could not have carried on but for credit allowed him by the paper manufacturers. Worst of all, this incapacity as financier enforced much that seemed unwillingness to pay fair returns for good work, and so to quarrels with some of his best supporters. The other side of it all is he had imagination and enthusiasm and ambition to outweigh all these disabilities; qualities, moreover, that attracted others into providing for him what he lacked. Indispensable ideas that made his earlier publications, such as the 'Temple Classics,' notable for originality, scholarship, cheapness and appropriateness and beauty of form combined—combined as they rarely have been either before or since—came, he tells us, mainly from Evans, the Queen Street bookseller. Evans also provided him with an interest in photography which widened out into something which was a great factor in his later development.

It is a remarkable passage in which he speaks of all that his camera did for him; how it drew him out into the country, and, even when he did not have it with him, caused him to think in terms of pictures that were forming themselves around him, faces that passed, light and shade that were expressing something beyond themselves; and ended in turning his attention to historical buildings up to a point that created in him an undreamed-of interest, at first at home, and then abroad. This was but one by-product of that capacity for enthusiasm which made him stand out from other people, which, as he says, renewed his energies and quickened brain and spirit and made him seem to himself like a man for ever wandering among ever-new varieties of flowers without becoming a botanist, but always enchanted by perfume, colour and form. It was a way of life that entailed much avoidable anxiety, but was bound up with an eagerness as first cause and a happiness as a result which were worth whatever price had to be paid for them.

The whole of his life may be summed up by saying that he began by being older than his years and then went on getting younger. And a note may be made of something that often comes out in other biographies. Much of his early success, enough to make a difference to all subsequent development, was due to his first wife. When she died, they were both middleaged, and the only prospect before the family on her death-bed was that of a hard struggle as tradesmen, simply a continuation

of the same perpetual struggle of days gone by, when there was no certain knowledge at the beginning of a week how expenses were to be met at the end of it, and defeat seemed very near. Her last idea was that the sons, at any rate, should be kept out of the business and started on some other career which would not be life-long hardship.

TANGYE. PAULING. MÜLLENSIEFEN

Here may follow three men who were concerned in making things. First, Sir Richard Tangye and his The Rise of a Great Industry, 1833–1889; the 'great industry' being the Cornwall Works, Birmingham. The author belonged to the simple-andsingle-minded class of dogged business men who rise from the humblest circumstances to continuous prosperity, well contented with work and success and recognition by royalty; taking pleasure in little things as in big business, and as satisfied as Henry Ford with moralizing as the last word in abstract thought. The book deserves attention also as a record of the changes during one lifetime. Beginning as wheelwrights at a time when, in Cornwall, flint and tinder were still in use for striking a light, and any small article made in Birmingham took months to obtain, he and his brothers moved thither and succeeded until, working sixteen hours a day, they risked paying as much as ten shillings a week rent for a larger workshop, and soon after scored their first big success by making the apparatus for launching the Great Eastern. They invented the motor-car in 1862 and would have given England the lead in putting it on the market had not Parliamentary regulations killed the industry. Their lifting-jacks also put the 'Cleopatra's Needle' in place, four of them, worked by four men, when the Luxor Obelisk had required, at Paris, forty-two years earlier, ten capstans, worked by 480 men. All five brothers had been started in life at employments they did not like, but, by leaving those and going their own way, built up a concern which, in their own lifetime, gave continuous work to thousands of men for needly helf a century and that not by taking away business. nearly half a century, and that, not by taking away business from others, but by putting new inventions in mechanics on the market.

Tangye records various remarks made to him which he found useful as training for business. One, that the most useful study for a business man was the study of human nature. And, that the first thing to ascertain about a customer was which of the two classes he belonged to, *i.e.* to those who like to do all the talking themselves, or those who like the talking done for them; the first had best be left to talk themselves dry before you start. Or the man who said he never considered a new invention as established until the Jew dealers in Cowcross Street were selling second-hand specimens of it.

Typical again is the sum-total of what the contractor George Pauling says about wives and children, as follows:

'In 1877, as a side line, I entered into my first matrimonial contract.'

'Having been a widower for some time I married again early in November of that year and went to St Ives to spend a few weeks with my mother and my two sons.'

But to men there are references on every page, and especially to his only brother.

'Our lives were so wrapped up in each other, our interests were so common, and our mutual affection—I might almost say devotion—was so intense, that we might have been the literal incarnation of the poet's idea.

"Two souls with but a single thought."
Harry's death robbed me of a large slice of the joy of life.'

Ideals and education and duty counted for nothing with George; meals and money for much; just going ahead for most. Arriving in Grahamstown, on the first Sunday he and a friend of his paid a visit to the Wesleyan Chapel. His friend's wealth consisted of a half-sovereign and sixpence, and the friend, although a Scot, put the half-sovereign into the plate instead of the sixpence. Pauling grasped the situation, whispered to the collector that his friend had made a mistake, and took out the half-sovereign. He also joined the Masonic Lodge in Grahamstown and erected a tower for it which fell as soon as it had been

erected, owing, he says, to the unsuitability of the substructure against which he had protested and was therefore free of liability.

'This was admitted, but to oblige my Masonic brethren I undertook to re-erect the temple properly and relied upon them to pay me the cost. They, however, only paid a quarter of it and I lost the rest. From that time I ceased to take an active interest in Freemasonry.'

Pauling says in his Preface that he is only going to tell what he thinks is creditable; this includes selling methylated spirits to the Matabele as a drink.

He was tremendously strong both in constitution and in build. He tells a story of himself at sixteen when celebrating the close of a railway job at the 'Spangled Bull' at Dewsbury when everyone was invited to choose their own breakfast. His was four plates of a round of beef, a large loaf, a bottle of pickles, and thirty-two glasses of beer. But he was at the office at ten. Another instance, at the other end of his life, is that on one trip of forty-eight hours on the Beira Railway he and two others drank 300 bottles of German beer; and also, at Delagoa Bay, he and two others had 1,000 oysters for breakfast with eight bottles of champagne.

Built on too big a scale to be narrow-minded, his superabundant vitality made activity in work an end in itself to him; to which perhaps early habit contributed, formed by his father's improvidence, on account of which he had to leave school at fourteen and earn for himself and contribute to home when possible. Tradition in the family accounts for him specializing in contracting, but he bursts into side-lines very frequently, such as organizing the 'Savage South Africa' Exhibition at Earl's Court before the Boer War; also gold-mining, and the following venture in connection with the Chicago 'World's Fair.' He formed a syndicate to transport 2,000,000 bottles of water from the River Jordan in the hope of selling them at a dollar each for the purpose of baptizing children, and if there was an unused surplus he expected to utilize that for diluting

spirits. Certainly 'Gin and Jordan' would have proved good business, but his expectation of making £80,000 out of this was prevented by the dilatoriness of the Turkish Government.

was prevented by the dilatoriness of the Turkish Government. His record of contracting is enormous: much in England, enough for two lifetimes in Africa; the Tata Hydro-Electric scheme and work for the G.I.P. Railway in India, and many schemes in the Near East. The journeying involved is staggering by itself; as, for instance, when working on the Kimberley Railway, he averaged two to three thousand miles a month by rail, cart, and horseback. Up every day at dawn and seldom in bed before eleven, generally sleeping when on the move and not in bed more than seven times a month. Probably the job that he deserves best to be remembered by is the construction of the Beira Railway. Strangest of all, in so keen a man, is his record of missed chances, fortunes lost through inadvisedness in selling or holding on; but these failures are all connected with speculation in side-lines.

Examples of how to succeed on his lines are to be found in the following instances: (1) Sir Percy Fitzpatrick was his opponent at one time, and very slanderous articles began to appear in the local paper in which Pauling was described as a Great Crocodile who swallowed up smaller men in his line of business. He met these by taking the Editor practically by force into his Club and making him stand a drink. When the people in the Club saw what friendly terms they seemed to be on, it took all the sting out of the articles. (2) Cecil Rhodes appointed Pauling Commissioner of Public Works at Salisbury in 1895, and subsequently placed the Department of Mines under his control too. The Postmaster-General was too busy with other work to give proper attention to the posts and handed these also over to Pauling. Now the mail had to come 800 miles from Mafeking by coach, and at one time six weeks elapsed without receiving any letters from England. This gave rise to much angry feeling against the Chartered Company. So a deputation of merchants came to interview the Postmaster-General, who gave as a reason floods, which led to the deputation raising the question why provision was not made against these. Pauling said this matter was in the control of the Commissioner of Public

Works, and suggested that an interview with him should take place the following day, and in the meantime he and the deputation might have some drinks together. The next day they interviewed him again in his capacity of C.P.W. He endorsed all that the P.G. had told them and added, as C.P.W., that the funds at his disposal were exhausted, and that therefore, as the only Department of the Chartered Company which produced revenue was the Mines Department, they had better see the Minister of Mines; and in the meantime they might have some more drinks. Two days afterwards the deputation saw him at the Mines office, he as M.M. confirming everything that the P.G. and C.P.W. stated, and regretted that the M.M. had no power to spend money unless authorized by the Council; suggesting that the deputation should see the Chamber of Commerce, on which occasion he, as one of the Members, would do his best to assist them, and in the meantime they could well do with some more drinks. By the time the Chamber of Commerce meeting was held, the mail, as he expected, had arrived and the grievances disappeared.

The third name is that of Peter Eberhard Müllensiefen, who lived in Prussian territory from 1766 to 1847. He, too, reaches school age on his first page. The first schoolmaster got through eight quarts of brandy daily and flogged the children accordingly. Peter was removed from school after having been stunned, but that same day the schoolmaster's son was returning home to take his father's place, and with the help of Peter's father, gained so many new pupils that a new school had to be built, equipped with a pulley, a globe, an atlas, a prism, a galvanic battery, an air-pump, a magnet, and mathematical apparatus, as required by the new school-books. Musical instruments of every kind were provided by the town of Cologne. Peter's father gave him a little violin of his very own, as he was too small for a full-sized one, and added to his joy by teaching him himself and accompanying him. Within four weeks he and his school-fellows felt equal to a symphony, the opening chords of which remained with him as one of his most vivid recollections. They became celebrated in the neighbourhood, gave concerts, then a rarity, and received much encouragement. Peter was soon

promoted to a full-sized violin, and often spent from 4 to 7 a.m. in the summer copying music for the others. The number of pupils went on increasing up to eighty; the school was clearly a happy, busy and efficient place, barring a certain amount of bullying; as a result of standing up for victims Peter often went home much knocked about.

One evening, at one of their dances, Peter left off dancing and took up his violin to replace a clumsy musician who had already spoilt a minuet. Karl Cobet, a much older pupil, good enough at Latin, versifying, and philosophy to outshine the teacher, and to talk to Peter's father on level terms, made a friend of the boy from that time forth; it was this friendship of theirs that seemed to Peter the basis of all his later development. Peter speaks of himself as a wild youngster at this time and thinks it would have been better if his father had talked to him seriously; but he was only ten. However, Cobet, being of a very serious, religious turn of mind, influenced the boy accordingly: and it was a great sorrow to both when Cobet had to leave.

More trouble was in store. His sister died of small pox (just twelve hours before the stepmother gave birth to a boy), and Peter himself lost his sight temporarily through it, too, while his stepmother could not leave her bed for twenty-six weeks.

The French class at school was so overcrowded that the children had to sit sideways at the table, leaving room for the right hand to do the writing while with the left hand each clung on to his or her neighbour in order to keep one's place. In spite of this Peter kept free of love-affairs until he was eleven. A girl of the same age came to the school, who was indeed in need of sympathy. Her father was a clergyman who had returned home sooner than was expected after visiting a sick parishioner one night, to find thieves in the house: they murdered him; and the two daughters and the maid, whom the thieves had gagged, were at their last gasp when neighbours noticed the open door next day and entered.

Peter and the daughter made love to each other very happily for a year until the girl asked Peter if they should marry when they grew up. He was thoroughly upset by the seriousness of the position thus revealed to him and still more so by his father telling him he could not make out why he was making so little progress at school on account of absentmindedness. It became clear to him he must break it all off, and he did. Two years later the girl died from epilepsy. The breaking-off, however, could take place without anyone noticing it because his father now took him away from school to assist him in his business, providing him, however, with books and leisure in order to keep in touch with his studies. His father was a very good friend and companion, with wide interests, and could develop all that was best in the boy. Within two years, however, there came an offer from a merchant in Altena to take a boy into his business if the latter could undertake to give the merchant's three children elementary teaching.

On 1 July 1781, Peter starts for Altena accordingly. When Mr Rumpe, the merchant, comes to dictate letters, Peter does not think much of his German and still less of his French: when he is expected to spell 'vendre' and 'faire' with an extra 'r' at the end he stands up to Rumpe, who thinks every French infinitive ends with an 'r,' but surrenders to proof from a grammar. What a man, thought Peter, to learn business from! But Rumpe was the chief manufacturer of Altena, one of a group of three towns which had a monopoly of steel wire. This monopoly was strict and highly organized, Altena specializing in medium thicknesses, such as needles; and Müllensiefen's description of conditions and methods is a valuable one, dealing as it does with one of the chief industries of the period. Several times a year, e.g. furnaces would work badly and when that happened the superintendent would conclude the furnace was bewitched and would walk round it three times, cap in hand, reciting the Lord's Prayer. The conditions of the monopoly were subject to periodical revision superintended by Government agents. On the first such occasion when Peter was present, he saw Rumpe and his partners feasting the agents until they hardly knew what they were doing, while the re-allotment of interests as dictated to him by Rumpe seemed very hard on someone of whom Rumpe was jealous. This competitor came to Peter and asked his help in drawing up a protest; Peter gave

it. Rumpe was furious when the protest was presented, especially as the Government agent commented on its excellence; but Peter admitted authorship at once, saying:

'Yes, sir, I am he who is showing up crafty intrigue and stands up for plain dealing. When my father said good-bye to me on July 1, 1781, he gave me the golden motto: "God be with you, my son; do what is right, and fear no man, nor that which can harm the body only."

The agent came to him afterwards, asking where he had learnt to write so well. Peter answered:

'Writing, Sir, is the visible expression of thinking. In thinking my father showed me the way: teachers and books have done the rest: where I come in is through using my time well in building on those foundations.'

All ended with the agent telling Peter to come to him if at any time he wanted to change his job.

to Aachen and other towns near, on business, in the course of which a Dutch merchant spoke to Rumpe of the difficulties he was in owing to war interrupting his business with Spain, Portugal, Russia, and America: he proposed that all this business should be done through Rumpe since the Prussian flag was the only one that had free access to all those places. Rumpe had never done any trade by sea and thought it an excellent opportunity to learn: he consulted Peter about the project, who agreed. Everything went according to their hopes: they went on learning easily and quickly without risk, as the Dutchman's organization was excellent and clear and Rumpe was soon calling his fellow-business-men in Altena 'stupid devils' on account of their ignorance of such things, and becoming more open to new ideas in extending his own business. This led to much extra work for Peter, to be done in an unheated room during an extra cold winter. Every toe had an open sore through frost-bite, and he had a narrow escape from amputation. Yet Rumpe would not call in a doctor, but made him take the advice of a smith and use

hot fomentations for his feet and carry on with his work, crying with pain, and his teeth chattering. And then, when a concert was given, Rumpe would not hear of Peter being absent, but lent him big felt boots into which he could put his feet, sores and all, wrapped up.

Then in the course of the Dutchman's business, came a letter in Spanish. Rumpe thought Peter's knowledge of Italian qualified him for translating Spanish, and when he was undeceived, said Peter must learn Spanish, and raked out a Portuguese grammar in French from somewhere to facilitate it. In the end they obtained a Spanish dictionary from Amsterdam, after failing to procure one from Hamburg, Leipzig or Frankfurt.

Peter's time was so fully taken up with all this work and teaching himself Spanish at night that the three children got but little schooling. Another teacher was found and, two years later, Johann Raspar, the eldest, went to boarding-school; a very merry and clever boy, but weak physically. He was so fond of Peter, more so than of anyone else, that he besought Peter, on leaving, to be sure and become his brother-in-law. But within the next year, the boy became subject to epileptic attacks, and returned home. Doctors treated them as caused by tape-worm, but no improvement occurred until Peter persuaded the boy to throw all the prescriptions out of the window, since there was no evidence of worms. Johann straightway got better and so continued, in spite of sleeping in an unheated and almost unventilated room which resembled a cage. But after three months had passed without a fit, a school-friend came to see them, and the merrymaking that followed during the evening over-excited the boy, so that he died that night. This was in 1787. By this time there was another son, who seemed half-witted and walked in his sleep. Peter found that his intelligence could be developed through an interest in astronomy and that the sleep-walking could be cured by dieting and a little judicious spanking.

In December 1788 he had a holiday, accompanying a halfbrother to Rotterdam to settle the latter there in business. The cold was exceptional: for at least fifty hours of the journey they had to let their horses go loose in front of them and follow on foot in falling snow; and hear everywhere of soldiers, postboys

and beggars being found frozen. His accounts of journeys and people he met and conditions abroad are vivid and informing. Now another friend appears—Mr Goecke, a very impressive old man to look at, and still more so to know, with his library of 4,000 volumes, the breadth and depth of his intellect, and gifted and charming wife, with whom he usually conversed in French. Goecke was a friend of Rumpe's, and liked to use Peter's services as secretary. He was a man of ideas, and saw many reasons why Altena could and should establish a virtual monopoly in needles; and, as Rumpe said, nobody could do without needles. So a company and equipment was established in Altena entirely adequate to make, and trade in, the whole world's needles; and everybody in Altena who could was glad to take shares and when, what with over-capitalization and joint-management, the affair was satisfactorily bankrupt, Rumpe stepped in and established himself on the ruins.

Peter had by now been six years with Rumpe learning business, and was troubled about its morality. He wrote a detailed statement of the facts and his doubts to send to a friend for advice, and left it in a drawer, where Rumpe came across it and read it through. Tableau!

However, it was a small matter besides Müllensiefen's sturdy, circumspect, diligent, cheery, lovable, character; and was so treated in the end by Rumpe. And Müllensiefen, on his side, was influenced into making the best of things as they were by consideration that Rumpe had already promised him he should see results soon from all his work, and that people were where they were by divine appointment and that one must not be too headstrong against evil, inasmuch as all things worked together for good and that the main thing was to ordain one's own inner life rightly. Even before he came to Altena he had come under the influence of Swedenborg's teaching, which remained a guiding light to him permanently. Moreover, the desire to marry Rumpe's elder daughter was constant with him; though that did not prevent him finding much pleasure in the society of other girls, who, now that he was growing up, found so much pleasure in his as to become embarrassing. But he had a faculty of being

kind-hearted and merry and saying 'No' at the same time, which cleared the way.

All this while Müllensiefen was doing correspondence in five languages with Constantinople, Aleppo, Smyrna and Mogador; and Rumpe's business increased until his fellow-townsmen regarded him almost superstitiously. How he and they competed to discover and exploit the secret of the finer quality of English steel and how he and Peter together won, is part of economic history which has never been told till now, and never at all in English; and a good story too.

He would often be up at four, put two slices of black bread to soak in water, go out well provided with books, return at six to eat the bread and continue at the writing-desk till midday, and after a hasty lunch would often be working till midnight. His master would say he failed to understand how Peter got through so much work, but never offered assistance, and was as

He would often be up at four, put two slices of black bread to soak in water, go out well provided with books, return at six to eat the bread and continue at the writing-desk till midday, and after a hasty lunch would often be working till midnight. His master would say he failed to understand how Peter got through so much work, but never offered assistance, and was as inconsiderate about Peter's health and feelings as about his competitors' prosperity. Sometimes Peter became so overwrought that he would find a quiet corner and burst into tears; but he struggled on, aided by the belief that some return for all this could not be much longer delayed. It was not till the eleventh year that he was admitted to partnership, entitling him to a quarter of the profits and ensuring him a greater independence as against carrying out Rumpe's less creditable methods. Also, it enabled him to ask for and obtain the elder daughter for his wife; but here he had much to put up with owing to the unfriendliness of Rumpe's wife and also of the younger daughter, who wanted him for herself. Still, here he was, at twenty-six, partner in one of the best business firms in Germany and the husband of Minna Rumpe.

The French Revolution almost brought ruin. The French market could only be retained by smuggling through Switzerland, first at enormous profit, then at equally enormous loss: the work entailed endangered Peter's eyesight, and one journey that he had to undertake in the depth of winter nearly cost him his life. Bankruptcies among their agents seemed bringing about the end of all, but Peter had things his own way:

'Heedful thinking, honourable dealing, trust in God, pluck, no pride when things go well, no down-heartedness when they go badly, takes the sting out of every misfortune.'

Home troubles were worse still. There were no children, while his sister-in-law, married at the same time as he and Minna, had two. In this third year, however, she became pregnant, and was safely delivered, but died a few days after. Their almost silent love-affair of eleven years' duration, and their personal wedded life together, had been the happiest possible; now he was a widower with a baby daughter and no home.

He married again in 1798. He asked and obtained the father's consent one afternoon; the girl's the next morning; and married her in the evening. Soon a son was added to the family. Both wife and son had narrow escapes from death. There is nothing more noticeable in the book than the frequency of early death. Peter himself had had narrow escapes; both from illness and accidents that would not normally occur at present under similar circumstances; and now he had to consult the doctor about himself and was told that he would soon be dead if he did not change his ways; he was working from 1 January to 31 December from morning to night sitting down, and spending the night with a young and energetic wife; and thinking to make all good by means of hearty meals and plenty to drink. But the worst trouble was something he said nothing of to the doctor—Rumpe's business methods had passed beyond sharp practice into criminality, and what with the two together, there ensued a quarrel between the partners and separation at an hour's notice.

By the next morning he had plans for a future ready; partners and capital were at once forthcoming; he moved to Iserlohn, his wife's town, just near.

All went well up to 1805, in which year began a series of misfortunes which often brought him to despair; in connection with which he says (speaking, as he does throughout his book, to his children directly) that the hardest thing in life to an honest man is not illnesses or death, since both can be met with a clear conscience; but providing for the cost of maintaining a family, since it imperils one's sense of honour. One of the earliest misfortunes was the death of one of their travellers, 'a victim to drunkenness; who lies buried in Copenhagen, and 5,000 marks of ours beside him.' Another was a lawsuit incurred by the heedlessness of another traveller, involving journeys when the ice gathered half an inch thick on his clothes, and he was plagued by toothache until he was shocked by the sight of his own face in the looking-glass. He spent much of one night trying to cauterize the nerves with a hairpin in order to get some sleep; in vain. And when at last he found one of the untrained, ill-equipped persons of the only kind then available, both became exhausted in the course of the efforts to pull the tooth out; in the end both the forceps and the tooth broke and what remained of the tooth served him faithfully for a further twenty years.

Worst of all was to have to witness the dissection of his best-loved child in order to ascertain the cause of his sudden death, and to pull himself together in order to acquire the knowledge needful to prevent, if possible, such a thing occurring again. All his life he was giving the most practical close attention to medical matters; and his experiences and deductions throw much light on the changes that have taken place during the past century and a half in doctoring. Brandy was the universal remedy: so much so as to explain why later German politics, both Imperial and republican, have been based on cheap beer. In his own case he depended on no doctor and after many years of suffering from gout and rupture, freed himself from both. He became more and more convinced of the value of psychological means towards healing, and of most people's character and habits being the chief factors in their illnesses. He gives much space to dreams, and what he has to say is uncommonly valuable.

Müllensiefen tabulates the results of his business from 1800, when he parted from Rumpe, to 1817; showing that his income was 36,790 reichthalers and his expenses 38,211. Had his business income not been supplemented by 19,751 from other sources, there would have been several years when he would have been hard put to it at times to provide dry bread for the family. This state of things was due to two main causes. First:

War, including fluctuations of prices incidental to it, and billeting. Secondly: the irresponsibility of his partner, from whom he separated in the last-named year. However, he maintained educational expenses throughout; and in 1814 sent his eldest daughter to a finishing school at Liège and placed his eldest son Gustav, then fourteen years of age, with one of the best firms at Bremen. Neither saw their mother again. She lost her reason after the birth of the next child, owing to the German custom of visitors calling immediately after her confinement; and died soon after. Peter's own reason had a narrow escape during this terrible time, inasmuch as he could not sleep.

Throughout all these troubles Peter never deviated from his father's principle that humanity must come before private interests, and responded to many a call that came from Church and State and fellow-men; and these grew more frequent, of course, as he grew older and better known; and as times grew worse. One public office after another was filled by him until he was chosen 'Landrat,' the highest civilian position in a province under the Prussian king. And as such he had the happiness of marrying off his daughters to much more satisfactory husbands than he would otherwise have been able to hope for. One daughter married Immanuel Tafel, a leader amongst the Swedenborgians in England, with whom Peter engaged in a correspondence, which resulted in Tafel visiting him. Tafel only stayed with him one day, but that was enough for him to ask for the hand of Peter's daughter Minna.

In 1837 Peter left Iserlohn. He had been acquainted with it for fifty-six years and had lived there the last thirty-six; but now all his children were settled in other towns; his working days were done; there was nothing to keep him there but four graves in the churchyard, and many friends. Had he been a vainer man, he might have added a list of the churches and institutes and roads, etc., that he had been a main factor in getting constructed. He was one who loved his fellow-men with all the depth and sincerity that leave no occasion missed to give effect to them, and if he is sometimes over explicit in cataloguing virtues he possessed and even insisting on them, the reader will feel that he possessed them because he valued them rather than valued them

because he possessed them. They were his ideals and he left no effort unused to achieve them, and, so far as others were concerned, was content to recommend and exemplify, rather than expect, them.

There was no greater joy illuminating latter days than the success of his two sons who had gone into partnership in a glass-manufacturing business. At 70, after a strenuous life, he felt that one foot was already in the grave, but was well content to live a little longer provided he could continue to witness the success of the Brothers Müllensiefen through diligence and organization and the retention of an efficient band of workmen.

However, the other foot was a fairly obstinate one. In 1838 he undertook a circular tour, visiting many members of his family in Rhineland towns. And in 1840 he was still actively at work for the Bible Society; feeling the near approach of death as no more than the taking off of working-day clothes and the putting on of feast-day ones, in the confident hope of it preluding the reunion of all the family later on.

CONCLUSION

Turn now to finance, to Jean de Pierrefeu and his Comment j'ai fait fortune. The title is ironical, and it is only partially Autobiography; much of his own life is left out; much of it is concerned with other people; but what does refer to his own experiences gains much by being exceedingly well summarized, and epitomises the experience of not only himself, but of his French contemporaries, so far as common factors exist. And this is rare; the common factors rendering the innumerable individuals of a given generation like one another and differentiating them from previous and succeeding generations are factors which Autobiographers seldom bring out.

After an amusing description of the way in which a French boy is expected to decide on his future career as soon as he can distinguish his right hand from his left, and the consequences of this method, he details the various ambitions he had, all terminated by the chief common factor which influenced his generation—the Exhibition of 1900, which made the world at large seem positively attractive to French people, who up to that date

had, for the most part, ignored it. Adventure and energy; pioneering; engineering; commercial discovery; exploitation; colonization. Some lived it out; some dreamed of it and went on living a life of humdrum mediocrity 'in that beautiful country of ours, so attractive to anyone who knows how to appreciate the pleasantness of existence'; some adventured by proxy, and such went in for 'affairomanie,' which was carried on mostly round about the Bourse. Pierrefeu's own centre was the Pension Laveur in the Quartier Latin, where, for years previously, nothing had been discussed but cards, love, politics or literature; the residents ranged from twenty-eight to thirty-five years old, and all now thought of little but 'commissions,' while their imagination of what might eventuate rivalled the ideas of Balzac and Dumas. There was no risk of business drying up, of none to do; the trouble was to avoid overdoing it. There were a hundred bits awaiting the intermediary; a thousand the capitalist.

A typical instance was that of the man who 'solved' the problem of the sterilization of water, whereby all that is now done by 'pasteurization' to milk was going to become merely automatic, and the most ordinary wine would be turned into the finest, and the wool industry transformed. Time after time the 'inventor' demonstrated his process without a hitch; but the trouble was that he was such a volcanic person to deal with, ready to fly out into the grossest insults at the slightest hesitation expressed. But serious financiers were convinced and put up capital; and everyone concerned was greatly relieved when the 'inventor' was persuaded to go away, taking with him all the money he asked for. But at the next demonstration no experiment succeeded; and evidence was forthcoming that the 'inventor' had been in the habit of treating all samples used at demonstrations with oxygenated water. Some of the other business Pierrefeu came in contact with was genuine; but even as regards that, Pierrefeu has some paragraphs on the effect of Stock Exchange manipulation of prices on sound business and of the working of the 'Limited Company' idea, which badly needs pointing out often and driving home, but is generally left as material for future historians of the decay of our civilization.

The book ends with a gathering at a café at Nice, in the course whereof four 'supers' taking humble parts in the Carnival tell the author the stories of their lives, from a financial point of view; all of which form autobiographies in brief, and exemplifications of how to lose money; likewise of the means whereby the various sections of society are bled.

It is a great advantage to an Autobiographer not to be ashamed of himself. That advantage was possessed by Sir Joynton Smith; he does not seem to be ashamed even of his knighthood. He had a good training. He was born in 1858 in Bishopsgate as the eldest of twelve, and his first fourteen years' experience were those of a poor boy in the East End and City. Eight a.m. till 8 p.m. working hours were usual, sleeping in; sometimes Sunday mornings off, sometimes Sunday afternoons; half a crown a week an ordinary wage. His first success in life was when he contrived to let his people think he was still at the half a crown stage when he was earning fifteen shillings. Then followed an interval at sea. His business life begins with the purchase of the Prince of Wales Hotel at Wellington. One characteristic of his he certainly had no need to be ashamed of —his capacity to put things clearly.

'All that the landlord, brewer, spirit-merchant, butcher, baker, tax-gatherer and the rest recognized was hard coin of the realm. And I had to go and get it.'

And

'To have credit your vision must be proved early in your career, and provided courage or judgment doesn't desert you, anything is possible.'

'In the last analysis credit comes down to capacity and willingness to pay. Neither capacity without willingness nor willingness without capacity will serve.'

He worked from 6 a.m. to 3 a.m., taking an hour's sleep in the afternoon; put back into the business every shilling he made; and had no pleasures but one—playing on a concertina. Racing and newspapers were added later. Before he was thirty he had made and lost ten thousand pounds. One of these early ventures was reporting funerals and issuing printed memorial cards, all based on trading in the most bare-faced callous way on the vanity and sentimentality of 'mourners' at their worst and weakest. But then, as he says:

'These vagrant recollections are more a comic song of survival than a Psalm of Life.

'Anyone who expects to see me picking my way to higher things on stepping stones of my dead self is hereby duly warned that he will be disappointed. . . . In the environment to which it pleased Fate to call me, nobody could afford to take chances.

'That was the first law of Nature. It was a case of all you know, or stop out. Fools were not suffered gladly; they did the suffering.'

Another knight who went to sea in early life and turned to business later was Sir Walter Runciman, already mentioned among 'Sailors.' He founded the Moor Line and for over thirty-five years never passed a day out of touch with his offices. Attractive as political life was to him, it had to go when he found he could not do both. He, too, began without capital and was very glad afterwards it had been so, being satisfied that he learnt more in the first two years of business life under those conditions than he would have done otherwise. As to his methods and what underlay them, two quotations will show.

'So I placed an order for a 2,700 tonner with John Redhead & Sons of South Shields. This was the beginning of a close business and personal friendship which has never at any time been shaken.'

"... contracts for new vessels were running continuously with three of the best firms of ship-builders... We never had a dispute, never an extra to pay for, and were never more than a quarter of an hour in making a bargain; and so high was the mutual confidence, that documentary contracts could have been dispensed with, and in some cases were."

This is an over-brief reference to what is among the best of English autobiographies, the author not being among those business men who become so by virtue of their blindness to all else. It is, in fact, the only one of which it may be said that it might equally well have found a place in any one of each of the preceding chapters.

Finally, consider a case different from any of those abovementioned. In 1930 died the chief executive official of the Liverpool Victoria Friendly Society, John Freeman, then responsible for a staff of 7,000 and for £20,000,000 in funds. And yet, had he outlived Robert Bridges, no one would have had a better claim to have succeeded the latter as Poet-Laureate. His readers did not know he was a business man; his business associates did not know he was a poet. Much of his verse is autobiographical. Here are quotations from his 'Disappearance,' which reflects the inter-connection between the personal life and the business life.

> 'Were it not better—still to float on the soft swell Towards the Mediterranean, or to sleep Once and for ever lonely in this narrow deep, Than breathe again that million-burdened air?

But most a lonely isle, lonely as death
Itself, beyond the farthest Grecian foam,
He dreamed of where, unvexed by the staled breath
And sick herd-movement of humanity,
In silence might he find a spiritual home,
Or but with natural voice of beast and wind and sea
Enlarging and diminishing fitfully.
So too might fitful come
Back the dispers'd and bruisèd energies,
As wings sprinkle the skies
Returning to old nesting haunts; and so
A new life in his starving nerves would flow.

'And changing still
With thoughts of past and present all confused
And old desires now stronger grown
And new desires straining their wings unused
He rose, and from the hill
Averted, looked again down

Towards the smoky signals of the town.

-"Man was not meant to live in that distress
Of other lives, abused
By others' thoughts that press
With wasted undergrowth of weed and thorn
And fungus in the mind's marish darkness born.

"Who in this dusty whirl shall know
His own thought from another's, or preserve
Unsullied yet the spiritual glow
Of inward light? The thousand voices cry,
The thousand clamours tap upon every nerve,
In the same shackles thousand thousand go
The same path, nor may pause nor swerve.
Spirits like bodies brush thick-thronging by
In desperate machine of myriad parts:
Mind against mind, heart against hearts
Perpetually ground,
Moving half-senseless to an unknown bound."

'Appearing and disappearing as a shade
Dappling the windy pasture, man's life flies . . .
And he must disappear, his shadow fade,
Or move incognizable and noteless ever;
Must lose himself to find himself, where eyes
Of timorous men fall never,
Remote as east and west from their endeavour.
And the soft, long-delicious ties,
The old and tender-tangled intimacies,
Once rudely broken would remain for ever broken,
And even memory hush at length her sighs,
And wounds heal gently or their sharpness be unspoken.

Thenceforth for many days
He pondered blest escape—on many ways
Hesitated, concealing from the eyes of home
The need and passion that had come
Fiery upon him, burning fierier for delays:
How men disappear, pretending suicide,
And others leaving nothing that betrays,
Deep in some noisy haunt to hide,

Tossed seen yet unseen on man's loaded tide.
... But that were another death.—To wander then
Where few and simple men,
Or in some distant hamlet dwell laborious, unespy'd?

"So in a secret channel to flow on,
Holding those heavenly beacons in his breast
That now obscurely and intermittent shone;
Or in some untraditioned earth
Seek a new birth—
No matter, so in quietness end his quest
And there himself he find
At last, this mortal sickness gone . . .
"Choose, choose!" his need cried, "or the blind
Herd-pressure will subdue you quite."

CHAPTER VII

POETRY AS AUTOBIOGRAPHY

'The Ideas which thru' the senses hav found harborage, being come to mortal conscience work-out of themselves their right co-ordinations and, creatively, seeking expression, draw their natural imagery from the same sensuous forms whereby they found entrance; thus linking up with all the long tradition of Art.

The manner of this magic is purest in musick, but by the learner is seen more clearly in poetry, wherein each verbal symbol exposeth its idea; so that 'tis manifest by what promptings of thought the imaginativ landscape is built and composed, and how horizon'd; And the secret of a poem lieth in this intimat echo of the poet's life.'

ROBERT BRIDGES'S Testament of Beauty, IV.

THE different values of verse and of prose leave it inevitable that both should serve the purposes of autobiography in different ways; prose for statement, verse for suggestion. The limits of each are not, of course, quite so clearly defined as all that, since some people's prose is so much more serviceable than most people's verse. Or again, Sir George Henschel once set out to counterblast the whole idea, as follows:

'Having been asked by various friends to write Something about my early youth which might Amuse as well as be of interest, I cheerfully accede to the request, Adding some salt to what I have to tell By telling it in downright doggerel.'

'It' consists of his earliest days at Breslau, and later days at Leipzig; culminating in his share in the first performance of the 'Meistersinger' there and a glorious victory over prejudice and doubt.

It explains too how the extreme musicalness of his more mature years, as known to all of us, was heralded by the extreme musicalness of his less mature years, as follows:

From picture-blocks that have been giv'n to me, I was supposed to learn the ABC. Now you may think 'twould have amused me! Ah, no. What did attract me was the old piano.

'Soon I could tell a crotchet from a minim, And then they said: "The boy has got it in him."

But after filling a few pages of the London Mercury (September 1931) he unfortunately gave out, or at any rate, gave over, leaving Wordsworth's 'Prelude' still without any serious rival. In conclusion, then, here shall follow some examples of what has been done in verse contrasting with what has been said in prose in the preceding chapters, beginning with recollections of childhood; and since the subject has already, in fact, been started at the end of the last chapter by John Freeman, it may be continued by him with:

THE OTHER HOUSE

That other house, in the same crowded street, One red-tiled floor had, answering to my feet, And a bewildering garden all of light and heat.

Only that red floor and garden now remain, One glowing firelike in my glowing brain, One with smell, colour, sun and cloud revived again.

Yet in the garden the sky was very small, Closed by some darkness beyond the low brown wall; But from the West the gold could long unhindered fall.

Of human faces I remember none, Amid the garden; but myself alone With creeping-jenny, sunflower, marigold, snapdragonThese all my love, these now all my light, Bringing their kindness to any painful night. The sun brushed all their brightness with his skirt more bright.

And I was happy when I knew it not, Dreaming of nothing more than that small plot, And the high sky and sun that floated bright and hot.

But what night was, save dark, I did not know, The blind shut out the stars: the moon would go Staring, unstared at, moon and stars unnoted flow.

Until one night, into the strange street led,
To stare at a strange light from the Factory shed,
Wheeling and darting, withdrawn, and sudden again outsped—

No one knew why—but I knew darkness then, And saw the stars that hung so still; but when I lay abed the old starless dark came back again.

Night is not night without the stars and moon. I knew them not, or I forgot too soon, And now remember only the glowing sun of noon,

The red floor, and yellow flowers, and a lonely child, And a whistle morn and noon and evening shrilled, And darkness when the household murmurs even were stilled.

and:

O gone are now those eager great glad days of days, but I remember

Yet even yet the light that turned the saddest of sad hours to mirth;

I remember how elate I swung upon the thrusting bowsprits, And how the sun in setting burned and made the earth all unlike earth.

O gone are now those mighty ships I haunted days and days together,

And gone the mighty men that sang as crawled the tall ships out to sea,

And fallen ev'n the forest tips and changed the eyes that watched the burning,

But still I hear that shout and clang, and still the old spell stirs in me.

And as to some poor ship close locked in water dense and dark and vile

The winds come garrulous from afar and set the idle masts aquiver;

And ev'n to her so foully docked, swift as the sun's first beam at dawn

The sea-bird comes and like a star wheels by and down along the river;—

So to me the full wind blows from the far strange waters echoingly,

And faint forgotten longings break the fast-sealed pools within my breast;

So to me when sunset glows the scream comes of the white sea-bird,

And all those ancient raptures wake and wakes again the old unrest.

I see again the masts that crowd and part like trees in living wind,

I hear again the shouts and cries and lip-lap of the waveless pool;

I see again the smalling cloud of sail that into distance fades,

I am again the boy whose eyes with tears of grief and hope are full.

Much else of Freeman's work would be very much to the point, including one poem on 'Fear,' but, as to this latter, perhaps Walter de la Mare's is better:

I know where lurk
The eyes of Fear
I, I alone,
Where shadowy-clear,
Watching for me,
Lurks Fear.

Tis ever still
And dark, despite
All singing and
All candlelight,
Tis ever cold,
And night.

He touches me;
Says quietly,
'Stir not, nor whisper,
I am nigh;
Walk noiseless on,
I am by.'

He drives me
As a dog a sheep;
Like a cold stone
I cannot weep.
He lifts me
Hot from sleep

In marble hands
To where on high
The jewelled horror
Of his eye
Dares me to struggle
Or cry.

No breast wherein To chase away That watchful shape Vain, vain to say 'Haunt not with night The day.'

And here is the village in which Verhaeren lived:

Une place minime et quelques rues,
Avec un Christ au carrefour;
Et l'Escaut gris et puis la tour
Qui se mire, parmi les eaux bourrues;
Et le quartier du Dam, misérable et lépreux,
Jeté comme au hasard vers les prairies;
Et près du cimitière aux buis nombreux,
La chapelle vouée à la Vierge Marie,
Car un marin qui s'en revint
On ne sait quand
Des Bermudes ou de Ceylan;
Tel est — je m'en souviens après combien d'années —
Le village de Saint-Amand
Ou je suis né.
C'est là que je vécus mon enfance angoissée,

C'est là que je vécus mon enfance angoissée, Parmi les gens de peine et de métier, Corroyeurs, forgerons, calfats et charpentiers, Avec le fleuve immense au bout de ma pensée.

Now, these four quotations illustrate the essentials of autobiography in verse; namely, that the more intimate the experience recorded, the more suitable a medium does verse become; and, secondly, that such is also the case in so far as dates cease to be factors; that is, when the experience in question is not of a single event, but the cumulative residue of kindred experience recurring and recurring. The memory becomes so surcharged that suggestion grows to be a more faithful method than narration. What narrative could convey a more faithful picture of a naughty boy than Rimbaud's 'Les poètes de sept ans'?

Examples occur very freely in Verhaeren, e.g. 'Les Pas' and 'Le Grenier,' too long to quote, however; and in de la Mare. But no writer is more fruitful, or clearer, in respect of

no writer is more fruitful, or clearer, in respect

'. . . a spiritual door that opens, In the green quiet village of thought'

than William Barnes, for those who are willing to read the Dorset speech; they cannot be read otherwise. This is his village in the evening:

Now the light o' the west is a-turned to gloom,
An' the men be at hwome from ground;
An' the bells be a-zenden all down the Coombe
From tower, their mwoansome sound.
An' the wind is still,

An' the house-dogs do bark, An' the rooks be a-vled to the elems high an' dark, An' the water do roar at mill.

An' the flickeren light drough the window-peäne Vrom the candle's dull fleäme do shoot, An' young Jemmy the smith is a-gone down leäne, A-playen his shrill-vaiced flute.

An' the miller's man
Do zit down at his ease
On the seat that is under the cluster o' trees,
Wi' his pipes an' his zider can.

They do zay that 'tis zummat in towns to zee Fresh feäces vrom day to day; They mid zee 'en var me if the two or dree That I love mid smile an' stay.

So gi'e I the zun, An' the air an' the sky

An' a hwome in the dell where the water do run, An' there let me live an' die. Among other poems that might be used as lyrical supplements are two specially appropriate to illustrate Chapter V, namely, the 'Kovkop' (the Miner) of the Czech poet Bezruc, and 'My Song' by the chief writer of the modern Hebrew literature which has been one of the most notable growths of our times, H. N. Bialik. But the latter poem is too long, and besides, the only translation, apparently, is the German one. Another that might illustrate all earlier years is the 'Ricordanze' of Leopardi, and that likewise is too long to quote; but there the English reader is more fortunate, inasmuch as C. L. Bickersteth's rendering is one of those translations which come nearest to reproducing all that is in the original, for all that the original is one of the most characteristic efforts of one of the greatest of poets.

Other writers have been mentioned already who wrote in both kinds, and whose prose is as autobiographical as their verse. These divide themselves into two kinds. To one kind belong those whose prose is designed to throw light on their verse; to another kind those who confine themselves to narrative. The latter include W. H. Davies and John Clare; the former the Comtesse de Noailles and Carl Spitteler. To group two may be added Frederic Mistral and Ruben Darío, in spite of the latter's 'Yo soy aquel' being one of the best specimens of autobiographical verse; while among the first group two more are specially entitled to be included, the Portuguese poet Teixeira de Pascoaes, and George Russell. If no more is said here concerning these two it is partly because this is a chapter and not a separate book, and also because my plan involves attention to both in detail in later volumes. W. B. Yeats has contributed to both kinds. There are, however, three more still belonging to this first group who can find places and attention here: Aleardi, Petrarch, and Traherne.

Aleardi's collected works have an autobiographical preface, the burden whereof is that he became a poet in opposition to the wishes of his father, and contrary to a promise made to him that he would not do so; and yet that his father was the person he most cared for and was most intimate with.

And this promise, or rather, assent, was given twice, between

the ages of eighteen and twenty, shortly before the father's death; the occasions being just those which left the strongest impressions on his mind; the first when overlooking one of the finest views around Verona, where their home was, and where the father had taken part in battles during the Napoleonic wars, and at a moment when the magnificence of the scene was displayed to the utmost. He could see as far as the Lago di Garda and Brescia, and within the landscape before him all the sorrows of his life were to be experienced, and were still to come; at that instant all was 'flooded with brilliant light; water, earth, sky, and my soul.'

It was then, and again on the occasion of his second time of assenting, that it so happened that the impulse to write poetry received its strongest stimulus; and throughout there was the desire to write so that he should not die a slave, *i.e.* while his country remained under foreign rule.

So far as autobiography is concerned, the preface is the best part of the book: the verse is too rhetorical and objective.

Petrarch wrote autobiographically twice in prose, a 'Letter to Posterity,' merely a dictionary article in literary form, and also a 'Secretum Meum' in the form of a dialogue between himself and St Augustine, written when he was thirty-eight, in order to record the deeper and truer currents of his mentality. The meditations in it on death have a fiery genuineness, but the whole shows up only too clearly that he was more in love with Literature than with Laura and was filled with a thoroughgoing disapproval of himself for wasting good abilities and opportunities on sentimentality which served no purpose and was none too genuine. And yet all that is set forth in the 'Secretum Meum' is summarized in his first sonnet. A single reading of the prose, and that in translation, may suffice; but with the sonnet nothing but the text will do, and repeated readings.

Voi, ch'ascoltate in rime sparse il suono Di quei sospiri ond'io nudriva il cuore In sul mio primo giovenile errore, Quand' era in parte altr' uom da quel ch'i sono; Del vario stile, in ch'io piango e ragiono
Fra le vane speranze e 'l van' dolore,
Ove sia chi per prova intenda amore,
Spero trovar pietá, non che perdono.

Ma ben veggi' or si come al popol tutto
Favola fui gran tempo; onde sovente
Di me medesmo meco mi vergogno;
E del mio vaneggiar vergogna e 'l frutto,
E 'l pentirsi, e 'l conoscer chiaramente
Che quanto piace al mondo e breve sogno.

As regards Thomas Traherne, the reader can draw his own deductions from what has already been quoted and what here follows:

THE SALUTATION

From dust I rise,
And out of nothing now awake;
These brighter regions which salute mine eyes,
A gift from God I take.
The earth, the seas, the light, the day, the skies,
The sun and stars are mine; if those I prize.

A stranger here

Strange things doth meet, strange glories see; Strange treasures lodged in this fair world appear, Strange all and new to me; But that they mine should be, who nothing was, That strangest is of all, yet brought to pass.

WONDER

I nothing in the world did know
But 'twas divine.

Harsh ragged objects were concealed,
Oppressions, tears and cries,
Sins, griefs, complaints, dissensions, weeping eyes
Were hid, and only things revealed
Which heavenly Spirits and the Angels prize,
The state of Innocence
And bliss, not trades and poverties,
Did fill my sense.

Cursed and devised proprieties,
With envy, avarice
And fraud, those fiends that spoil even Paradise,
Flew from the splendour of mine eyes.
And so did hedges, ditches, limits, bounds,
I dreamed not aught of those,
But wandered over all men's grounds,
And found repose.
Proprieties themselves were mine,
And hedges ornaments.

Walls, boxes, coffers, and their rich contents
Did not divide my joys, but all combine.
Clothes, ribbons, jewels, laces, I esteemed
My joys by others worn;
For me they to wear them seemed
When I was born.

Supplementary likewise to the writings of these poets who are definitely autobiographical, is the comment of critics who trace autobiography in verse where it does not appear on the surface, who elucidate the relations between the poet's poetry and his life.

On the one hand may be instanced Sir Walter Raleigh's 'Shakespeare' as an example of doing for us and for him what neither he nor we can do by ourselves. Another variety is Vane's edition of Browning's 'Parleyings.' The editorial work is both careful and apt, but the book not such as emphasizes or illuminates the subject we have in hand, that is, what verse can do better than prose, for the reason that the 'Parleyings' are very ordinary Browning—the usual parables paraphrased in parentheses—and that what we need is each poet at his best. It would be better to turn to that glorious passage in The Ring and the Book, narrating the elopement to Rome, and find the cause of its super-excellence, even amidst its contexts, in the author's life. So, too, it may be said that there is more of Dante to be found in the 'Commedia' even than in the 'Vita Nuova,' and more of William Morris in the 'Earthly Paradise' than in any biography of him. And so, again, throughout the body of

Donne's work, with him bringing to bear the same passionate explicitness on each successive phase that he passed through.

And yet, while critical comment has utility, are not the poets, on the whole, best left to commentate on themselves? May not, for instance, the three first chapters of this book be best met in comparison with Shelley's 'Epipsychidion,' 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty,' and 'Alastor'? Purely ethereal, it may be said; not autobiographical. But after all, ethereality is just as much a form of reality as any other form; as practical; a philosophy of life which can be lived, and which Shelley did live.

'By solemn vision and bright silver dream His infancy was nurtured. Every sight And sound from the vast earth and ambient air Sent to his heart its choicest impulses. The fountains of divine philosophy Fled not his thirsting lips, and all of great Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past In truth or fable consecrates, he felt Or knew. When early youth had passed, he left His cold fireside, and alienated home To seek strange truths in undiscovered lands.'

'Then, from the caverns of my dreamy youth I sprang, as one sandalled with plumes of fire, And towards the load-star of my own desire, I flitted, like a dizzy moth, whose flight Is as a dead leaf's in the owlet light, When it would seek in Hesper's setting sphere A radiant death, a fiery sepulchre, As if it were a lamp of earthly flame.—

'And therefore I went forth, with hope and fear And every gentle passion sick to death, Feeding my course with expectation's breath, Into the wintry forest of our life; And struggling through its error with vain strife, And stumbling in my weakness and my haste, And half bewildered by new forms, I passed Seeking among those untaught foresters If I could find one form resembling hers.'

And then, after finding both the ideal, and an ideal island:

'This isle and house are mine, and I have vowed Thee to be lady of the solitude.

And I have fitted up some chambers there Looking towards the golden Eastern air, And level with the living winds, which flow Like waves above the living waves below. I have sent books and music there, and all Those instruments with which high spirits call The future from its cradle, and the past Out of its grave, and make the present last In thoughts and joys which sleep but cannot die Folded within their own eternity.'

For the remainder of this chapter, dealing with the later years of a life, it will be advisable to rely mainly on a fresh source, China.

Autobiographical matter in Chinese has characteristics of its own. For at least 2,000 years it has been a custom among prose writers now and then to write autobiographical prefaces to one or other of their books explaining what course of life and thought of their own had led them to write as they did. That form is still in use, and seems to have been the only prose form until recent times. But the stupendous vastness of Chinese literature also leaves material in verse such as no other country possesses. From the T'ang period (roughly, the seventh to ninth centuries of our era) alone there still remain nearly 49,000 poems by 2,200 poets. Moreover, the conditions of their life and literature fostered the production of material such as we are considering. They sought for, and attained, brevity, pithiness and an open mind more consistently than any other writers, just those qualities which are vital to autobiography at its best.

Further, the lives of all these Chinese poets centred round two subjects, Court-life and Friendship. A man of the class to which poets belonged considered himself to have succeeded, or failed, in life just in so far as he succeeded, or failed, in remaining at Peking; all the more so since, remaining there, he remained in touch with some friends, but, on being removed to an appointment elsewhere, he was isolated from all of them; distances between post and post being infinitely greater, in practice, than anything we can conceive of. And since the personality of women counted for nothing with them, a man was twice as much dependent on men-friendship as we are.

Prospects, failures, successes, friendships, absences, loneliness, drink as a remedy for all misfortunes, journeys, fatherhood,

Prospects, failures, successes, friendships, absences, loneliness, drink as a remedy for all misfortunes, journeys, fatherhood, partings, meetings, Court-life, official routine, love of Nature and the opportunities it affords for meditation, humorous incidents—all these form the staple of Chinese poetry, and all are autobiographical. Tu Fu, one of the T'ang poets, adds monastic life, experience of war and revolution, and some socialism. A brilliant scholar of a scholarly family, he failed in examinations, and lived in poverty and, what was to him, exile, throughout his best years. Succeeding ultimately in becoming a Censor, he took his duties too seriously. His position becoming precarious, his prospects nil, and his family starving, he resigns; and the last we hear of him is that he turns husbandman; no longer official or scholar, but one of the 'innumerable black-haired people who grow rice.' Had, however, he been able to foresee that, 1200 years later, his fame would still be so living as to ensure his more autobiographical work being set out, translated, and linked together with the needful comment that Mrs Ayscough has brought to bear, he would assuredly have died happy.

Last year the Lofty Barrier was shattered, For many long days wife, children, have been cut off, divided from me.

During the present Summer, when grass, trees, are deep, thick, My poor body escapes; on foot I arrive at the West.

In plaited hemp slippers I come before the Son of Heaven; Both elbows are through the sleeves of my coat.

Officers who attend dawn audience pity me although I have come back alive;

My intimate, my dear old friends, are wounded by my aged, my hideous appearance.

Tears of gratitude flow; I hold the post of Censor! The favour of the Lord towards the homeless wanderer is deep.

Although I may now go to my thorn-branch gate, I cannot endure to open my mouth at once to ask for leave.

I will send a writing to enquire for my family at Three Rivers; I do not know whether my household is in being or not.

Older friend, consider, listen quietly;

Lesser one, by your leave, will raise up and lay before you in sequence all details.

I, Fu, formerly, in youth's day,

Was soon satiated with seeing countries, visiting, paying respects.

I studied writings, thumbed and tattered ten thousand scrolls; As if possessed by divine spirit, I brought down on the white silk my hair pencil.

My prose pieces, I thought, competed with those of the writer Yang Hsiung;

My poems according to law I considered approached the work of Tzu Chien.

Li Yung, the high official, begged an introduction face to face; Wang Han, the great scholar, was willing to live as my neighbour.

To myself I said, musing, this is an excess of swift advancement, of coming out from among my fellows;

I shall immediately rise to an important highway and reach the watercourse of recognition.

I shall transport my Lord, the Emperor, to the height of the ideal Rulers, Yao and Shun;

I will cause the wind of instruction to reform and again make pure and genuine the customs of the land.

Such my desire; contrary to this expectation I am lonely, poverty-stricken;

Now on my return, my wife's, my children's clothes, are tied in a hundred knots.

Entering the door, I hear whimpering, the wail of an infant; My tiny boy has already died of hunger;

How can I refrain from a lament? Even the neighbours in our crooked lane gulp down sobs.

There is shame in my heart at being the father of a son Who was snapped off in tender childhood because he had no food.

The children, of whom I have their life long been so proud,

Whose complexion surpassed the colour of snow in purity, Seeing their father, weep silent tears and turn away their faces;

They are dirty, greasy, and wear no sandals on their feet.

In front of the bed, are two little girls; Their clothes, torn and patched, barely pass the knee.

From the sea-picture bordering my robe I tear waves, billows; I alter the position of the old embroidery, fold it here, turn it there,

Purple love-pheasant, and water-sprite, half tiger, half man, Are turned upside down on the short coarse woollen coats.

Another poet of the same period, Po Chü-i, has been even more fortunate. He has attracted the attention of one of the finest of all living translators, Arthur Waley, and enough of his work is available in English for his life and character to be put on the friendliest terms with us. Here are three:

The flower of the pear-tree gathers and turns to fruit; The swallows' eggs have hatched into young birds. When the Seasons' changes thus confront the mind What comfort can the Doctrine of Tao give? It will teach me to watch the days and months fly Without grieving that Youth slips away;

If the Fleeting World is but a long dream, It does not matter whether one is young or old. But ever since the day that my friend left my side And has lived an exile in the City of Chiang-ling, There is one wish I cannot quite destroy: That from time to time we may chance to meet again.

GOLDEN BELLS

When I was almost forty
I had a daughter whose name was Golden Bells.
Now it is just a year since she was born;
She is learning to sit and cannot yet talk,
Ashamed,—to find that I have not a sage's heart:
I cannot resist vulgar thoughts and feelings.
Henceforward I am tied to things outside myself:
My only reward,—the pleasure I am getting now.
If I am spared the grief of her dying young,
Then I shall have the trouble of getting her married.
My plan for retiring and going back to the hills
Must now be postponed for fifteen years!

REMEMBERING GOLDEN BELLS

Ruined and ill,—a man of two score: Pretty and guileless,—a girl of three. Not a boy,-but still better than nothing: To soothe one's feeling,—from time to time a kiss! There came a day,—they suddenly took her from me; Her soul's shadow wandered I know not where. And when I remember how just at the time she died She lisped strange sounds, beginning to learn to talk, Then I know that the ties of flesh and blood Only bind us to a load of grief and sorrow. At last, by thinking of the time before she was born, By thought and reason I drove the pain away. Since my heart forgot her, many days have passed And three times winter has changed to spring. This morning, for a little, the old grief came back, Because, in the road, I met her foster-nurse.

I choose these two latter poems, not only because the subject is one of universal appeal, but because this universality is specially characteristic of poetry. Life, and a poet, and the death of a little child—how little difference do centuries and continents make, or ethnical factors! Carducci and Robert Bridges and Kostes Palamas—all three drew the inspiration towards some of their finest lyrical work from that same source as Po Chü-i did. And it is more particularly in the finest lyrical work that is the most usual for autobiographical experience to be revealed. The same source created the same effect with T. E. Brown, in the course of whose longer poems also occur many lyrical passages of an autobiographical kind.

Here is a longer one by Po Chü-i, followed by another much older, nearly two thousand years old.

CHU CH'EN VILLAGE

In Hsü-chou, in the District of Ku-feng There lies a village whose name is Chu-ch'en-A hundred miles away from the county town, Amid fields of hemp and green of mulberry-trees. Click, click, the sound of the spinning-wheel; Mules and oxen pack the village streets. The girls go drawing the water from the brook; The men go gathering fire-wood on the hill. So far from the town Government affairs are few; So deep in the hills, men's ways are simple. Though they have wealth, they do not traffic with it; Though they reach the age, they do not enter the Army. Each family keeps to its village trade; Grey-headed, they have never left the gates. Alive, they are the people of Ch'en Village; Dead, they become the dust of Ch'en Village. Out in the fields old men and young Gaze gladly, each in the other's face. In the whole village there are only two clans;

Age after age Chus have married Ch'ens.

Near or distant, they have kinsmen in every house;

Young or old, they have friends wherever they go.

On white wine and roasted fowl they fare

At joyful meetings more than 'once a week.'

While they are alive, they have no distant partings; To choose a wife they go to a neighbour's house. When they are dead—no distant burial; Round the village graves lie thick. They are not troubled either about life or death; They have no anguish either of body or soul. And so it happens that they live to a ripe age And great-great-grandsons are often seen.

I was born in the Realms of Etiquette;
In early years, unprotected and poor.
Alone, I learnt to distinguish between Evil and Good;
Untutored, I toiled at bitter tasks.
The World's Law honours Learning and Fame;
Scholars prize marriages and Caps.
With these fetters I gyved my own hands;
Truly I became a much-deceived man.
At ten years old I learnt to read books;
At fifteen, I knew how to write prose.
At twenty I was made a Bachelor of Arts;
At thirty I became a Censor at the Court.
Above, the duty I owe to Prince and parents;
Below, the ties that bind me to wife and child.

The support of my family, the service of my country—For these tasks my nature is not apt.

I reckon the time that I first left my home; From then till now—fifteen Springs! My lonely boat has twice sailed to Ch'u; Four times through Ch'en my lean horse has passed. I have walked in the morning with hunger in my face; I have lain at night with a soul that could not rest. East and West I have wandered without pause, Hither and thither like a cloud astray in the sky. In the civil-war my old home was destroyed; Of my flesh and blood many are scattered and lost.

North of the River, and South of the River— In both lands are the friends of all my life; Life-friends whom I never see at all— Whose deaths I hear of only after the lapse of years. Sad at morning, I lie on my bed till dusk; Weeping at night, I sit and wait for dawn. The fire of sorrow has burnt my heart's core; The frost of trouble has seized my hair's roots. In such anguish my whole life has passed; Long I have envied the people of Ch'en Village.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN

At fifteen I went with the army, At fourscore I came home. On the way I met a man from the village, I asked him who there was at home. 'That over there is your house, All covered over with trees and bushes.' Rabbits had run in at the dog-hole, Pheasants flew down from the beams of the roof. In the courtyard was growing some wild grain; And by the well, some wild mallows. I'll boil the grain and make porridge, I'll pluck the mallows and make soup. Soup and porridge are both cooked, But there is no one to eat them with. I went out and looked towards the east. While tears fell and wetted my clothes.

To sum up then: there is something that a poet can do towards throwing light on this subject of 'manufacturing souls' that cannot be done in prose. A poet, that is, like the one that Rilke speaks of in his Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge, one who has been reaping the harvest of the soul and of loving-kindness for a life-time, and that life a long one; one who has seen much of places and people and things; can enter into the mind of a bird as it flies and of a little flower when it opens in the morning; who has watched beside the dying and sat beside the dead, in a room with the window open and sounds coming through from the world of the living; who is used to chance meetings and to partings long-expected; to nights of love and the screams of women in labour. And when all such memories have been piled up, still it is not enough. One must be patient with the memories themselves; patient to wait for them to re-

turn, and to go on waiting until they shall have become one with blood and glances and gestures and have ceased to be known by name. Then only do they become material for the poet to deal with—'The intimate echo of the poet's life.'

It is but carrying one step farther, to the farthest point, that discrimination that is used by the finest autobiographers, namely, that but little needs to be said about a given life provided that the little which is chosen consists of that which is most significant, and is set in due relief. And also, remembering that now and then there occur moments in a lifetime which sum up so much of the past and mean so much for the future that such much of the past and mean so much for the future, that such moments, fully interpreted, leave only minor matters unrelated. And this interpretation can rarely, if ever, be undertaken otherwise than by verse. And further still, there are more decisive moments yet, after which life can never be the same again, and for which all previous life is but preparation, and there the poet speaks not only for himself, but for all those whose lives matter most.

Now every reader of verse will be remembering his own choice of poems which exemplify these ideas, and all the ideas which underly all the preceding pages, and not only exemplify, but also make good the deficiencies and failures into which the depth and breadth of the subject-matter necessarily inveigle anyone who tries to deal with them in print. But here are some more in the hope that one or other may prove to be welcome strangers.

Firdawsi.

Much toil did I suffer, much writing I pondered, Books writ in Arabian and Persian of old; For sixty-two years many arts did I study; What gain do they bring me in glory or gold? Save regret for the past and remorse for its failings, Of the days of my youth every token hath fled, And I mourn for it now, with sore weepings and wailings, In the words Khusráwáni Bú Táhir hath said; 'My youth as a vision of childhood in sooth I remember; alas and alas for my youth.'

Ihn-I-Yamin

AN INTRODUCTION TO AUTOBIOGRAPHY

From the void of Non-Existence to this dwelling house of clay I came, and rose from stone to plant; but that hath passed away. Thereafter, through the working of the Spirit's toil and strife, I gained, but soon abandoned, some lowly form of Life;

That too hath passed away.

In a human breast, no longer a mere unheeding brute This tiny drop of Being to a pearl I did transmute; That too hath passed away.

At the Holy Temple next did I foregather with the throng Of Angels, compassed it about, and gazed upon it long; That too hath passed away.

Forsaking Ibn-I-Yamín, and from this too soaring free, I abandoned all beside Him, so that naught was left but He; All else hath passed away.

E. G. Browne, A Persian Anthology.

JE VIS

Je suis entré dans le tourbillon de la vie Je suis faible, tremblant, pâle, inquiet, nerveux, Je suis plein de regrets, de souhaits, et des vœux, De souvenirs, d'espoirs, d'envies, Je ne sais plus ce que je veux, Je ne sais plus ce que je suis, Je me sens dispersé, changeant, divers, nombreux, J'ignore si je suis heureux, Je vis.

J'aime et je ne sais comment j'aime; Je frisonne, j'ai peur comme un homme charmé. J'aime une bouche fraiche, une bouche embaumée. Des cheveux ondoyants, fins comme une fumée, Des doigts legers où rit une petite gemme. J'aime de longs yeux noirs caressants et soyeux, De beaux yeux tour à tour attendris ou joyeux, Dont les cils font une ombre, alors qu'ils sont fermés, Si douce qu'elle semble un regard elle-même; Et je ne cherche pas à savoir comment j'aime, Comment je suis aimé; J'aime.

Je veux la gloire, et je ne sais Même pas bien si je la veux; Je pense et j'écris mes pensées En mots incertains et peureux. Je sens mes vers là, sous mon front; J'ignore s'ils me survivront; Ma voix ne peut rester muette; Je ne sais si je suis poète; Je chante.

Je vis, je vais parmi les choses,
Bonnes, mauvaises, je ne sais,
Car je suis souvent caressé
Par elles, et souvent blessé.
J'aime Décembre et Juin, les cyprès et les roses,
Les grands monts bleus, les humbles coteaux gris,
La rumeur de la mer, la rumeur de Paris,
Bonnes, mauvaises, je ne sais,
Je vis, je vais, j'aime les choses.

Je vais aussi parmi les hommes et les femmes, Et sous les fronts, dans les regards, je vois les âmes Qui glissent en essaims devant mes yeux ravis, Le monde est comme un vol d'oiseaux d'ombre ou de flamme Que je verrais passer du haut des monts gravis. Des hommes m'ont fait mal, j'ai vu pleurer des femmes. J'aime ces hommes et ces femmes. Je vis.

Et je mourrai, plus tard, très tard, bientôt peut-être; Je ne sais pas.
Je m'en irai peut-être
Dans l'inconnu, là-bas, là-bas,
Comme un oiseau s'envole, ivre, par la fenêtre
Je m'en irai dans l'inconnu, là-bas, là-bas,
Au grand soleil de Dieu renâitre.
Je ne sais pas.

Ou bien, j'irai dormir à jamais Sous quelques pieds de terre, Loin des arbres, du ciel, et des yeux que j'aimais Dans la nuit déléteré.

Mais à mon tour j'aurai connu le goût chaud de la vie J'aurai miré dans ma prunelle,
Petite minute éblouie,
La grande lumière éternelle;
Mais, j'aurai bu ma joie au grand festin sacré;
Que voudrais-je de plus?
J'aurai vécu;

Et je mourrai.

Fernand Gregh.

FORTUNATUS NIMIUM

I have lain in the sun I have toil'd as I might I have thought as I would And now it is night.

My bed full of sleep My heart of content For friends that I met The way that I went.

I welcome fatigue While frenzy and care Like thin summer clouds Go melting in air,

To dream as I may
And awake when I will
With the song of the birds
And the sun on the hill.

Or death—were it death— To what should I wake Who loved in my home All life for its sake? What good have I wrought? I laugh to have learned That joy cannot come Unless it be earned;

For a happier lot Than God giveth me It never hath been Nor ever shall be.

ROBERT BRIDGES.



PART II

From John Payne's Prelude to his translation of the 'Poems of Shensheddin Mohammed Hafiz, of Shiraz.' 1901:

Leave your striving never-ending: let the weary world go by; Let its bondmen hug their fetters, let its traders sell and buy; With the roses in the garden, we will sojourn, you and I.

Since the gladness and the sadness of the world alike are nought, I will give you wine to drink from the ancient wells of thought, Where it's lain for ages ripening, whilst the traders sold and bought.

What is heaven? that we should seek it?

Wherefore question, How and Why?

See, the roses are in blossom; see, the sun is in the sky;

See, the land is lit with summer: let us live before we die.

La verdad es lo que es; y sigue siendo verdad aunque se piense al revés.

Antonio Machado.

[The Truth consists Of what exists; And even though It seem not so— That doesn't matter.]

PREFACE TO THE SECOND PART

IN previous pages on this subject, namely, an Introduction to the Study of Autobiography, I have dealt with many aspects of the subject. Beginning with general considerations, room was also found for chapters on infancy, childhood, adventure, business-men, the autobiography of poverty, and the relations between autobiography and poetry. This present section supplements the first by dealing with other aspects. But there are some differences in method between the two sections. Part I utilized much fragmentary material, in order to illustrate the wealth and variety of the sources at our disposal. Once that has been exemplified, there is little further need to enlarge on the fact; rather is there need to insist instead on the distinctive characteristic of Autobiography, that is to say, that it consists, essentially, of the reconsideration of recollections. It is that factor of reconsideration that not only distinguishes Autobiography from diaries and reminiscences but also gives it its value -its value as first-hand evidence about experience of life in contrast with the second or third-hand nature of other written evidence. The following, then, differs from the first part in drawing its material from records each of which covers at least ten years of the life in question. A few exceptions to this general rule will occur; but not many.

Another divergence in method as between the two parts is as follows. It has to be repeated that the amount of material is inexhaustible and that selection is a prime necessity: inclusion and exclusion on some intelligible system. In a first section it seemed reasonable to attend rather to the elements of human life. Every autobiographer has a childhood, for instance: most people are poor; almost everyone has a leaning either to adventure, or to business, or to poetry. But when it comes to a final

consideration, the last word on the subject—until such time as someone shall deal more adequately and comprehensively with it—then it comes rather to a question, don't you agree? of including more highly specialized functions and of leaving out as few activities as may be. But when all endeavours have been endeavoured, selection will still remain the prime need. And even so, the mere effort to select what is most significant and typical and arresting will not be enough. Did the method of selection end there, the result would be, not one volume, but many volumes, a book of 'A Thousand and One Lives,' or more. The additional means I have used is that of selecting those activities which most lend themselves to become fine arts; and those instances which best exemplify these activities; activities and instances which tell us most about the germination and development of the fine flower of human life—personality. Such will show, further, what it seems to me we are most in need of ascertaining; how personality, once germinated, creates and develops in its turn. And such a method involves no disregarding, or parting company with, that ordinary daily life which, relatively insignificant as it may appear at first sight and in individual instances, nevertheless constitutes the chaos whence all human life springs and to which it apparently returns; that ordinary daily life which determines the conditions and limitations which persist in every manifestation of human effort.

Nevertheless, as readers of both parts will discover, these divergencies in method do not lessen the unity of purpose. The two sections make one book. So far as the enormous range and potentialities of the subject permit, they are complementary to each other. And yet all is no more than an unpretentious, unsynthetic, undidactic, inconclusive effort to do a little justice to a neglected subject. Even so, however, the book has a plan; and this plan is suggested by this material. The whole book could be done all over again several times on different plans, and from different material each time. That would depend on the author's capacities and linguistic resources. Any defects in such a book are the author's contribution: the possibilities of the subject must remain unlimited: beyond criticism and epitomizing; the nearest approach in print towards lifetimes of

intimate acquaintanceship with human needs and qualities, and with vision of what has been, and of what, perhaps, will be.

Since, however, the method of selection I have adopted

Since, however, the method of selection I have adopted assumes that attention is best focused on personality, it may be considered in place to define the relations between Autobiography and personality; thereby explaining why each chapter is concerned with its own particular kind of people and their common occupation, in preference to others that might have been chosen.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND PERSONALITY

I take personality as consisting of those qualities which make human life more acceptable to human beings, or which promise to do so in future—qualities inherent in every baby, but which only attain fruition in reaction against convention and environment, and, at the same time, only in so far as vitality runs high and the environment and convention are not unendurably strong and rigid. 'Life exists for the purpose of being lived': personality is the medium whereby that is best achieved, and Autobiography provides evidence about its achievement. Much as has been achieved towards the liberation of personality, an indefinite amount remains to be achieved; and research of the kind that underlies these two sections seems to me likely to contribute to that end.

It is in the hope of furthering the study of, and of stimulating interest in, these underlying factors that this book has been written. Minute by minute there are entering into human life fresh individuals—19,000 yesterday, according to average, in India alone—to be confronted with the same eternal questions as to why they were born, what is the meaning of existence, how did it come about, to what end is it tending, if any, and what place in it all has the individual life and its individual miseries, pleasures, and hopes. Many find solutions which satisfy themselves, and sometimes others, but no one has found a solution which has at any time satisfied a majority; much less all. Nor has any one god sufficed for any one locality for more than a few centuries; even the oldest god in the world, the one in Piccadilly Circus, is only about 2,500 years old; not much

for an 'immortal.' Human beings in general thus find themselves dependent for much, or most, or all, of what satisfaction their lives afford them, on the instincts and fruitions of their own personalities, and contacts with those of others. Nevertheless, nothing is clearer than that most of these have suffered hindrance in development, or downright mutilation. Evidence as to what can be done to avoid such hindrances and mutilations should arise equally from attention to the recollections of those who have suffered least, and most, in such ways; and likewise from intermediate degrees.

EXCLUSIONS AND INCLUSIONS

As regards the promised explanation as to why the particular kinds of persons who appear in the following chapters have been chosen, to the exclusion, of course, of others who may seem to have equal claims, it may be added that another idea also plays a part, the idea, namely, that human life consists mainly of four elements, Eating, Drinking, Sleeping, and Prayer. Thoughts exist in us in multitudes, comparable to the roe of a fish; and they may mature into ideas as roe into little fishes. But, just as little fishes only matter to us when they grow into fine, fat, big fish, so thoughts only matter effectively in so far as they become insistent enough to ensure their own fulfilments which is the executial quality of prayer. They are fulfilment; which is the essential quality of prayer. They are the graphs of a life-effort; and autobiographies are their scriptures. The medical section, then, is formed of so many prayers tures. The medical section, then, is formed of so many prayers for health; that on religion, prayers for a different life from this; the student's, for knowledge; the sexual, for completeness; the artist's, for vision; and so on; while the diversity of human aspirations and shortcomings is borne further witness to by a bunch of prayers of infinite irresponsibility and pathos, those collected under the heading of 'The Wrong Turning.' It would not serve the purposes of the book if none but the successful were represented. In the last-mentioned chapter some instances are quoted of those who, in some way or other, came notably short of their inheritance. Finally, the most notable 'fine flower' of personality—friendship—receives no separate notice at all; for the reason that its universality makes it pervade every chapter.

And then again, those autobiographies to which attention is directed in works of reference are omitted. In a few cases exceptions will be made; but only in a few, and those mostly by way of unavoidable allusion. Such books are accessible; their authors' names well-known to every librarian and bookseller; while, submerged by the mass of other books, exist hundreds of lessknown autobiographies whose evidence about the origins, development, and manifestations of personality possess value equal with that of the better-known ones; and more variety, of course, collectively, by reason of their inexhaustible number. Many are practically unknown, books such as are to be found in every branch of authorship and whose rediscovery and rescue from oblivion is one of the chief ways in which a research-worker oblivion is one of the chief ways in which a research-worker can justify his existence. There seems to me no greater need in every department of written work than to avoid duplication, to avoid going over the same old ground in the same old way; and to spend the time thereby saved in attending to what has not yet been attended to. Some of my readers, perhaps, will wonder that I see reason to labour a point so obvious. They would cease to wonder if they had read reviews of my first section published separately in England, in the introduction to which I had thought I had made this idea, and my employment of it self-evident enough. Yet not a single reviewer seems to of it, self-evident enough. Yet not a single reviewer seems to have grasped it; and some pass criticisms such as 'believe it or not, Rousseau is not mentioned.' Truly, as Gautier said, if one has rational opinions, and does not take care to conceal them, one has to pass for an eccentric.

EARLY HISTORY

What was said in the introduction to the first part concerning the antiquities of the subject requires amendment. Some such details will be found in the following chapters; references in the index under Chinese, Plato, Ausonius, Maximinianus and Galgano Guidini will enable the reader to trace these, the last-named showing that it may be inferred that plenty of autobiography was written by ordinary people in medieval Italy. Plato, too, is no isolated case in 'classical' times. It is clear that Xenophon, Herodotus, and Paul the apostle were on the verge

of contributing; it was only their preoccupation with matters outside their own personality and personal affairs that kept them from so doing. Josephus had within him just the extra degree of inducement, and does contribute. And Suetonius affirms that the Emperor Claudius also did. We may go back still further. In Nauck's 'Tragicorum graecorum fragmenta' will be found printed some relics that survive of a book of reminiscences by Ion of Chios, a tragic writer whose tragedies have disappeared, but who writes of Sophocles and Aeschylus and other famous figures, besides himself, in as modern a fashion as if it were to be published to-morrow. We might go farther back still and date the beginning of the whole business from the advice of the Delphic Oracle 'Know Thyself'; whence it is but a short step to 'Write about Thyself'; but certainly there is no need to stop at Ion. That much is clear from the preface to Greek Lyric Poetry by C. M. Bowra, who analyses how, after the ninth and eighth centuries B.C. had developed the epic, the lyric arose on the coast and islands of Asia Minor, 'where there was no great tradition of communal experience and the individualism of the heroic age survived in a life which respected personalities and liked to know what a man was like.' In addition, there came the invention of Terpander of Lesbos, who fitted the scale to the lyre and made it possible for a musical accompaniment to be played in any key; with the result that the poets, who were also the musicians, could compose songs with words knowing that they would be sung as they had been composed; thereby preparing a vast future for singers and poets. The first to visualize the possibilities thus initiated was Archilochus of Paros, of whom Bowra says that he discovered the self and became the first to exploit his own personality as a subject for poetry; 'his frankness horrified, while it delighted, posterity, and his "song of hate" struck Pindar as an awful example of the harm a man's tongue may do him.' Alcaeus and Sappho and Anacreon carried on the tradition thus created.

All the foregoing confirms, what we may presuppose in any case, no doubt, that autobiography has always been on the verge of happening; even when it did not happen: and that the present-day epidemic is but the blossoming, under favourable

circumstances, of what has ever been but just below the surface as long as human beings have been articulate. Further evidence of the same kind, that is, of abortive commencements, is at hand in the second volume of the monumental Introduction to the History of Science by George Sarton (p. 312) as regards the Near East in medieval times; also as regards Ethiopia in Vol. XXVII of the Rendiconti of the Real Academia del Lincei (1918) as exemplified in the autobiography of one Pawlos, a sixteenth-century Abyssinian monk, printed there, both text and Italian translation, with notes on other examples of the same kind that are extant in the literature of Ethiopia. Then there is the fifteenth-century MS. of Margery Kempe (cf. Bibliography). But more evidence is available for Germany than for any other country, thanks to the labours of Dr Marianne Beyer and the enterprise of the publishers Reclam, of Leipzig, whose survey of German literature, which is to be completed in two hundred and fifty volumes, ranks far ahead of anything of the kind hitherto attempted. In this survey ten volumes are allotted to 'Deutsche Selbstzeugnisse,' nine of which have already (1936) been issued. This particular series takes into account all kinds of evidence provided by people in writing about their own lives; but autobiography constitutes the bulk of it, and is continuous from the thirteenth-century onwards. To what Dr Beyer provides may be added a reference to Monumenta Germaniae Historica, Vol. XX, pp. 512-3. Another fragment nominally dating from the twelfth or thirteenth century, and ranking as fiction, is the story of Ragnar Lodbrok, as recorded in the Lay of Kraka, one of the 'Sagas' of Icelandic literature, in which he defies his enemies and recounts the deeds he has done, and that while awaiting death by snakes in the snake-pit of an Anglo-Saxon king in England. If, then, this is fact, its true date is centuries earlier; and no one who is aware how accurate is the memory in the oral Icelandic literature would dismiss it off-hand as fiction. No one, again, who is familiar with seventeenth-century manuscript literature will overlook the outburst of autobiographical writings amongst nuns of that date; usually written down 'under obedience,' that is, at the command of their superiors. I myself have seen,

in the library of Evora, in Portugal, alone, five such MSS.; which may not seem a notable number; but then, the whole printed autobiographical literature of Portugal amounts, if I am not mistaken, to no more than that same number, and all of those are by modern writers.

MEMORY

Another subject that seems to call for comment is the relation between Memory and Autobiography. And between Memory and memories.

Who can explain Memory? Possessed by all in some degree, the possession of it usually does not strike a person, not perhaps in the course of a whole lifetime, as anything strange or marvellous. If and when his memory fails him he is apt to think of it as he does of a cook who cooks like a cook instead of as a miraculous, semi-independent, spirit within us whom we can summon at will, like a djinn in the *Arabian Nights*, if we get the right formula; and, even when we have failed, say we have summoned, and be believed; and who frequently comes without being summoned.

But there it is, and, in all its miraculousness and imperfections, it is the staple of Autobiography. But no more than the staple. From it one spins the yarn, in both senses of the phrase; but it is meditation that weaves the web; and that from memories as from Memory. The one Dilettante and the other Connoisseur, Memory and Meditation handle the same material; the one goes gathering, the other constructs; but both are dependent for their material, it would seem, on the surprises and accidents of circumstances before the one can select and the other, so to speak, can develop and print, that which alone can serve the turn. It all begins in an irresponsible survival of a minute percentage of fittest and unfittest, with inherited temperament flitting in and out, like an Ariel; and let who will divine a greater Prospero in the background, irritable and tempestuous, hypothetically wise and well-intentioned, certainly strong.

At any rate, considerations such as these need to be taken into account in order to see Autobiography in a true perspec-

tive. And though the original potentialities are incalculably manifold, and accident and convention so powerful to divert and to predetermine—so much so that, when we consider those alone, we seem to be dealing with will-o-the-wisps emanating from Chaos, flickering and vanishing—yet, when Meditation has done its brooding, any given life seems no longer without form and void; and creation, or evolution, can be conceived of as spontaneously proceeding from some depth within each individual mind.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND FICTION

Thirdly, the relations between autobiography and fiction. These relations are indeterminate. Where all is cast in the form of fiction one's instinct is to abandon the search as arbitrary, or even baseless. But, true as such a point of view is in the main, it is far from being as absolute as it seems. For one thing, all Autobiography is more or less illusory and defective; so much so that one may well utilize on their behalf the notification that the Thames Conservancy puts up on its tow-paths, 'Users must take them as they find them and use them at their own risk'; all the more so since a large percentage, about thirty per cent, are tampered with in the course of publication. Again, the best results are dependent on an autobiographer finding the form wherein he feels most at ease, and, in many cases, fiction supplies that form; it will, for example, save an autobiographer from speaking of places, dates, and, especially, of other people, with a preciseness that he feels to be irrelevant to his main purpose and objectionable in itself. Sometimes, too, it is used as a supplementary medium, as when a writer by no means intends the picture to stand complete in itself, but as expressing some part of himself and his life which is obsolete or latent, but which has defined the limits which still prescribe his way of thinking, and circumscribe his activities.

Such a case is that of W. Hale White in his Deliverance and his tree Mark Postberford books.

Such a case is that of W. Hale White in his Deliverance and his two Mark Rutherford books. Taken in conjunction with the Introduction to Vol. XXI of his Collected Works, it is clear that these three books present a true picture of his past environment, but not of his mature individuality. He had lived in an

atmosphere of pettiness and of gloom and seen and felt an atmosphere of stereotyped, decayed, Dissent sapping vitality and bewildering mentality, even while an impulse towards self-deliverance was arising to convert him into the efficient and cheerful person that his friends and family knew. Those three books serve the historical and spiritual purposes that autobiography is specially fitted to serve; and it is clear that they neither would nor could have been written otherwise than in the form of fiction. Instinct, or even intuition, is at work deciding these matters, and it remains for us to make the most of what we are provided with.

A factor that renders the whole subject less difficult occurs when authors elucidate it themselves in reference to their own cases. This generally takes the form of autobiographical introductions, which throw light on other cases. One case that may be taken as typical is that of Joseph Kallinikov, the Russian novelist, in his preface to his Land of Bondage. He was the son of an exhausted, worn-out, despairing father, and an invalid mother, who was continually receiving the Last Sacrament. An only child, without playmates, he grew up overawed by the grandfather, the latter himself the son of a priest and desirous, as a youngster, of becoming a painter, but driven into the church by the threats of his own father's curse. So for the rest of his life the grandfather had been deacon in the cemetery chapel. They all lived adjoining it; the boy sung in the choir; the graveyard was his playground. There his first poems were written and there he first became acquainted with love affairs. Burials, requiems, weeping relatives, a mad grandmother, a dying mother; such were his surroundings until student years. They modified his mentality, the mentality which made him the kind of writer he became.

MISCELLANEOUS REFLECTIONS

Some other reflections arise from further attention to the subject.

One concerns the handicap that it is to a child to be born rich. Everyone agrees that it is a handicap to be born poor. But it is clear from many autobiographies that in such a start originated both success and happiness. Personally, I have never tried either, but I am obliged to come to a conclusion that poverty and riches do not consist so much in what people have as in what they are. Readers who have become interested in this part of the moral side of autobiographies may be referred to those of Constance Malleson, Wolkoff-Mouromtzoff, Ethel Smyth, and the Duchessa di San Teodoro. That of the first-named can be recommended from many other points of view, stage, life, linguistics, personality, and England in the early years of the present century.

Another is to consider criticisms that have been passed on the previous section and how far those criticisms indicate weak points that can, at least, be summarized in order to do more justice to the subject than could otherwise be done, and which need to be taken into account either by readers or writers in future.

One or two criticisms concern failures of mine to convey the impression I wished to convey. One is that my aim was to fill up the time of those who are at a loss to know what to do with their time. I suppose this impression is the result of my endeavouring to allow the book to be readable. It seems to me that there is no such thing as a dull subject, only dull authors, that it would really be an injustice to the subject if I did not permit as many as possible of the variations, grave and gay, of which the subject has been made the medium, to make their bow in my survey. May I assure the more earnest readers that I am really quite a sensible person endeavouring to deal with a practical subject in a practical way, and that if they will overlook my sensitiveness to the quainter aspects of humanity, they will find evidence in these books of this claim that I make; and even a kind of perverse conscientiousness in this same inclusiveness. Some say that I find Autobiography in everything and everything in Autobiography. Well, why not? I am not content to leave any aspect out; just as I am content to come to no conclusion when the evidence does not justify one. This leaving things in suspense is another source of dissatisfaction with some critics. Believe me, hasty conclusions constitute the worst kind of manure that our misleaders have ever concocted. I am not

content to make these libations of enigmas to myopic deities and call them peace. The subject does not warrant, and I do not attempt—except in some minor ways here and there, incidentally—any postulates or apostolates; not yet. I have no ambition to be yet another English Malachi, the last of the prophets, after whom the voice of God will no longer be heard. I willingly leave that to—and—and—and their spiritual progeny. If my beginnings are carried far enough, something valuable may come of it all in, say, two hundred years' time. Why not? Can essentials be attended to at a faster rate than that? For my part, the most that I can do, all that I aim at, may be summed up in the words of a tramp I once met in Sussex. He and I discussed his troubles and mine, personal and social, the war of class against class, the reasons for wars and classes, and their futilities and miseries and the remedies, and how one can only enrich humanity by humanizing riches; and we parted on good terms. 'Guvnor,' he said, 'you 'ave giv' me much food for thought.'

HALIDÉ EDIB

'Food for thought.' And as I think over that phrase in connection with the subject under consideration—and that after twenty years' consideration of it—I can call to mind one of those instances that go farthest towards employing all the possibilities of the medium, and one which has not fitted itself into any chapter of either book. This is a matter of cause and effect, inasmuch as the one I refer to, that of Halidé Edib, contains too great a variety to belong to a single department, and too much balance for any one of many aspects to stand out from the rest. A summary of it here, then, will be in place in taking leave of general reflexions on Autobiography, as indicating better than argument can do the breadth and depth of the subject-matter and its practical utility in concentrating attention on what is worth doing, and how it gets done, and in indicating common ground on which all human beings can meet and agree and, in time, act.

Halidé Edib was born in 1884 in Turkey, that is, under the old régime; and she took a leading part in the formation of the new Turkey. Among all the many revolutions and evolutions

of modern times, among all those of all times put together, has there ever been a swifter, a more drastic, a more pregnant, change than that from Abdul Hamid's Turkey to Mustapha Kemal's? The titles of her two autobiographical books, Memoirs, and The Turkish Ordeal, reflect this at the outset, before they are opened; namely, in beginning with an individual life at home, and continuing into a record in which the individuality does, indeed, preserve itself by reason of its vitality and responsiveness in rising greatly to great occasions, but in which, also, the preservation of a whole people's independence, and their movement towards a true freedom in the face of tremendous obstacles, form the theme. An epic as much as an autobiography; both equally complementary to one another; and each aspect intensifying the actuality of the other. Passion and sympathy, will-power and affection, sense and sensibility, reason and instinct, balance and initiative, health and sickness, philanthropy and politics, home and revolution, oratory and education, breadth, depth, humour, and capacity for little things and big, receptive and perceptive, Conservative and Liberal, nurse and mother, teacher and friend, soldier and peace-lover, journalist and realist, reader and thinker, no contradiction came amiss to her, no addition one too many, in so far as one and all did not go against the grain of that tenderness and loyalty which underlay every movement of the mind, which made horses, dogs, men, women and children equally welcome, all classes, all creeds, all conditions of living.

Characteristically enough, the book is unique among autobiographies in that it begins in the third person and changes to narration in the first person. Some autobiographers use one method, some the other; Halidé Edib alone changes from one to the other. She changes over when the character of her recollections changes. And that, again, takes place significantly early, at the age of four.

But she had been a person in a class by herself from birth, with her fair hair and large reddish-brown eyes, both in striking contrast with all the hair and eyes around her. Her temperament stood out in equal contrast. Or rather, temperaments. For she discovers three within herself; and each one in seemingly

direct relationship with the three wet-nurses she had. The first nurse was a sullen Albanian; and the child, too, was liable to sullen moods; the second was supposed to have gipsy blood in her which accounted, in everyone's eyes, for the child's way-wardness and uncommonness; while the third was a most lovable negress. Her own capacity for affection she found, as time went on, to be above that of other human beings; equal, she says, to that of a dog.

As with her whole life, so especially with her childhood, her recollections probably have more points of contact with the inner lives of others of the more sensitive types than has any other one account. It certainly suggests, more definitely than any other, that children, all the world over, have more in common with each other than adults are conscious of having with each other. Her own childhood had a more definite ending than most, namely, at ten years of age, inasmuch as, at that time, all girl-children in Turkey took the veil at that age. Up to then, girl-children in Turkey took the veil at that age. Up to then, all grown-ups seemed much the same to her whether his or her age was twelve or fifty. Nothing on earth did she dislike more than being questioned. Anyone who peered into her feelings and thoughts made her feel spiritually undressed. Her first child-friend was one who chattered picturesquely and was stupid enough for her company to be restful. Even in later life Halidé Edib always enjoyed the company of the intellectual up to a point, but found it fatiguing if continued for long. She could be more herself with this little girl more alone then when by be more herself with this little girl, more alone than when by herself; remaining silent; and doing her own talking when there was no one by to listen. The little girl had likewise the recommendation of being so unpicturesque to look at as to make Halidé seem even better looking than she was in reality. Her earliest recollections of people are of those whose eyes make her uneasy, who make her think. Boys she thoroughly disliked; but she invented an imaginary boy, Alexi, to whom she did all her talking.

She was delicate, disinclined for any physical exertion, even movement; and her illnesses seem to have been more serious than those of most children; always allied, too, with some psychic crisis. The first occurred through seeing some boys stone a

wounded dog; she lay semi-conscious for days. On the other hand, however ill she might be, a fresh interest had the power of calling her back to life with a leap.

One of her clearest recollections (about five) was of spending the fasting-month with her negress wet-nurse. For the chief ceremony, the close of the fast, they went to the Suleymanié mosque, where the beauty of the buildings and the infection of the devotion carried her away.

... drunk with pleasure. I seemed to be composed of myriads of open cells through which penetrated this gray mass rising in the blue air. The feeling inside me was of a fluid motion, flooding and moving in a divine harmony through my little body. I have often thought since that a child's perception of beauty is superior to that of a grown-up. It is not a beauty of words. It is colour, it is sound, it is harmony and line all combined yet producing a single sensation.

She so wished to preserve this memory that she has never entered this mosque again. A rare instance of the exactest preservation of a given child's recollection, untouched by any later additions or sophistications. She is exceptional in the extent to which she remembers the unrolling of events, and just how far she reacted to them at the time, neither sentimentalized from a later point of view, nor distorted by remoteness.

She received plenty of affection of one kind and another, but seemed to herself to have lived in a lonely and expectant attitude until she went to a kindergarten at which she was the only Moslem. The Greek lady who was the principal took her out of herself. . . . 'gave her the first life-contact.' Before then she seemed to be 'dozing in a sunless and strange atmosphere,' which here she exchanged for a nameless delight, which found expression in joyous movement and gesture.

Her desire to read began with a visitor showing her a book of African travels, and having a gift for explaining the pictures. This was before she was seven. Her father was very much inclined to English methods, and a later development, all around, than that prescribed by local custom; which would have started her learning to read at three. She did, indeed, bother her father about it until she made her start at five. It was no small task.

Literary Turkish was far removed from the spoken language, and the Arabic of the Koran unintelligible. The first book that she became able to read was an imaginative picture of death and life after death, grossly realistic, which had an appalling effect on her. Her masters, at home, mainly introduced to her the picturesque side of Moslem history, and Turkish folk-lore, which later was intensified by visits to the very local Turkish theatres, which have now died out as unfashionable but had many merits, especially vitality.

Then came an English governess, who seems to have had some ability and was the first to awaken in her a wish to become a writer. The next influence was that of one of the outstanding men in Turkey, Riza Tewfik, fascinating personality, a great admirer of Herbert Spencer, and at home with all the varieties of races in the Ottoman dominions and their peculiarities, and good at reproducing the latter; a good Arabic scholar and perfect at Persian. This latter language, in its perfection of form and expressiveness, seemed to her in later life a danger to literaryminded Turks, in so far as all literature and art which is influenced by it tends to be so dominated by it as to undermine originality in the other. This enslavement permits merely conventionalities in the inferior language, and personality is stifled. But at that period of her development and degree of receptivity, it opened a new world to her very effectively. Her receptivity must have been amazing. Riza Tewfik would talk until his hearers became exhausted; her father would often fall asleep; but she, at fifteen, apparently always kept awake. It was his Turkish folklore that most appealed to her.

One of the effects of the liberating influence of college, to which she soon afterwards went, appeared in religion, although this was so deep and innate a tendency that it probably would have made its appearance anyhow. Faithful Moslem as she was and felt (and remained in many ways) she could never be kept orthodox. The narrower forms had to give way, in her mind, to 'ijtihad,' the heretical Arab doctrine that the logical and free interpretations of the human mind, based on ascertained data, had the first claim. The side of Mohammedanism which was free and tolerant had already laid hold of her, and here at college she

expanded into a passionate interest in other creeds, of which Buddhism took first place. Two teachers of the college facilitated this unconsciously. One was rather narrow, but filled with a conviction which affected others personally by infection. Halidé Edib well says that of all methods of conveying spiritual meanings, speaking is the least efficient. And while artistic powers and equipment will fail to render a speaker effective for the purpose, a capacity for expressing oneself sincerely in public will succeed. This teacher had that capacity. The other was broader and more universal. Both were women. All the teachers treated her as if she were grown-up. Occasional visitors added much to variety and quality.

But at the end of a year it became apparent that she was so backward in mathematics that she could not hope to graduate unless she had special tuition. Salih Zeki Bey undertook to do this. He was one of the most remarkable men, intellectually, of modern Turkey, a great mathematician who brought a mathematical clarity to bear on all that he thought and said. The desire and capacity to play, developed at college, petered out before this clarity, and her tendency towards dreaminess also went under, temporarily. It was the end of her youth, inasmuch as the opportunities for youthfulness never occurred again. The struggle to counteract this loss turned her into a writer, an imaginative writer, who kept what remained of her youth by that means. She graduated in June that year, 1901, and married Salih Zeki Bey at the end of the year.

Salih Zeki Bey had two sides to him. She helped him with the English part of the work incidental to his Mathematical Dictionary, and translated aloud to him the Sherlock Holmes stories, then appearing. The other side brought on a nervous breakdown on her part within the year.

In the interval she had been going on with her own development by reading French fiction. The perfection of style among her favourites struck her with spiritual effect, both the beauty and the truthfulness of it; Daudet, especially. But the one who had most effect at the particular juncture was Zola. It is characteristic of her that her criticisms on Zola contain remarks full of insight and unusual in character. At first she found difficulty

in 'wading through his gigantic productions; with his difficult material, and his blinding, lurid, chaotic, ugly, powerful, clumsy methods; not creating individuals, but lighting up portions of the soul with fastidious idealism, while making grotesque statues and pictures of their vileness.' That stage worked itself out, and she remembers Zola as perhaps the most powerful educator of her soul, a 'rare idealist'; who stands up, as no other does, for truth. At the same time, it was strong medicine, even with her, at nineteen. 'His impetuous honesty to destroy not only the vices and ugliness of the human heart but man's self-created illusions and shams nearly killed my mystical comfort from the Divine and Unseen.' And she questions whether Zola would have written as he did had he been living to-day; whether he would not rather have turned to fortifying the influence of the spiritual world. He made her face the question whether she could face all the ugly realities of a life without spiritual aid, and still go on in service to human kind. Zola had the characteristic that he himself could without such aid. Zola's test is, she says, the hardest test for the pious and sincere, but one which, if they survive it, will enable them to possess a faith that nothing can shake.

However, all this was subordinate to the physical realities of married life with Salih Zeki Bey. The state of neurasthenia to which she was reduced is exceedingly well described, even to the effect of all colour going out of everything for her, even that of the Bosphorus. All nature grew grey to her. Internally, she was extremely lucid; seeing everything around her, and the values of life, with a detachment and a clarity she never experienced subsequently. The whole of her life seems divided here into separate halves, with this grey interval between. The possibility of a fresh start was due to her elder sister's personality and warmth of friendship.

Halidé Edib had two children, the first one succeeding this attack of neurasthenia, and being a secondary cause of the cure. Both children were boys and both as different as possible, expressive of the two opposing sides of her character. By 1910 Salih Zeki Bey formed another attachment, and married again, expecting Halidé Edib to accept the position of first wife. She

insisted on divorce. She became ill enough to have to spend three months in bed, and recovered as an effect of will-power, intending to conquer physical weaknesses and make a home for the children equal to the one they had to leave; determined to live, as regards herself, and likewise to ensure that the children's lives should not be spoiled by weakness of character in their mother.

The main outcome was to turn to writing definitely. In 1906 she had begun translating Shakespeare into colloquial Turkish, 'an unheard-of and shocking thing,' because the colloquial was not used for anything regarded as literature. It was for that very reason that she undertook it, the more easily as she had no idea of publication, but mainly because she divined affinities between the experimental English of Shakespeare and colloquial Turkish. Salih Zeki Bey often altered expressions into literary form but saw reason in hers; the more so, as time went on; a striking instance of insight and linguistic ability in a girl of twenty-two. She found affinities between Shakespeare and Mohammed, in their characteristic masculinity. Also, although she returned frequently to Shakespeare and translated more subsequently, it was in that year only that she seemed to realize him more fully than at any other period.

The next stage was formed by the periodical 'Tanine' (1908) centralizing all the most influential and best liberal thought of the Turks. She was adopted as one of the staff and so continued. Yet she did not feel emancipated enough ever to go to the offices and never saw the principal editor. One of the chief results to her was the confidential correspondence she received from women, and the light she thereby gained on current troubles of Turkish life; and on social undercurrents. Soon, too, as a novel-writer she became famous; highly coloured stuff which she deprecated, but which must have been wildly stimulating.

From now onward, public events carried her away, i.e., 1909–1925. The actual war-period with the Turks was not 1914–18, but 1912–22, and the whole of it revolutionary; all accompanied with unending personal danger for her, and, during the latter part, separation from her children, condemnation

to death, and a continual daily risking of her life. But during the years 1909–16, she was mainly concerned with organizing and reorganizing education, partly in Syria. No other passages in books suggest more of what can and should be done, or greater contrast with what is normally done, than these; whether it is a question of improving routine, changing over from an outworn point of view to ministering to current individual needs, or national ones; or introducing order and happiness into mismanagement and wretchedness.

There was an interval of nursing during the Balkan war, and some general experience in Palestine. In all of these there emerges a readiness to observe and listen, a sense of beauty and character, an accessibility to all kinds and conditions of human beings, a sense of proportion and humour, which touch the limits of human capacity; and intelligence and personality which are the more remarkable when it is considered that they lose nothing in the phrasing in an alien tongue. Amidst all these preoccupations, daily work, and sufferings of her own and others, she found leisure to note much about music in Syria that would be difficult to light on elsewhere.

She married again, a doctor this time, and just when Mustapha Kemal was coming to the front as the only possible leader towards the ends that she and her husband had in sight. To Angora, then, and to hardship and peril for four years on end; any single month of which might well have wrecked physique and mind. By the time the second book was written tendencies of Mustapha Kemal had matured which were far removed from theirs; the ambition which was one factor in his qualities as the only possible leader seemed to take precedence, more and more as time went on, of those altruistic aims of theirs which put Turks and Turkey first. There is much comment on Mustapha Kemal not only as he was then, but as seen in the light of later events, which is as authentic and valuable as history as well can be. The more she disagrees with him, the clearer her fairness comes out. While there is anger at what happened, there is never any belittling of his qualities and qualifications; though there is more ascription of a greater share in success to his

subordinates than he, perhaps, would have admitted, or considered it politic and possible to admit.

And so the book goes on, broadening and broadening out into ever wider issues, and remaining as deep as the depths of childhood, and touching on the lives and characters of as extraordinary a variety of fascinating people and animals as any book is likely to contain.

CONCLUSION

All that summarizes what Autobiography can attempt, and indicates what there is in it. That is why the study of the subject has a past, a present, and a future. It is the turning-point now. The publication of Margery Perham's Ten Africans (1936) provides evidence enough, since there is other evidence that what Miss Perham thinks to-day, others will think to-morrow; bearing out that I have probably not been wasting my time endeavouring to establish that Autobiography and its uses constitute a source of knowledge that is unfamiliar, and to render both less unfamiliar and more intelligible; and to facilitate further inquiry by those who will be better able than I am to carry such inquiry further.

In conclusion, I have to thank Dr Irma Weinberg, and likewise the London Library, for indispensable assistance.

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CHAPTER VIII

ARTISTS

I love all beauteous things
I seek and adore them;
God hath no better praise
And man in his hasty days
Is honoured for them.

I too will something make
And joy in the making;
Altho' to-morrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

MANY difficulties await us in deciding whom to select, whom to expect to meet in these ensuing chapters, and not least in this first one. In the Artist's House are many Mansions. but most of them are sub-let to Philistines. In Art there seem to be two kinds of inspiration; the external and the internal. So many begin with a little alcohol and much Art, and end all Alcohol and no art. No man can serve two mistresses-at any rate, not abstract ones. And then there are those who begin with Art for Art's sake and end with Art for Appearances' sake. Neither will the Lancashire manufacturer's definition of Art as 'a silly joke' cover the case. And then again, must we not distinguish between 'artiste' and 'artist': the one who enables us to forget what we do not want to remember, and the other who enables us to remember what we do not want to forget? Shall we not abide with the latter, under Robert Bridges' leadership? But yet we must not narrow the inordinate breadth of our subject by remaining in too rarefied an atmosphere. Another chapter-heading, this time from Archy and Mehitabel, will restore the balance.

Dance, Mehitabel, dance Till your old bones fly apart. I ain't got no regrets For I gave my life to my Art.

Marc Chagall was as nearly as possible still-born. Only after being pricked with pins and dipped in water did he set up a feeble wail. On getting stronger, he toddled as far as the threshold of his home: this seemed to him a second birth. Indoors, he was a sort of prisoner in the Jewish Community of Witebsk, and accordingly located all his dreams and plans in youth in the sky, and became a realist whose outlook was into fairy land. Indoors, again, there was not only the Community making itself felt; there was his ancestry likewise. The father's father had made shopkeepers of his two sons. Marc's father, tired, anxious, poor, could bestow no more on the boy than a rare smile. Eight children to keep; and no help. The other grandfather was a butcher, and influenced family opinion more than his grandson did. The latter discovered that the family thought a lot of meat and nothing of Art. Marc remembered two aunts: one with a long nose and ten children, the other with a short nose and six children. And then there was his brother David, who died in the Crimea; 'My brother, I couldn't do anything. Tuberculosis. Cypresses. Far from home. Worse and worse. Indoors again, dirt, heat, smells. What a rest it was when there was an interval of cleanliness! One bright recollection remained, that of an uncle who took him for drivessomething to be seen wherever he looked. How often do drives in carts occur in reminiscences of childhood as bright spots! the increased visibility of the world, a miraculous increase which the taller adults do not realize. But then again, that enormous, ever-unsatisfied appetite of his! And that voice! The family tried to make it serve some other purposes than those of quarreling with his sisters and causing passers-by to turn round and look at him. He sang at the synagogue, concentrating attention on himself until he said to himself: 'I shall be a singer; I shall be admitted at the Conservatoire.' And so he grew up. 'I shall be a violinist: I shall be admitted to the Conservatoire, 'I shall

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be a dancer: I shall be admitted . . . I don't know where.' 'I shall be a poet; I shall . . .' But what did happen was that he was bitten by a mad dog, and admitted to a hospital in St Petersburg. Yet in the end a friend of the family saw some drawings of his and commented: 'So you're a real artist'; a word never used in Witebsk. That was the end of his mother's idea of making a photographer of him; but it did not stop his sisters cleaning their boots with his 'canvases.' An original lot, his sisters: one died of eating coal. More encouragement came, and even twenty-seven roubles from his father wherewith to maintain himself indefinitely in St Petersburg. He went there full of ideas (1907), but also of misgivings. How to paint into pictures his prayers, his sorrows, his hopes? He felt himself to be nothing but a gutter-boy.

Ten to twenty roubles more came in every month from some source or other; not enough, anyway, to meet the cost of a room. He had to make shift with corners of rooms, shared a bed with a labourer, dreamed of bread and sausages, read menus as if they were poems, envied the lamp which had a table all to itself. After being classed as the servant of a barrister who had a permit to employ Jewish domestics, he apprenticed himself to a sign-painter in order to be entitled, as an artizan, to a right of his own to live in St Petersburg. Dissatisfied with his progress, he goes to Bakst, who is sympathetic and takes him as a pupil when Countess Tolstoi and Nijinsky were among the other pupils. But at the end of a fortnight he is in despair once more. It is the same as at school; he finds himself being given nothing but information: of teaching as he understands it and longs for it, none. And yet Bakst is genuinely encouraging, and urges him to go to Paris; until he feels that he is no longer a gutterboy. And to Paris he does go, having found a patron (1910). And there he finds not only tendencies at work but fundamental physico-psychic forces likewise, predisposing some to music, some to painting, some to literature, some to sleep. Apollinaire's real gift, he says, lay in his appetite. He himself works naked, because dressing is not in his line: and with a herring handy cut into two halves, one half for to-day, the other half for tomorrow: still harassed by depression, sure he is no artist, and

wondering what he was, then—a cow? But at least he goes on growing. He develops his own point of view, to the effect that scientific tendencies have no place in Art; Art, to him, is a frame of mind the soul is in. Each mind has its own logic. As in his sketches, where others may find the white too white, and the black too black, so in his writings, emphasis is never lacking. But the result is a gain, not only in personality, but in verisimilitude.

When the revolution dawns he is back in Witebsk. He founds a school. Teachers and pupils combine to expel him from it. One day the Tcheka arrives with seven cars, and strips workshop and living-room alike. Even the silver table service they take from the table. The father and mother grow old all of a sudden, staring at the cars as they drive away. They have to send out to buy a tin spoon; the father's tears run down it and trickle into his tea. His wife is arrested as she goes to the market in spite of her protests that the baby is alone in the house and that she only wants to exchange her rings for half a pound of butter. After some work with the 'Habima' theatrical company he is assigned as teacher at the Malabrowska colony for orphans in whose remembrance the assassination of their parents and the violation of their sisters are still fresh. Scantily clad and barefooted, the orphans are enthusiastic pupils, jumping at the colours like beasts at their meat. A delirium of creation: music, verses, too; but never a smile in their eyes. After two years of misery he decides on his future: he will paint pictures in Paris. Ernst Barlach was another who owed much to being driven

Ernst Barlach was another who owed much to being driven about. In his case the person responsible was the father, a country doctor. Barlach got the maximum out of the drives, his father forgetting all else at the bedsides of patients, leaving coachman, boy, and horses alike to wait and wait and freeze and freeze. But the experience left the boy leisure for appreciation of Nature and for observation, and waiting and freezing taught him patience. He was to need it. It was not till he was thirty that his vocation was apparent to himself; not till ten years later still that he obtained recognition. His tendency was towards delineating permanent values in an unfashionable form, humble life carved in wood. As against poverty and unhappiness

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at home, disease, the everlasting struggle within himself to discover his true bent and to overcome his self-distrust, blind-alley experiments, teachers who always wanted him to do something different from what he felt was in him, and relations with whom it was traditional to have some artistic hobby but who looked to some drab business as the staple of life-against all these he had nothing but a blind instinct to pull him through, unconscious drift. What finally cleared up uncertainties was travel, to Russia in particular, consolidated by a ramble through Tuscany; noting the contrasts of both with Germany and France. When his depression was deepest, at thirty-nine, he was living by the Elbe; the movement of the river became his chief distraction and resource. Born in 1870, he issued this autobiography in 1928, concerning his first forty years, in the form of a preface to a series of photographs of those artistic creations of his which rank with the best of our time. A pithy, brief, account, wellremembered, well felt, well-expressed in the dialect which he characteristically preferred to standardized German: homely, human and frank.

In contrast with these two who had so much that was antagonistic to encounter comes W. Rothenstein, whose experience of home and early environment was that of an even and pleasant discipline; alien, indeed, to his tendencies, but not in opposition. He was welcome to leave Bradford Grammar School for the Slade School under Legros before his feet could touch the floor of the railway-carriage when he sat on the seat: and at seventeen he went on to Paris. Thenceforward he led a most active life artistically and an amazingly active one socially. Men and Memories is the apt title of what he writes. It may be that, if he had had the fighting training of Chagall and Barlach, he might have ended by becoming a more striking artist than he was: who can say? It would have made a difference, and in that direction. But he would not have tended to become so excellent a critic and commentator. Catholic, receptive, appreciative, undogmatic, he spends most of his space assessing the relative claims of efficiency, spirit, vision, aims, achievement, quality and quantity, fastidiousness, diligence, craftsmanship, instinct and experience, persistence and genius, with insight, fairness and

kindliness. Always a hand outstretched to those who fell by the wayside, and to his betters; equally the friend of the 'meek and successful painter of birch trees,' and of Rodin. 'Give us each day our daily life' seems to underlie every chapter. And here is the exception to the inarticulateness of the artist. While he felt at home, safer, in his studio, while he attributes his dislike of his school to his own unfitness for schooling, he deploys a capacity for putting ideas into words which is equalled only by the most capable autobiographers. Whether he is telling us that paint is a permanent material but that what is fatal to pictures is the impermanence of so many painters, or setting in relief the value of work which he had no wish to rival, or expressing his admiration for qualities he could only wish to have possessed, he is doing much. But he goes farther. He illuminates life in general, his own in particular, and that of others, when he broadens out his deductions from his special experience of his special subject into their wider applications. How, for instance, he comes to believe that all consciously exerted influence is a bad thing; that outside influences are beneficial, and fertilize, only when they crop up in front of a mind just when the latter is in need of them. How again, of all his exhilarating experiences, painting out-of-doors ranked first. It was not only that the full beauty of a landscape can only be absorbed in the course of trying to depict it; but that another absorption took place, a magnetism which seemed to draw him out of himself and blend his mind with the life and character of the fields and trees he was endeavouring to paint, until thereby, and thereby alone, he came to realize the meaning of mysticism to mystics and the inner significance of religions. How, too, while Nature remains the greatest of designers and the source of all design, there remains equally the function of the artist as an active force, active in creation, continuous and spontaneous creation, ministering to the immortality of the sense of beauty.

At the other end of the scale comes Joseph Hémard who, under pressure from his publishers, supplied ten pages of autobiography by way of preface to a selection of his drawings. The first five pages speaks of his ancestry, his 'barbarous' family which hindered him so. And then he tells how he was taken

prisoner in 1914 and so remained until the end of the war. 'And then—I drew for books.' That is all Hémard has to say of his own working-life, productive of some of the most superb book-illustrations ever seen.

It is, perhaps, in the nature of things that the autobiographers of the stage should be more articulate than those of the studio. They certainly are. The trouble with the former generally is that they do not know what to put in, while the latter do not know what to leave out. Nevertheless, this hardly applies to the best of them, such as Sarah Bernhardt, Fyodor Chaliapin, and Yvette Guilbert, who prefer to be explicit only about their public lives. Isadora Duncan has fewer reserves. A factor common to all is the almost insuperable obstacles they had to overcome at the outset. Sarah Bernhardt, indeed, was throughout as much of an invalid as an artist. Her great discovery was that of the extent to which her physique could be controlled by her will. She also observed that much would be tolerated in her which would not be tolerated in others because she was not expected to live long. On the other hand, it took her long to realize the extent to which she lived in extremes, as compared with other people. Her chief resources were two. One was a capacity for going fast asleep instantly whenever she wanted to and waking up at a predetermined time. The second an intensity which touched the limit of human capacity. This latter took effect in her choice of a motto, 'Quand-même,' in her capacity for giving battle as long and as violently as it was offered her, in her irrepressible quest for ever-new outlets for creative activities, as balloonist, painter, sculptor, collector of animals, and so on; and in her dislike of any buildings higher than a mill because they blocked out the horizon. But all the while, behind the mixture of tempestuous self-assertion, meretriciousness, and genius which was Sarah Bernhardt as known to the public, there was growing-up the Sarah Bernhardt of her autobiography, shrewd, quiet, and candid, coming to the conclusion that however long one lived, life was short, and best spent living for the few who understand and appreciate, to whom affection can be given without reserve and for whom allowances can be made without effort. The rest of humanity must be dismissed as a

crowd, one's relations with which must be casual and ephemeral, and against which the only defence is indifference.

Of Fyodor Ivanovitch Chaliapin it cannot be said that there

was anything apparent about him in early life to suggest that he would grow up out of the ordinary. Just one more gutterboy. His father, indeed, looked a little unusual; unusual, that is, for a clerk who lived in a hut near Kazan at a rent of three shillings a month, and who, up to the age of eighteen, had been a ploughman. A sacristan had then seen something in him, and taught him to read and write; and when the boy Fyodor was working with his father, he saw that there were always drawings of graves on the father's blotter, and never forgot the silent grief the latter showed the day of the funeral of one other little son. For the rest, the father was much like his neighbours, drunkard and wife-beater till the day of his death. The mother was always singing, when not being beaten; sad, thoughtful, thorough; and, once upon a time, very strong, but wearing out, as the boy saw, with ill-usage and poverty. The last time Fyodor saw her, she was begging. When he was seven the whole family, five of them, moved into the town; living in one room, in which the children were locked up all day while the mother was out charing. But soon he himself went out to work: first for a furrier, then for a smith, then a woodcarver, then a bootmaker. But this bootmaker was too easygoing, although both there and at home thrashings were continually raining on him. So off he was sent to another bootmaker, with whom work was more like penal servitude; if he did not become crippled there it was due, he thinks, to the strength of his bones. Work started at 5 a.m. and went on late, till midnight sometimes. He grew to be nothing but skin and bones, and began to fear his bones were becoming thinner. All this happened before he was ten. Then he changed to a carpenter's shop, and then again to bookbinding, because there were fewer heavy tools used in bookbinding: being hit on the head with a book hurt less than being hit with a plane. The next job was with a pawnbroker. Yet all this while he was not without schooling: in fact, he attended up to the age of thirteen and seems to have learnt something, besides putting in some time in the school vegetable garden in addition

to his handicrafts. There was also another family move, this time to Astrakhan, down the Volga; and it is noteworthy that the contented frame of mind which came over him then, during that river-voyage, never failed to reproduce itself whenever he returned to the Volga, or even when he was merely near it. At Astrakhan he became a clerk at the Law Courts and soon after left family life and worked his way back to Kazan as a navvy. Even after he had definitely taken to singing he spent some time as a railway clerk.

During all this while he was rather badly off for clothes; using a shawl, for instance, instead of an overcoat. Even after he got an overcoat his boots were in pieces. At one time he obtained a complete outfit, but still later his dark blue jacket had nothing underneath it. And when he was well on his way to success, he still had only one shirt, which he used to wash in the river and dry over the lamp in his room. As for food, he got used to going without for two days at a time; but always found it hard to go three or four.

Yet whenever there was the least chance he was always enjoying life and making other people enjoy it; always eager to attend to all that was vivid and brilliant around him, whether fights, fires, or red boots. And not only what appealed to the eye, all that was gay and imaginative appealed to him equally. Everything of this kind, and everything different from it, led him continually to his central idea-if it was possible, and so easily possible, to make life so pleasant, why did the daily life go on as dull and disgusting as it habitually did? His earliest recollection of this contrast seems to have been the choral dances which took place twice a year at Kazan. And then there were the shows at the Fairs. When the Fair was over it was not only the recollection of the entertainments that struck him, it was the contrast between the square with, and without, a Fair. It was just the same with books, the contrast between what was and what might be. The first time he went to a theatre he had no idea what he was going to see, and although he had to maintain his position by holding on to the roof, it was one of the most striking experiences of his life to see a fairy tale come to life when the curtain went up. Throughout this early

period he was always earning a few coppers by singing in the choir, but when he went to the theatre he couldn't understand why everybody did not act similarly in ordinary life and conduct their conversations in singing. He tried this at home; it was badly received. The next phase was to get behind the scenes, and 'go on' as a super, and, in time, in a speaking part. This latter was a terrible failure, as he was too much overcome by stage fright to say anything. Bit by bit he made his way with one travelling company after another, always becoming more successful than he thought he was being, so that at the time when he was still wearing a shawl for want of an overcoat, he was told at the end of the season that he had been so useful that he was to have a benefit performance.

And always it went on as it had begun, when, at Kazan, none of all the different voices he heard around him stirred him as did words spoken by an actor, which rang out clothed in meaning and beauty. Added to this was the marvellousness of all the theatrical accessories, from the limelight to the hero's scarlet boots. Thenceforward nothing had any power to prevent him devoting himself to Art, but always Art in relation to Life, linked up with daily needs of the humblest and subject to the same limitations as religion, those of mystery which surpassed the capacities of words to define or express. He was deeply influenced by Russian painters whom he knew personally and by the common factors which underlay both their art and his. Painters, mystics and actors, in his view, were equally disciples and interpreters of the biblical 'Logos.'

Yvette Guilbert writes at the age of sixty, pondering on all the unknown quantities inherent in a new baby, some to be realized, some not: all brimming with uncertainties not only as regards accident from without but also as regards the machinery within, especially the 'key-board of the intellect.' Pondering, too, on what a magnificent experience Life is, and on the magic of accumulating years, welcoming all experiences and recollections, depths of wretchedness, vitality of youth; and ending by rejoicing in the passage of the years as an achievement, glad to be able to look forward, and to have created her own wisdom.

Her experience was very varied, from the dregs at the

bottom to the scum on the top, from extremity of poverty to riches; and international.

Her mother had been used to comfortable circumstances. but sunk to poverty immediately after marriage at eighteen; lodgings damp, filthy, narrow and dark were her earliest recollections (in Paris). From six to eight she enjoyed life in the garden of her grandparents in Normandy, and for a little while thereafter an invention of her mother's brought them in money enough. Otherwise, from twenty to forty-five the mother worked perpetually in poverty, often starving, fireless; the father thinking it was no business of his. She was taken away from school to help her mother with beadwork, the two working from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. for five francs in all a day. Beadwork in summer, hats in winter; making the latter during the day and selling them from eight p.m. till midnight, walking the streets in all winter weathers to do it, and getting up next morning to put on the wet clothes and boots again, living through such struggles as to-day, she says, would bring about riots.

At sixteen she went into a shop, as a mannequin, but had to leave after ten months, because no one was allowed to sit down and the hours were from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. It took weeks of rest to get her legs right again. She tried again as saleswoman, established a connection and started on her own as a dressmaker, gaining much experience of the meannesses and dishonesty of the rich. The best of her skill as artist she says is drawn from her knowledge of the Parisian working-girl, and her struggling on amid difficulties.

Adolescence and poverty together brought her much trouble from men and tradesmen—all more experience. Her struggles as a budding artist were as acute as Chaliapin's, perhaps all the more so because she was intent on going her own way and creating her own method, style, genre. The conditions telling against health, stamina, and decent treatment seem to have been far worse in Paris at that time even than in London. Her illnesses were frequent and serious; and she had only four notes in her voice. She had to create her audiences, and even then, to train her managers to believe the audiences were there and waiting for her; even the first seemed impossible to her except for the

faith she had that she had something to offer which was worth offering, and which would be recognized in time. The latter was, in fact, the more difficult task. These early managers and proprietors included publicans, circus-riders, butter-merchants, restaurant-keepers, a washerwoman, and one master-mason who used to grumble, when he paid her a thousand francs for singing thirty minutes, that he could have had nine feet of good wall for that money. All this while she was building up the idea of getting away from a boulevard repertoire and substituting one which would be chosen from the whole range of the whole song-literature of France. She worked back, bit by bit, through the eighteenth century, seventeenth, and so on; devoting ten years to the fourteenth and fifteenth alone, and arriving in years to the fourteenth and fifteenth alone, and arriving in time at the eleventh. The leisure-time of twenty-five years she spent thus, using the help of many philologians of several nations, whose narrowness and imperfections she supplemented by study on her own account and by imagination; arranging her own translation from the Latin by attention to French rhythms in harmony with the stresses of the Latin words and their accompaniments combined. Result: 60,000 songs, illuminating and re-constructing the whole history of France. These she has been singing all the world over; and nowhere, as she has the courage to say, has she found more appreciation than in Germany. than in Germany.

It would seem at first sight as if one of the limitations of autobiography, as contrasted with biography, was that it could not deal with those pre-natal influences which more or less predestine all lives. That is far from being the case. One instance is Isadora Duncan's. She provides information which would not be known had she not provided it.

During the months preceding Isadora's birth, her mother spent the time in great grief and perplexity, having then discovered that her husband was maintaining another home. At times she could take no food but iced oysters and iced champagne, and fully expected an abnormal child. And, in fact, so soon as the child was born, its vigor proved to be abnormal; equally so, too, proved the precocity of its response to the tendencies within. A similar instance of an autobiographer bearing

witness to what appear to be pre-natal influences manifesting themselves throughout life will be found in Charles Hose's Fifty Years of Romance and Research. Repeated evidence led him to suspect that he was hyper-sensitive to earthquake-shocks, and observation over a long period subsequently confirmed this; and he also found that among the natives of Borneo, whom he came to know intimately, there existed a strong belief in pre-natal influences. He made inquiries, and found that on 6 October, 1863, six days before he was born, there occurred one of the severest earthquakes known to have occurred in Britain.

In Isadora Duncan's case cross-currents were certainly strong and plentiful. Irish-American ancestry included her grandmother giving birth to her first child at eighteen in a pioneer's 'covered waggon' while the father, aged twenty-one, was taking part in a battle with the Redskins; and Isadora remembered both as lively enough to be dancing jigs in one of the original wooden houses in San Francisco, which they themselves had built. Their daughter, her Aunt Augusta, had had in her all materials required to turn her into a first-rate actress or singer. But the family was also Puritan, and it seemed as though those early settlers, habituated to taming wild natives and wild country, insisted on taming themselves too. They tamed Aunt Augusta. But not Isadora's mother. She turned musician when her husband deserted her, and she and her four children remained poor indeed until the children grew up. But Poverty did not tame her either. Indeed, Poverty became another formative crosscurrent in the daughter's life. When, for example, there was absolutely nothing to eat in the house, she was the one who generally went to the butcher to persuade him to give something more on credit; an adventure which was a pleasure in itself to her, and, when successful, as usually was the case, one which caused her to dance all the way home. Moreover, all this experience with exasperated butchers taught her much that helped her to deal with theatrical managers later. Another effect of poverty was that as her mother was away from home so much and brought back so little with her, the children grew accustomed to a maximum of freedom; no servants, no governesses, to protect and forbid and tittivate, and canalize the living stream.

And then, the mother's hardships had turned her atheist, and her Christmas message to her children was that there was no Santa Claus and no God; only their own spirit to help them through. Sometimes she had misgivings, lamenting that all four of her youngsters should be artists, and not one businesslike; and she did go so far as to send Isadora to school. But it was too late: she was five by then; confirmed dancer and revolutionary. She did nevertheless put up with it till ten years old, always either at the top or the bottom of her class; in any case watching the clock for closing-time to show up: and so home for all the education she ever had, listening to her mother playing German music or reading aloud to the children from Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats and Burns.

Although continually on the move for want of money to pay the rent, it was not at home she felt she suffered from poverty, but at school, humiliating as a penitentiary, she says, to a proud and sensitive child—and then, the misery of trying to sit still on a hard bench with an empty stomach, or with cold feet in wet shoes, in front of a teacher who seemed to be there only to harass the children. When she was ten she told her mother it was a waste of time for her to go to school any more, and as she was big enough for it to be believed when she said she was sixteen, she got free. The reason she said it was such a waste of time was that, when she was six, she was found at home with six babies, all too young to walk, collected somehow in front of her while she taught them to wave their arms: this she terms her 'dancing-school.' By the time she was ten, this 'school' had become so large that the two schools could not really both be attended to. This re-arrangement left her time for reading. The public library at Oakland, California, provided the books, and thither, no matter how many miles away their temporary home happened to be, she ran, skipped, or danced; collecting candle-ends, too, by the light whereof she read till dawn.

When they all grew up, they migrated to New York, and soon raked up money enough to pay for their passage to England in a cattle-boat, arriving in London with no money, no friends, no means of finding shelter; spending the night on a bench in Green Park until moved on by a policeman. Then,

securing their baggage and a little cash, they lived for three days on penny buns, riding on 'buses, in a perfect ecstasy of sight-seeing, until, on their return from a most interesting lecture on Correggio at the National Gallery, their landlady slammed the door in their faces and kept their baggage. At dawn on the fourth day, then, Isadora told the others to follow her into one of the best hotels, told the night porter their luggage was coming and that breakfast was to be sent up. All that day they rested in luxurious beds, telephoning at intervals in indignation at the non-arrival of their luggage, and complaining bitterly of having no clothes fit to go out in. They dined in their rooms and walked out at dawn without waking the night-porter. That day Isadora discovered from a paper that an American lady, at whose house she had danced in New York, was in London, obtained another engagement from her and ten pounds, and from then on they always secured enough for at least semi-starvation; spending most of the day in the British Museum. In time to Paris; rising at 5 a.m., dancing in the Luxembourg Gardens, exploring the Louvre, the Guimet, Cluny, Carnavalet, reading vigorously in the library of the Opera House, where she came to the conclusion that her masters, next to Walt Whitman, could only be J. J. Rousseau ('Emile') and Nietzsche. Here in Paris she would remain still for hours together in meditation and experiment, until even her mother felt alarm; in spite of no food in the house, and no coal in the stove, sometimes with the inspiration she expected de-layed for hours because of the bitter cold, the inspiration always came in the end. Maturity was coming, too; and recognition. In fact, a Berlin agent offered her, still a child in years, a thousand marks a night; but she, starving and cold, refused, because the engagement was for a music-hall. Always, by her side, whether in starvation, or in inspiration, or in museums, was the perfect companion, her brother Raymond.

As the years went on her friendships grew to be varied, intimate and productive. In every case these friends were such as had special knowledge or special gifts, which alike had some direct relation to her ideas about dancing. It is noteworthy that no friendship was more intimate than that with Eleanora Duse;

of whom Yvette Guilbert had the same experience. She does not seem to have found occasion for enterprise in music, confining herself to the usual Central-European composers. But within those limits she was receptive enough. Wagner she could both care about and criticise: and welcome equally the best of both of Liszt and César Franck. Money she treated with the wildest extravagance and shortsightedness; but the freedom with which fresh money turned up was enough to demoralize anyone; and even when she was borrowing at 50 per cent. she was never far from solvency. It was a means to an end, the end of doing exactly what she wanted as soon as she was aware she wanted it.

What she wanted to do sprang from three main sources. The inherent tendencies, her mother, and Walt Whitman. The tendencies and Walt Whitman could never have fulfilled their potentialities had it not been for a mother whose spirit was a never-failing stimulant and whose influence never warped or cramped. The longer the daughter lived the sadder she grew at the sight of children not being given freedom to go their own way when they were young enough to get value out of doing so; who were being forced to accept an education which made them commonplace and deprived them of the chance of doing anything original or beautiful.

She herself, then, could start off with a conception of dancing which never needed broadening or revising; a conception that excluded everything that tended to narrow it, especially the theory of the ballet, and included everything that tended towards perfecting its capacity for expression of human thought and emotion. Right from the time she was a small girl she was feeling her way towards an invisible world of which she felt she had the key; always waving her arms in the hope and expectation of finding movements infallibly adjusted to the revelation of meaning: always seeking to reveal those undercurrents which were dominant in her for the time being, spontaneous joy in her youth; apprehension in her adolescence; the sense of tragedy in her maturity; always giving out her best in confidence that the audience contained those who would appreciate it. She could instil this same spirit into the smallest and poorest

children, who would obtain from her a spiritual power and grace that would hold the largest audiences with a magnetic power that otherwise seemed the monopoly of the greatest artists. And those children all lost this power as they grew older and materialistic civilization asserted its power, in its turn, over them. Air, light, and gymnastics were essential preliminaries to the perfection of the physical mechanism which was the medium she worked in, as it were the tuning of an instrument, the gymnastics being soon replaced by an infinitely varied rhythmic walk whose variations provided the scale of movements from which her dancing was constructed. The pupils had to gain insight into their own special physical potentialities, and make their own deductions, and apply them; and to study movement in all available manifestations, in leaves, in clouds, in the swaying of trees, and in the flight of birds.

She herself had distractions enough, tendencies calling her away to become a Madonna, or a Messalina, or a Magdalen, or a 'blue-stocking.' But even when, at the height of success, she could pass from the theatre to spend the early hours of the morning studying Kant with a glass of cold milk beside her, there was an instinct asserting itself within her, above and beyond her will-power, pulling her into line with her ultimate aims, and making her realize that, while her past contained the material for twenty-different novels, her life as artist would still remain to be written. She perceived it existing within her as a separate organism. Much of her life reads as a wild struggle with difficulties she created to rise up against herself. But she never indulged in grievances. And the 'shallows and miseries' that are the worst perils awaiting the finer minds which are also weaker ones, never awaited her, swept aside as they were by an intensity, a breath, an ultimate faithfulness to intuition, an uncompromising enthusiasm which was never content with less than perfection and essentials; and by hard work, of which hers is a record second to none.

For many years a little white tunic was Isadora Duncan's choice of wearing-apparel. One interval, however, she had when she let herself be persuaded by Paul Poiret to wear dresses he designed. For her this was a change from sacred to profane

art. But not so for him. He, too, was an artist in his own way. His autobiography says as much. Let it have its place here.

His aims, his ideals, were semi-Virgilian, with a touch of the Magnificat; to tame the aristocracy when the aristocracy thought they were more than the means to the end of the dress-maker-made-perfect, and to raise the humble from their seats when their seats were of the right proportions to do his art justice. He never considered what was to be done to dress those who meet their bills, but only those whose bills met their dresses. He did not approve of a state of things in which thousands are dressed as one; but where each one has thousands of dresses; where there exists personality to be expressed and perfections to be set in relief, and those perfections and personalities feminine. He differs from other artists in recognizing the nude only as an intermediate state.

At the end of the book he is in retirement in the country; unemployed and alone; and yet feels he still has dresses in him; still feeling that his most brilliant successes were the kind that are best worth having and his 'creations' those to which all creation moves. He is really eloquent about it. He pleads a noble cause in a way which, if it will not win a verdict, at least makes us feel the injustice of justice. He tells stories very well; and when they are not the original stories, they are better ones.

One caution may as well be given here which will unfortunately be applicable in many other cases, too often to be specified wherever it is needed. Those books already referred to are all with one exception defective in their English editions when such exist, either by mistranslation or garbled texts. The exception is Yvette Guilbert, who has had the good fortune to have Beatrice von Holthoir for her translator.

TWO MUSICIANS

Musicians must be represented. No one will fit in better than Igor Strawinsky, partly because no one, not only among musicians, but in comparison with all others, has had a clearer idea of autobiography as a medium to use. He started to write by reason of the misinterpretation he had been subject to in authorized interviews, and bases it all on what he concludes to

have been of importance. Events, processes, beliefs, no matter what, nor whether they seem minor matters; if they are significant and relevant, in they go: if not, they are left out. He succeeds far better than most in writing just as those interested in his distinctive characteristics would wish him to write, whether readers of to-day or those of the future. Specially successful is he in what is too difficult for most, namely, in differentiating between what he thought and felt at different stages of his life.

Neither is his 'chronicle' mostly about music. It is as much about friendship as music. The two are bound up together. The humanity of music and the music of humanity appealed equally, it is clear, to his instincts: and his own music was a product, not merely of the instincts themselves, but also of the cultivation of them. His earliest recollections were of sounds and people combined. The chief was that of the village-women singing at their work, songs which he used to repeat at home and find himself appreciated; both father and mother were notable musicians. The recollection of these folk-songs remained with him throughout life, as did the visualization of the countrified setting amidst which they were sung. Even during his school-days, when school, teachers, and boys left him lonely and discontented, an uncle and his household supplied his need, not only by their musicalness, but likewise by means of their attractiveness personally and the vivid variety of their interests. He was fortunate in living in St Petersburg, whither came so many of the best musicians to play: and many, too, were friends of the family. Later, Heidelberg became his centre for a while, during the period in which his future was decided. At Heidelberg Rimsky-Korsákov and his family formed the nucleus of a varied and stimulating group; transmitting all that the older generation had to pass on, and fostering all that the next was germinating. Free from antagonisms and jealousies, old and new influences, external and internal, could become active in his mind without dominating or biasing it; thanks, again, partly to those friends, old and young, to whom he could talk freely and listen cordially, learning from them and evolving himself.

There was one exception, his professor of harmony. Studying and memorizing on established lines fatigued and saddened

Strawinsky. Exploration and discovery were necessary to him: he did not find these in harmony, but in counterpoint; and in that he was his own instructor, with no more help than that of a text-book. In solving its problems and divining its possibilities, his imagination was fired, enthusiasm was created, fatigue never felt; his technique struck root, his wish to compose was begotten, his understanding of the diverse capacities of each instrument of the orchestra began to grow. This last named development received another stimulant from the process of Rimsky-Korsákov and himself orchestrating the same pianoscore and comparing results.

But many years earlier—at nine years old—he had struck out a line of his own by improvising on the piano. He thinks it yielded good results: in fact, that that was the best method for him. He always continued to do his composing in direct contact with the instrument. To him the fingers formed a medium for inspiration; just as he finds listening to music with the eyes shut imperfect listening; the more he sees the instruments at work, the more he appreciates what they do.

And all the while that these developments were formulating themselves subconsciously, and a technique of his own asserting itself, his enthusiasms for the composers of past generations abided. And they went on abiding, and being added to. They, too, were friends. They had principles and doctrines that necessitated a different technique from that which was necessitated by his, but, even so, the study and enjoyment of what they did, and how they did it, provided that external discipline of which all, he finds, stand in need. His is an open-mindedness, a generosity, and an insight which are rare among any kind of human beings, and doubly so among innovators and musicians.

And so we come to the year 1909, the starting-point of his career, as it is known to the public, namely, the year when he was commissioned to provide the music for the *Fire-bird*. Apart from the fact of his being offered the commission, it meant more than is apparent at first sight, involving as it did collaborating with a variety of men who were in the front rank of contemporary artistic effort, and likewise a break-away from the con-

vention that composing ballet-music was unworthy of a self-respecting musician.

Strawinsky is further qualified to represent music inasmuch as he is both executant, conductor, and composer; and, as composer, always experimenting and learning, undertaking both the big and the little, and variety in each. He is also always studying the unfashionable and the forgotten on its merits; conceding nothing either to sensationalism nor to the demand for novelties; seeking no disciples and listening to all masters; never straining the functions of music nor letting theory outrun practice, nor waiting for genius to manifest itself in his work of its own accord, but thinking of inspiration as a factor in all departments of human activities, not a speciality of the artist alone, and a factor to be set in motion by effort only, and that effort daily work. He sets himself to work as a handicraftsman would do, evolving and constructing no theorizing that is more than a by-product of daily attention to what he feels best qualified to attend to, and cares most about. He gained the more confidence in that method through discovering that all those composers whose super-excellence is recognized worked just so. Neither a futurist nor an antiquarian, he aims at composing present-day music for present-day people; giving the best he can think of and achieve to the best audiences, amid constant travelling and continually handicapped by the complexity of his commitments forcing him to leave certain of the essentials of success to chance or to other people.

And yet, he is conscious of losing contact, during the last fifteen years he speaks of, with these audiences; of an increasing alienation. In his earlier years he caught the public fancy, he thinks, overmuch; and now, even if his work is valued, the listener and he himself value it for divergent reasons. Yet it is essential that there should be communion between artist and public. The need extends, indeed, to being understood by everyone; which never happens. Nevertheless, discord is more welcome to him than compliments based on misunderstandings. Every fresh work of his is something different from what he hitherto has done; and what is expected of him in repetition.

In France Pastorelli we find a gifted musician absolutely

unknown to the public as such at any time. She was a favourite pupil of Vincent d'Indy, with the promise of a brilliant future up to the age of twenty, when heart-disease began to show itself. Gradually this asserted itself until it blotted out all else. Attack succeeded attack until she had to spend most of her days in bed, and to go on getting worse. At the time of writing she had been wholly bedridden for four years. She writes as an invalid to all whose concern is with those who are seriously ill, especially chronic cases. It is primarily addressed to the sufferer, to simplify the recognition of the path he or she must take, to lighten distress by intimating that others have borne it and how it is to be borne, and, further, that, even at the worst, there remains a life to be lived so and that life one which has its opportunities denied to those who are well. The book is addressed, too, to those who help and hinder, to visitors, friends, nurses and doctors. And yet the book remains primarily a musician's, the book of one who, prevented from using a special gift for interpretation of composers' work, found that that gift was no isolated peculiarity, but merely one aspect of what underlies all artistic life.

it is beyond an artist's power to let himself be silenced, whatever the circumstances. To try to give expression to his innermost life is of the very essence of his being, a law from which he cannot escape. If he is prevented from obeying it in the art in which he is specially gifted, instinctively he makes shift with another.

In my modest sphere I found myself submitting to this law, for, from the moment I could not indulge in music as I liked, I felt the necessity of writing grow and take possession of me, whereas previously it had only been a fleeting and superficial desire.

But whoever has been divinely privileged to move freely in a specific form of art is thrown into inexpressible confusion when the only means of expression at his command is an art of which he feels he will never be master. It is a strange and painful dissociation of oneself to find that with the same self, the same interior glow, the same impulses, one has only an unknown instrument to handle, inferior in every way to the accustomed one, and to see crystallized in mediocrity what, in music, would have been translated into beauty.

It was all very gradual, both the process and the discoveries contingent on the process.

She began writing in order to keep from drifting aimlessly, keeping a record of hours when she felt more lucidly and hopefully, as a check on the tendency to despair in other hours. It grew into a record in which she herself never saw efficiency, much less perfection; but others saw its value, induced her to put her notes into book form, in which its audience goes ever widening, the more so inasmuch as in English it has become one of those few autobiographies which have found an ideal translator. It becomes, then, a record of one form of artistic life, a link also between music and writing, and an expression of what underlies all artistic effort.

As a pianist she had no competitive ideas. Her qualities she took for granted and attended to her defects. It was only when she ceased to be able to play and listened to the noise and gymnastics of virtuosi on the gramophone and the radio that she came to perceive how much she had had in her, and that the life of the mind and the life of the spirit are two different paths. Parallel for a while they many run, but by no means do they coincide; and they tend to diverge as time goes on. A way of living prescribed from outside may stimulate the mental life, but not the spiritual life.

Her own experiences were extreme. The character of her misfortune implied that. Whereas other diseases may end in convalescence and eventual health, heart-disease such as hers could only mean recurrence at briefer and briefer intervals, each attack lowering resistance to the next. When first it became acute, indeed, the doctor foretold that she could not last more than a few months. But then her father, who had been told the same, for the same reasons, at twenty-eight, lived till forty-two, and outlived all the four doctors who said so. Still, there was the continual unbearable insecurity, the terrible physical distress, the being shut up, a burden instead of a support, a shadow instead of a light, a sense of all roads being barred, the relations with those nearest and dearest out of joint, dependence on others, living against the grain. And out of it all came creative work and inspiration to herself and to others.

WRITERS

Purists may object to writers being included among Artists. Does not that depend on what one has read? If, for instance, one has read South Wind? Then there will be no apology needed for including Norman Douglas, at least. He must certainly be included somewhere, inasmuch as his method is different from anyone else's. It consists in taking up a collection of visiting cards and jotting down recollections suggested by the names. As the latest of the collection dates twenty years previously, the method provides for that reconsideration which, it may be repeated, is the essential feature of autobiography, if value is to be drawn from it. The recollections cover boyhood, periods of sub-editorship of the English Review and in the Foreign Office, visits to Syria and East Africa; but most of them centre round the Mediterranean. The plan lends itself to anecdotes. There are plenty and they lose nothing in the telling. The matter needs to be mentioned, since some indication of the general character of a given autobiography seems called for, in order that the reader may the more readily decide which ones he prefers to make a first-hand acquaintance with as books. But for the rest, of course, we must keep to the point and consider the autobiographical value only. In this case, there is one subject that perpetually recurs, the bringing up of a boy. Douglas's successive environments contrasted so strongly with each other as to put him in the position of being definite where other autobiographers either hesitate or leave us hesitating. A childhood in the Vorarlberg was succeeded by a preparatory school. Then followed two years at a rectory, being coached for a public school; but his subsequent education was carried on by six years at Carlsruhe, after which the question aroseshould he go to a University or not?

His comment on the preparatory school needs to be quoted from for two reasons. First, it epitomizes what the vast majority of autobiographers indicate about their school-life: and, secondly, it is typical of what is unconsciously chosen by people in England who are free to do the best for their children and

are endeavouring to do it—as reflected, a generation later, in what these children relate of what their parents did choose.

'After a childhood in the Vorarlberg with its clear frosty winters and bright summer days . . . there I was . . . dumped down in this gloomy and menacing region, apparently for ever . . . And those everlasting prayers, those hymns to the accompaniment of a wheezy harmonium . . . those services in a musty little chapel ... what was the use of them? ... We were a crowd of horrible little boys. We were made horrible by an environment over which we had no control. There was a nagging and sneaking tone about the place because (nobody) ... cared about doing anything to help us. They herded us together like young savages, and kept us in subjection by the fear of punishment. This fear expressed itself among ourselves in the shape of bullying, a system which tends to undermine all individual self-respect: indeed, my explanation of the gaucherie and shyness and lack of poise and hesitating demeanour so common among better-class Englishmen is that their self-respect has been kicked or laughed or bullied out of them at school, and that they have never been able to re-acquire it; the trait is far less noticeable among those who have attended day-classes.

... (concerning the head-master) ... People of his age have no right to inflict misery upon children entrusted to their charge.'

The whole passage (pp. 470–81) is one of those which needs to be signalized if value is to be drawn from reading autobiography or writing about it. Such passages sum up this or that aspect of the factors at work in a given area at a given time and have a permanent application as well. This one needs to be completed by the following one about the rectory:

'Mowsley Rectory . . . I linger with pleasure over memories of that house. Mrs. Green, a frail woman with dark-blonde hair and gentle ways, exercised a powerful influence on me . . . enduring and wholly beneficent. The vision of her face was dear to me for many long years afterwards. She played the piano and stimulated me to keep up my own playing; she encouraged my love of natural history and raised no objections when I filled my small room with chemicals. . . . I made friends with the youngsters of the village. . . . What walks. . . . what bird-nesting excursions. . . . I think

of Mowsley and there steals upon me a sense of immemorial calm. . . . A retrospect of those two years is suffused with sunshine and kindliness. This, I feel sure, is not only because I was among friendly people, but also because I could be alone, quite by myself, whenever so disposed. The passion for intervals of solitude . . . so natural and healthful to a boy, so incomprehensible to his teacher . . . was stronger to me then than it is now. And it was always summer at Mowsley.'

At Carlsruhe discipline and routine existed, but his references are mainly to developing interests. Geology was one he acquired from his father (the only mention he makes of him). Minerals, food, and small beasts have also to be added to those which date from the Mowsley period. He gives a list of twenty-seven minerals, selected from a much longer list of those which he remembers at Carlsruhe, the very mention of whose names, he says, rejuvenates him fifty years afterwards; just as, at an interval of forty years, he recollects the four specimens of slugs he discovered on one island in the Orkneys. At Carlsruhe, too, besides all this, and a number of love-affairs, he began Russian on his own account at fifteen. But nothing is more significant than what happened about this University question. There was a professor named Leydig who appealed to him as the right kind of man: he was always saying something unexpected, opening up vistas. To him at Würzburg Douglas went, risking failure in a final examination by making such a journey. Leydig advised him not to go to a University. Doing so would ruin his individuality. And so the book ends.

'There is another handful of calling-cards to be gone through, but I am not in the mood for any more of them. I am in the mood for closing abruptly, here and now. Enough of these fragments!

'And Leydig, it strikes me, is a happy note on which to end the business. He marks an epoch; my schooldays could not have been rounded off more appropriately than by the visit to Wurzburg. His "emphasis on individuality" fell on fertile soil. He supplied me with a formula for avoiding those flat lands of life where men absorb each others' habits and opinions to such an extent that nothing is left save a herd of flurried automata.

'I think with gratitude at the old man. . . .'

And so all this variety of experience led him into becoming the kind of writer he did become, and the kind of person he was at the time of writing this autobiography; one to whom

". . . all men, no matter of what nationality or class, fall into two main divisions: those who value human relationships, and those who value social and financial advancement. The first division enjoys its friends and strives to deserve their love; the second division uses its friends, and strives to turn them to profit. The first division are gentlemen; the second division are cads."

The positive benefits were enormous. But it left him with a kink. He became unable to realize that a respectable person may also be a human being.

George Moore, too. Who would deny George Moore the description of artist? Perhaps he is too much so for autobiography. Perhaps he regards reality merely as 'something to build on.' But what he builds-is not that also reality? As he walks, he says, comedy after comedy arises in his mind; plot and dialogue flow and sparkle. And yet in his novels he writes tragedy. Altogether, his autobiographical work consists as much of what passes through his mind as of what has passed out of his life, and he may well doubt if it be the work of a poor human Aristophanes of to-day and not rather the work of the greater Aristophanes above. At any rate, he is gone. We shall never know. Perhaps he never knew. One thing is certain; a reader who cannot be amused by it may as well give up all hope of ever being amused. And surely it must all have happened in some sort, and been at least half as entertaining as he renders it? And then, too, is he not always vindicating that thought is Life-almost; and that what is fit to be thought is fit to be printed-almost? He makes more clear the working of the human brain: he reconciles us to absurdity even when we are most serious; e.g., Whistler looking 'as cross as an armful of cats': and somebody else 'drinking platitudes out of a sixpenny text-book.' But there is a touchstone in all his work as to the reality of his reality. He is not always so. Just as any doubts as to the actuality of Marcel Proust's work are resolved by his picture of his grandmother, so does George Moore's picture of George Russell run like a golden thread through his work. He comes to earth and ascends to heaven in a breath. Strange that from someone so irreverent should come one of those few instances of hero-worship in print that never leaves its hero a little ridiculous: never.

In one passage in Salve he tells how everyone in a village would grow a little warmer, a little friendlier, when Russell arrived, how the sense of isolation and loneliness which all human beings feel would thaw a little, even when all Russell's mission, at that time, would concern the business of the Cooperation movement; how all the old feuds would be sunk when it came to saying good-bye when he left, and how the priest would remember the man who took down a book from the bookshelf which had lain idle since his youthful enthusiasm died down, and read a passage or two, and reawaken that apparently dead enthusiasm. And so with passage after passage.

Whereas George Moore says just what he pleases, Rubén Darío leaves out what matters most, one incident which embittered and dislocated all his subsequent life. In any case, what we have is only an unrevised draft, a hasty brilliant sketch of a glittering public life. His autobiography reveals his environment and his poems illumine his autobiography. But they supplement each other in this way. He tells how, in later life, he met the heroine of one of his early love-affairs and she complained that, in his poems, he represented it as far more intimate than it had ever been. Yes—he replied—you are quite right: but I liked to think of it like that. At the same time, it is notable for a wide range over unfamiliar subjects in nineteenth century Europe and Spanish America.

Nineteenth century England is the setting of Maurice Baring; within is thirty years of pleasant living. All that money can buy and all that money cannot buy was his lot. The interval when he went to a preparatory school shows that it was possible for him to be unhappy; but Eton made up for that. In earlier days there was the game of 'Spankaboo' that he and his brother used to play, an imaginary continent elaborated, with countries at war, and hundreds of characters. How many billions of such worlds have been created since the author of 'Genesis' created

his! Here and there in autobiographies a chance reference to one turns up. Another such is Adolf Erman's Avaritien. Few, indeed, are the records in which the sunshine is so unbroken as in Baring; typical of the book is the figure of Queen Alexandra as princess, with a radiance that made life different to children and grown-ups alike.

His father did all that can be expected of a father by a son; his mother, active and inspiring, did more; but both remain in the background; in the foreground is Chèrie, the French governess. No Autobiography possesses more fascinating character; all the more so because, while she is for ever reappearing, most of her remains to be divined. Maurice Baring was too much carried away by the joy of every moment, and was too acceptable to all with whom he came in contact, to develop his possibilities, but his French evidently attained a miraculous perfection, not only culminating, from an academical point of view, in the winning of the Prince Consort Prize at Eton against the competition of boys whose native tongue it was, but in many far more intimate and advanced ways that creep into the book, with the author half unaware of how far it went. However far an Englishman may go in appreciation of French literature it rarely gets as far as caring for Racine, still less to be able to pass on that appreciation to others. Maurice Baring does this (251/2). It is in ways like that that the influence of Chèrie appears. No one could get that effect by trying for it; nothing but depth and breadth and charm working day by day unnoticed. Not a word is said about what she looked like; nor what she was; very little about what she could do; but a succession of by-products emerge, ensuing from her being the right person in the right place, and none of her opporfunities wasted.

In relation to our present purposes the question arising is whether, amid all such advantages, Maurice Baring was growing to be the best writer he was capable of becoming; whether misery and poverty do not form a better school, whether, in order to get the best results, an environment which one reacts against is not a primary need. If a contrast is set up as between Gorki and Baring, there would be only one answer;

namely, that Maurice Baring has, unconsciously, of course, diverted to the service of Mudie's subscribers much that God meant for us. But the object of this book is to provide material for answers, not the answers themselves. And is it not a misfortune common to all catechisms that we cannot yet give answers to questions so definite as theirs so early in the history of the world as the present time?

Among other studies in the development of mentalities which evolve towards expressiveness in writing, three more may be mentioned briefly; Ivan Bunin, Thomas Mann, and the Comtesse de Noailles. The first is of a high degree of sensitiveness and imagination, the second of orderliness. Nothing diverts Thomas Mann from going straight on: nothing hurries him. He assures himself of ultimate success: he likewise ensures it by incessant work. At the same time, when that success comes, he considers the chief factor in it to consist in his being in tune with the tendencies of the year in which publication took place, an effortless success ensuing from the affinity which existed between his mind and other people's, between what he and they were thinking, being, and becoming.

And whereas Bunin is Russian and Mann very German, the Comtesse de Noailles is international-individualist. Moreover, the framework of her book is ideal for our purpose. Born in 1876, she writes in 1932, the year before her death, of her first fifteen years as the prelude in her life's work as writer. Allowing for some digressions from these main themes, the book consists of little more than 200 pages. The three themes concern, first, her instincts and the modification of them by her environment: secondly, the handicap of being rich; lastly, what goes to the making of a poet, despite hindrances.

Both her father and her mother came of Balkan royal families, and were most distinguished people personally. She herself was never conscious of being anything but Parisian, and had two parental homes, one in a vast house in Paris, the other by the lake of Geneva. All her lessons she received in Paris; in the garden by the lake she listened to the voice of the universe; so far as a child could who, even there, promenaded every evening,

in unbroken silence, in the carriage drawn by two magnificent horses, Balthazar and Pluton; and lived a life so devoid of incident that her frame of mind grew, unconsciously, to be a despairing longing for something to happen. Sophistication could hardly be carried farther than it was in her case, and from ten to fourteen she belonged to a world of conventions, aristocratic and artistic, more unreservedly than would seem possible for anyone out of their twenties and for none but a few within them. She acquired a technique of appearing terrified, with all its advantages of seeming to be dying of fright in the arms of some sympathetic male, and she read each day's crimes in order to remember the names of the criminals in her evening prayer, reminding God that he was responsible for every crime of every sinner. Ill or well, she was left, by custom, to the care of servants, and suffered equally from their petty tyranny and from their efforts to entertain her. Once, when ill, she remembered her mother looking in, dressed in her best, on her way to a reception to which she was going, by doctor's orders, to distract her attention from her daughter's illness. In Paris there was the atmosphere of a mausoleum, what with the deprivation of oxygen, the banishment of Nature (the Parc Monceau only excepted), and those Sunday lunches at which culminated all the laboured and futile output of energy which seemed to her to characterize her epoch, the men concerned with their official, the women with their social, positions, and the whole dominated by 'those two enemies of nature,' corsets and liqueurs. In the midst of this her father died, and there ensued a period of two years' mourning. The dress-making questions which it entailed were exhausting, and the period involved suppression of any activity or occupation. Every act of living seemed intercepted, and when she tried to study, the pervading emptiness and aimlessness settled down on that, too. Knowledge could not reach her, she found, through the medium of books lying open on the table, and artistic interests distilled a poison which stimulated erotic reveries.

Deliverance from all this came first from Paderewski, then rising into fame; and soon from Mistral and Loti. And reading began to assert itself through Racine, Corneille, and Victor

Hugo. Corneille, indeed, provided her rule of life, while Hugo raised life to a higher power. Even in defective authors a brilliant word would atone, to her, for the defects. An alertness of sensitiveness enabled words to act on her physique like oxygen. The unfamiliar word would be hailed by her as one in danger would hail a stranger passing by. A spirit, a boldness, a hardiness, a power of endurance and resistance, a heroism, were growing up within her which could outgrow sophistication and frailty, could intensify happiness by living it over again in verse, bring consolation into sorrow by finding an outlet for the sorrow in communicating it to others, could fortify herself against all the hazards and trials of the ensuing forty years of her life by having recourse to that other life lived to the sound of her own voice and to the knowledge of what that voice meant to the lives of others as well as to herself.

SELMA LAGERLÖF; GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO; GEORGE RUSSELL

'The sound of her own voice' and 'what that voice meant to others'—those two themes will be found running through the pages of every author's autobiography in so far as the autobiography is just that kind of a one. And the more of a writer the author has been, the more welcome his or her contribution on such a theme will be to the reader.

In our own times there have been three more such, among others, whose contributions are as well worth attention as any that exist; these three above-named.

The first of them, Selma Lagerlöf, writes primarily of her home 'Marvacka,' set in the heart of Sweden; an ancestral home, whose aboriginal buildings had been wooden shelters to protect peasants from bears and bad characters. In time stone had been substituted for wood, outhouses had been added and enlargements made, and the Lagerlöf family had turned it into a home. There was a grandmother there who gathered her grandchildren around her morning by morning and sang songs and told stories for hours. There was the housekeeper who ruled and served in a way that made the two indistinguishable from one another, and into whose kitchen guests generally came first upon entering the house, to pay their respects to her. But

above these and the others outshone the father, life and soul, not only of his own household, but of every other he entered. An irresistible person; kindly towards all, he amused the serious, warmed the devout, sweetened the sour. Around him at home foregathered an everlasting succession of visitors. Talking and listening were ever in progress, and both were always of personal affairs. No abstract ideas put in appearance without being straightway humanized. And so it came about that when this grandchild came to write of her past, the book came to be named after her home, and concerned with her ancestors and their friends and servants; and amongst the crowd reappear characters familiar to readers of her tales. So much material came her way as a child that she never needed to do more than continue to draw on it.

That she should use it was partly genius, an inherent tendency making itself felt. At seven years of age she was thinking of writing stories, and the matter was decided by someone telling her she couldn't. And she was reader enough to have read everything in the house by the time she was ten. But there was another factor intervening between these two ages. An illness came upon her which deprived her of the use of her legs for a long while; whereby she acquired a more meditative and observant turn of mind than formerly. Also, she was taken away for some months for medical treatment, and, on her return home, all the familiar setting and people, both of them taken for granted for every day of all previous years, stood out so separate and so vivid that she seemed for the first time to realize them for what they were and all that they stood for. In her later years, it was borne in upon her that by virtue of that absence and that home-coming, recollections of her early years not only became clearly defined for the rest of her life, but served as a starting-point for observing and re-valuing everything and everybody around her as she never would have become able to do otherwise

Now Gabriele d'Annunzio recognized that he owed something to the Abruzzi, where he was born, and something to the Casentino, where he grew up, and a little to the mother who bore him, but the debt, such as it was, was no more than that which Aphrodite owed the sea. And for the rest, there is nothing to be seen, that he can see, but the spectacle of a superb genius exhibiting his master-craftsmanship. Sometimes a detail or two will come through to manifest the mechanism—the finger that is worn out of shape by excessive writing, the bundles of pens that will be used up in the course of fifteen to twenty hours of continuous writing; the fourteen hours standing in the course of composing a tragedy, till he fell into a seat, his knees trembling, brows burning, head between his hands, eyes closed, driving himself into visualizing the central figure as his flesh and bones did appear in days gone by until the visualizing became so fearfully clear that the sight was too terrible to continue to behold.

And then there will often be the setting, as it were stagescenery, in front of which, rather than amidst which, the writer moves and has his being and derives some occasion-no more than occasion, not influence or determinant-whereby the living waters of the spirit shall become troubled or clarified and burst into renewed activity, or sink beneath the flesh into suspense. This dual nature in him, of carnality and spirituality, is ever-present to his mind and is so much insisted on as to invite us to forget, if it were possible for us not to remember, that it is equally omnipresent in all of us. But whether it be a characteristic that is peculiar to himself, or one that he shares with those who cannot write, or who can write but not as none but he has ever written, still the super-humanity abides clear; and in page after page he sets out to exemplify and to record what none but he has felt and none but he has achieved, a 'secret book' which shall have none of the false modesty of that other 'secret book,' in which Petrarch delineated his own shortcomings for his own reproof, but shall preserve specimens of the most varied, the richest, prose with which the memory of his own best work can supply him, although the capabilities that he feels within him, in technique and in vision, are sure to surpass even these at some future time.

Well, if he thinks so, it is better to say so. If it is not truth, it is autobiography. But, as we read, there arises this and that

idea, observations, which suggest that d'Annunzio is not quite so anadyomenic as his own observation suggests. For one thing, two classes of metaphor continually repeat themselves to the exclusion of others: and, further, there is a particular kind of absolute statement, also continually repeating itself, which would be more credible if it were affirmed metaphorically. He does not say that his thought seems, as it were, or, so to speak, phosphorescent, but says, and goes on saying, that it is phosphorescent: and again, not that his mind is like a white flame, but that it is one. And as for those metaphors of his, all are drawn either from Christian, or from classical, mythology. It is not only that he has no reading outside these two sources, but also, that, auto-suggestive and unique as he assures us he is, beyond all other men and even more so than a phoenix, all his thought is conditioned by these two. Moreover, while classical allusions are by now a pleasant pretence which deceives no one and have nothing to be said against them except their banality, there is a large class of the best kind of readers who continue to accept and care about the doctrines and personages of Christianity. They will probably smile when d'Annunzio reminds them 'Missus est angelus Gabriel a Deo,' especially if they remember he christened himself; but they will resent it, and rightly so, when he asks them to believe that his real life is a 'transubstantiation' into imperishable literature, or again, to leave no doubts, that his poetry is transubstantiation of his thought and sensation in no way different from the transmutation of bread and wine into the Most Holy Body.' Throughout the book runs a commentary of similar utilization of any and every Roman Catholic term and name as pegs whereon to hang the frequently sentimental tinsel of a meretricious rhetoric, hollow and insincere, unconvincing virtuosity, a little ludicrous in its dependence for all its material on the single source that the theologians of the past ages have worked over and over and up and up. Limelight, all of it, where Selma Lagerlöf radiates sunshine. But such is the variety out of which literature is contrived: such the variety of writers. 'Ars tractat materiam alienam,' as d'Annunzio quotes from Giordano Bruno. And then there is the other side to it; the protoplasm of literature circulating in him like sap in a tree and fermenting like—like d'Annunzio; the accumulation of a combination of sound and significance such as a violin may not possess in full when the violin-maker has finished, but with which it comes to be endowed by the mellowing influence of time and as it were by inheritance from the genius of successive violinists. And it is true. Whatever hesitations the reader may feel, die away as he comes under the influence of a magic that is continually justifying his own superlatives concerning his own gifts, even when he says that it does not matter how unpromising its subjectmatter may be, that a capacity like his can use anything. It can. Much as he may deceive himself, there is, as one can read between the lines, an intensity of concentration at work that certainly is superhuman; just as, when he seems to dwell overlong or needlessly on that dual nature of his, there emerges an uncommon degree of single-mindedness unashamed to press into the service of his aims and ambitions every feature, clear or foul, that his mind and body can supply. He claims to be no armchair deviser of accustomed harmonies and significations but one drawing on elemental sources for hitherto undreamed-of ends, begotten of a love of language that boasts of being a variety of sensuality.

Incipit ars nova.

Nevertheless one cannot but feel, when all is recognized, that here is a programme rather than performance. And it is not merely that the technique fails to materialize, in some such way as that which the Comtesse de Noailles, already mentioned, puts into words when she says she often wished she could send her head to the printer. No, the chief difficulty is that so much egotism defeats itself. Turn, then, to George Russell. Perhaps he, too, wished what the Comtesse de Noailles wished. He had still more reason. At the same time, it is difficult to say what the printer would have done with George Russell's head. Anything might have happened. Had he been an Irish printer, rejoicing in the knowledge and tradition that George Moore has been putting into words a few pages back, he might have 'set up' the thoughts underlying some of the following quotations. But,

even so, the words could hardly have equalled Russell's persuasive eloquence. And as regards others, would not courage and capacity alike have failed them? Consider:

To the ancients Earth was a living being. We who walk upon it know no more of the magnificence within it than a gnat lighting on the head of Dante might know of the furnace of passion and imagination beneath. Not only was Earth a living being having a soul and spirit as well as body, but it was a household wherein were god folk as well as the whole tribe of elemental or fairy lives. The soul of Earth is our lost Eden. This was the Ildathach, or Many-coloured Land, of our ancestors; and of which Socrates spoke, saying Earth was not at all what the geographers supposed it to be. . . .

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I was tormented by the limitations of understanding. Somewhere about me I knew there were comrades who were speaking to me, but I could not know what they said. As I walked in the evening down the lanes scented by the honeysuckle my senses were expectant of some unveiling about to take place. I felt that beings were looking in upon me out of the true home of man. . . . The visible world became like a tapestry blown and stirred by winds behind it. If it would but raise for an instant I knew I would be in Paradise. Every form on that tapestry appeared to be the work of gods. Every flower was a word, a thought. The grass was speech; the trees were speech; the waters were speech; the winds were speech. They were the Army of the Voice marching on to the conquest and dominion over the spirit; and I listened with my whole being, and then these apparitions would fade away and I would be the mean and miserable boy once more. So might one have felt who had been the servant of the prophet, and had seen him go up in the fiery chariot, and the world had no more light and certitude in it with his passing.

(after speaking of Dante, and how it may have been to him to have imagined all that he imagined concerning Beatrice, and then to have felt it as a reality and thenceforward that that reality remained a reality to him.)

So did I feel one warm summer day lying idly on the hillside, not then thinking of anything but the sunlight, and how sweet it was to drowse there, when, suddenly, I felt a fiery heart-throb, and knew it was personal and intimate, and started with every sense dilated and intent, and turned inwards, and I heard first a music as of bells going away, away into that wondrous underland whither, as legend relates, the Danaan Gods withdrew; and then the heart of the hills was opened to me, and I knew there was no hill for those who were there, and they were unconscious of the ponderous mountain piled above the palaces of light, and the winds were sparkling and diamond-clear, yet full of colour as an opal, as they glittered through the valley, and I knew the golden age was all about me, and it was we who had been blind to it but that it had never passed away from the world.

The analogy with Dante, as of the same process operating on writers of genius before they write, makes this latter quotation more readily acceptable, perhaps, than it might otherwise be. And, on the other hand, we can remind ourselves that Russell was one of the most successful men of modern times as organizer, business-man, and journalist, and that there is no more telling presentation of the most effective of modern political ideas than in his *The National Being*. Still, when he sets out to reveal the inspiration behind his life and writings, he seems to be accepting a mythology invented and elaborated by literary men in Ireland as if they were the only elementary truths for the whole world. And not only accepting that the personages of this mythology exist just so, but that the names given them are immortally true and real; even as common opinion identifies the names given to stars and animals by some of our more recent ancestors with these same animals and stars.

Russell's inspiration is as authentic as that of any of the greatest writers. It was so effective in daily life that it became a major factor in turning a disorganized people into an organized one; and has spread over the whole world already. Is the vision behind the inspiration authentic? Are his facts facts? Are his subliminal realities projections out of his mind, or projections into his mind? Is his autobiographical work a gospel, or the gospel?

These questions arise, and need to be put; but what calls for attention here is not such questions but others arising out of

them, namely, those having a bearing on the evidence of autobiography as to what goes to the making of a first-rate writer. All the more so inasmuch as of all writers who can be considered as among the finest Russell is the only one who, so far as I know, has written at length about what made him so. And it is of all the higher value inasmuch as Russell does not consider himself as unique. Rather does he set out to define conditions which are at hand to most of us; perceptions which he maintains are on the brink of being perceived by anyone possessed of youth and health. Nevertheless, he does not expect to render his account probable to others. What he does rely on as common ground, within which he can write and others can read, is a recognition that everyone finds by experience that intuition is the best guide; that whatever mistakes it may lead us into, no light of intuition ever goes out without leaving a brighter one in its place.

He himself began without any light. He was, he says, the 'slackest and least ideal' of boys up to the age of puberty and beyond. He was a city office-boy. Little by little the hills outside the city attracted him more and more until they, and the visions he had among them, came to dominate the office life so much that:

'. . . at times there came a partial perception of the relation of these (physical) forces to centres in the psychic body. I could feel them in myself; and sometimes see them, or the vibration or light of them, about others who were seekers with myself for this knowledge; so that the body of a powerful person would appear to be throwing out light in radiation from head or heart, or plumes of fire would rise above the head jetting from fountains within, apparitions like wings of fire, plumes or feathers of flame, or dragon-like crests, many-coloured. Once at the apex of intensest meditation I awoke that fire in myself of which the ancients have written, and it ran up like lightning along the spinal cord, and my body rocked with the power of it, and I seemed to myself to be standing in a fountain of flame, and there were fiery pulsations as of wings round my head, and a musical sound not unlike the clashing of cymbals with every pulsation.'

. He looked to modern philosophy to explain to him this new world and was disappointed. He found no philosopher who even claimed to have visions of his own. This he attributes to an over-development of intellect having taken place. Psychologists, too, though they speak of these things, spoke of them as blind men speak of trying to draw. What he found going on within him and without was no academic interest but the effects of the desire of a soul to live amidst its spiritual affinities. And these affinities tended towards arousing latent ideas, awaking them, and ultimately revealing the spiritual character of a race to itself. He found himself in the position of one listening to music by a genius, music new to the listener, and each sequence of notes something unforeseen, but a sequence which, once heard, is recognized as inevitable. While nothing can be proved outwardly about these affinities, they provided him with a certainty that they were divinities and with a longing to be like them.

'Let no one assume that I claim for even their highest utterance that infallibility which those who do not desire to think ask from their teachers, but it is through the poets and musicians alone that we get the sense of a glory transmitted from another nature, and as we mingle our imagination with theirs we are exalted and have the heartache of infinite desire. Truth for us cannot be in statements of ultimates but in an uplifting of our being, in which we are raised above ourselves and know that we are knocking at the door of the Household of Light.'

Now, it may be that not a single other of those writers to whom we are most indebted went through experiences identical with Russell's; but surely there was a kinship between his experiences and theirs, even with those, if there be any, who never had a single transcendental moment? And there clearly is a kinship in the effects:

'I found every intense imagination, every new adventure of the intellect endowed with magnetic power to attract to it its own kin. Will and desire were as the enchanter's wand of fable and they drew to themselves their own affinities. Around a pure atom of

crystal all the atoms of the element in solution gather, and in like manner one person after another emerged out of the mass, betraying their close affinity to my moods as they were engendered. I met these people seemingly by accident along country roads, or I entered into conversation with strangers and found they were intimates of the spirit. I could prophesy from the uprising of new moods in myself that I, without search, would soon meet people of a certain character, and so I met them. Even inanimate things were under the sway of these affinities. They yielded up to me what they had specially for my eyes. I have glanced in passing at a book left open by someone in the library, and the words first seen thrilled me, for they confirmed a knowledge lately attained in vision. At another time, a book taken down idly from a shelf opened at a sentence quoted from a Upanishad, scriptures then to me unknown, and this sent my heart flying eastwards because it was the answer to a spiritual problem I had been brooding over an hour before. It was hardly a week after my first awakening that I began to meet those who were to be my lifelong comrades on the quest, and who were, like myself, in a boyhood troubled by the spirit. I had just attempted to write in verse when I met a boy whose voice was soon to be the most beautiful voice in Irish literature. I sought none of these out because I had heard of them and surmised a kinship. The concurrence of our personalities seemed mysterious and controlled by some law of spiritual gravitation, like that which in the chemistry of nature makes one molecule fly to another. . . . It is those who live and grow swiftly, and who continually compare what is without with what is within, who have this certainty. Those who do not change see no change and recognise no law. He who has followed even in secrecy many lights of the spirit can see one by one the answering torches gleam. When I was made certain about this I accepted what befell with resignation. I knew that all I met was part of myself and that what I could not comprehend was related by affinity to some yet unrealised forces in my being. We have within us the Lamp of the World; and Nature, the genie, is Slave of the Lamp, and must fashion life about us as we fashion it within ourselves. What we are alone has power.'

CHAPTER IX

RELIGIOUS

Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked with us by the way?

The Disciple at Emmaus.

'The universal life dwells first in the Earth,
The stones and soil; therefrom the plants and trees
Exhale their being; and on them the brutes
Feeding elaborate their sentient life,
And from these twain mankind; and in mankind
A spirit lastly is form'd of subtler sort

Whereon the high gods live, sustained thereby And feeding on it, as plants on the soil. Or animals on plants. Now see I hold, As well ye know, one whole link of this chain; If I should kill the plants, must men not perish? And if he perish, then the gods must die.'

ROBERT BRIDGES, 'Demeter.'

RELIGION seems to present a special difficulty of its own inasmuch as its special condition is silence. The more reality there is in it, the less place for the words which constitute our medium. But this is subject to a great deal of qualification. In the first place, the same difficulty exists with regard to other intimate human activities. Secondly, every religious personality has an existence as man or woman, a life to record; just as divinity is but an aspect of humanity, so humanity is an aspect of divinity. Also, in so far as a religion has been organized, there is the relation to the organization to narrate; likewise the relations between what is ephemeral and conventional and what is abiding and essential. Moreover, there are many varieties; and many different capacities for suggesting what may take place. There are those persons who are submerged in early life in some fixed idea, whose incompleteness becomes more and more apparent as the years go on, but from which they can

never fully free themselves. There are those to whom devotion remains the first daily need; others to whom action is that need, but action inseparable from religious inspiration. Then there is the experience of those into whose childhood religion entered without a breath of dogma; and those whose childhoods were full of dogma without a breath of religion, but who are reputed to be religious persons and believe as much themselves. In short, autobiographies are continually bringing to light the resemblance between faith and water—the capacity of water to support the body when it loses its foothold voluntarily or otherwise. We can drown in both; or swim; or float and drift.

And again, there always exist quixotic souls to whom all comfortable acquiescence in the dear old ancient evils is abhorrent, and who lay hold of religion, among other weapons, as a
flaming sword, or a Jacob's ladder, by turns; and both in vain.
And, finally, there is the real thing, the lives of those whose
abundant vitality makes trial of all illusions, finds a fleeting
happiness in every sin and every available fool's paradise, and
comes to understand, by instinct and by experience and by
warmth of fellow-feeling, the inner needs and sorrow common
to all beneath the crust of our infinitely varied recurrent iniquities, and is drawn forward into ultimate perfect sainthood
by an inner light and an inner flame of unfailing sincerity,
regulated by an equally unfailing sense of humour.

First, then, the submerged, and their fixed ideas.

The fixed idea is always, at bottom, the same, that of the Person-with-a-Purpose, omnipotent and immortal, in a three-storey universe, assessing every last movement of the mind of the individual in question, and awarding everlasting doom or glory without appeal. Not for them the vision of others, equally religious, for whom the known duration of the universe we live in for millions and millions of years, its size and diversities, its hostility towards all ethics, its minuteness and insignificance in relation to totality, or the inconceivability of space and time and variability having limits—for whom all such ideas, all knowledge, all experience, combine to prevent a trained human-being crediting that he can be possessing a more privileged position than each coral insect, or typhus germ, or fragment of

lichen; or that any of these four enjoy any supernatural privileges at all, or permanence, or any Absolute's awareness of its existence. Now and then some such evidence will come their way, not merely evidence of fact, but evidence, too, of the spirituality of men who accept such evidence, as, among autobiographical work, J. P. Jacobsen's Niels Lyhne; but theirs are minds which rebut such evidence with a refusal to admit either evidence to consideration. The question of truth or untruth is to them a minor matter: what comes first to them is what will happen if their major premiss is denied. All sureness, all hope, all gaiety, every virtue, must then depart straightway from human life. That is axiomatic to these people: and the idea that human qualities persist independently of major premisses is inadmissible.

Five such may serve to stand for all. Two from the seventeenth century, when doctrinal certainties reached their most aggressive pitch in our districts: three from our own times, in which these same certainties fade and fade, but become none the less acute for all that, in individual cases. The seventeenth century couple are John Bunyan and Uriel da Costa.

All these cases are highly specialized forms of autobiography; they are concerned only with crises, and ignore what does not lead up to, or characterize, them. Bunyan, in particular. He did so love sport, especially Sunday sport; but has no time or inclination to say a word about the development of cricket, or any other of human nature's daily needs. His Grace Abounding is drawn on and on, as he was, by the irresistible merciless theological undercurrent, against whose preconceptions his ground-down life could only struggle on on the lines that the theology laid down. The fascination of the 'sin against the Holy Ghost' seized upon him, as upon so many autobiographers. Its indefiniteness, the utter gamble of not knowing what it was, and yet being liable to fall into it, and the uttermost penalty it incurred—all this attracts boy after boy towards imagining what it is, and promptly doing that thing, and waiting for a sign and effects: and none come: and still the mystery. In most such accounts, the children tire of this and go off to other games, but not so Bunyan. First one phrase or idea would so beset him

and gain such full possession, that he was left no respite. 'I could neither eat my food, stoop for a pin, chop a stick, or cast mine eyes to look at this or that, but still the temptation would come, Sell Christ for this, or sell Christ for that: sell Him; sell Him.' And then the reactions against all the nervous strain; times when his heart was so exceeding hard that when he would have given a thousand pounds for a tear, he could not have brought himself to shed one: no, nor to the desire to shed one. And sometimes the Bible would lose all its appeal and resources, and be to him as dry as a stick from end to end. And then again he would be, as he says, like a child kidnapped by gypsies, carried away by the intensity of sin, so fearing that some denial, some irremediable blasphemy, would ascend into his consciousness and dart into utterance before he had time to be on guard against it, that he would stand ready to clap his hand on his mouth, or ram his head into a manure-heap, to prevent the words coming out of his mouth. And so on to his crisis, and imprisonment:

But notwithstanding these helps, I found myself a man, and compassed with Infirmities; the parting with my Wife and poor Children hath often been to me in this place, as the pulling the Flesh from my Bones; and that not only because I am somewhat too too fond of these great Mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries and wants that my poor Family was like to meet with, should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind Child, who lay nearer my heart than all I had besides; O the thoughts of the hardships I thought my blind one might go under, would break my heart to pieces.

'Poor Child! thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy Portion in this World! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand Calamities, though I cannot now endure the Wind should blow upon thee: But yet recalling my self, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you; O, I saw in this condition, I was as a man who was pulling down his House upon the head of his Wife and Children; yet thought I, I must do it, I must do it.

'And verily, as I was going forth of the doors, I had much ado to forbear saying to them, that I carried the peace of God along

with me: But I held my peace, and, blessed be the Lord, went away to prison with God's comfort in my poor soul.'

'My dear Children, call to mind the former Days, and Years of ancient Times: Remember also your Songs in the Night, and commune with your own Heart, Psal. 73, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Yea, look diligently, and leave no Corner therein unsearched; for that is Treasure hid, even the Treasure of your first and second Experience of the Grace of God towards you. Remember, I say, the Word that first laid hold upon you: Remember your Terrors of Conscience, and Fear of Death and Hell: Remember also your Tears and Prayers to God; yea, how you sighed under every Hedge of Mercy. Have you never an Hill Mizar to remember? Have you forgot the Close, the Milk-house, the Stable, the Barn, and the like, where God did visit your Souls? Remember also the Word; the Word, I say, upon which the Lord hath caused you to hope: If you have sinned Against Light, if you are tempted to blaspheme, if you are down in Despair, if you think God fights against you, or if Heaven is hid from your Eyes; remember, it was thus with your Father.'

Uriel da Costa was the son of a Portuguese Jew who had turned Christian for business reasons, and Uriel himself was brought up as a Roman Catholic and at the age of twenty-five (in 1610) was appointed an ecclesiastical treasurer at Oporto. Yet he had long had doubts about the truth of the dogmas. The idea prevailing in his mind was that of eternal damnation. Studying the outlook thereon, he was led to kindred studies, became hopelessly bewildered, could find assuagement in neither meditation, books, confessor, confession, nor even absolution: he felt it impossible for him to comply with the demands that the Church made on his behaviour, and found himself wasting away with grief. Reverting, then, to the Old Testament, he converted himself to Judaism: and not himself alone, but also his mother and brothers, persuading them to sail to Holland to attain religious freedom. Even voluntary exile was a most difficult and dangerous proceeding, practicable only in secrecy and involving abandonment of all they could not carry with them.

On joining the Jewish community at Amsterdam, Uriel immediately perceived that their practices were sophisticated.

Concentrating on the strong points of those arguments that appealed to him and the weak points of all others, he went straight forward into excommunication from the community, and punishment for blasphemy by the corporation; disowned by his brothers, reviled and stoned by the street urchins. At the end of fifteen years, a reconciliation took place, he consented to become, as he says, 'a monkey among monkeys'; but quarrels immediately broke out again: the town council supported the rabbis in their condemnation of him to public recantation of his heresies, and to flogging in the synagogue; after which he was to lie across the threshold until all the congregation had walked across his body. He refused; they spat on him as he passed in the street. After seven years more, he gave in; the ceremony took place when he was about fifty; his few remaining years being spent in a state of suppressed fury.

Writing as a dying man, nothing in his life seemed to da Costa of note but theological controversy and vindictive self-vindication.

There is no need to dwell on the fact that Uriel was, intellectually, on the side of the angels, and upheld phrases sacred to modern moralists; because his adherence, if he had adhered, to the Sermon on the Mount would have been sufficient to turn the Sermon sour. His leading principle, in practice, was to hate all who disagreed with him and to make it as impossible as possible for others not to hate him. To Uriel, a vested interest loomed large behind every opponent and the ugliest word was always the most appropriate. The commandment to love one's enemies he disapproved of as putting overstrain on humanity, but it is doubtful if he could have loved his friends, if he had had any. He speaks with affection of not one single person, not even of his poor old mother, who alone remained faithful to him and suffered persecution in innocence; indeed, we only learn of his marriage by a reference to the death of his wife. He condemned the teaching of Epicurus and subsequently approved of it: but in each case without reading Epicurus; and mentions that, when he had been at Amsterdam more than fifteen years, he did not know Dutch.

The three moderns are Charles Hargrove, A. F. Webling, and W. E. Orchard.

Hargrove began life in a 'Plymouth Brother' family in the middle of the last century, and relations between the boy and his father were remarkably like those narrated in Edmund Gosse's Father and Son, except that the latter abandoned formulas while Hargrove persisted in a search for the infallible formula with an exasperated intensity; pursuing each belief with a microscope, as it were; and equally incapable of believing or disbelieving. He eventually joined the Roman Catholic Church, became a monk and priest; and thereafter Unitarian minister at Leeds for thirty-five years. Had his affections been all given to the abstract, he might have lived happily, perhaps, in a series of vacuums, but he cared intensely for his home folk, who cared equally for him. He and his father, in particular, exchanged long letters, each relying, in stating their cases, on the adjectives which were most painful to the other, and which assumed that the writer alone was in possession of the truth, and that the receiver had only to open his eyes in order to agree with him. The mother just quietly died of it.

The second book, A. F. Webling's, is difficult to assess, so

The second book, A. F. Webling's, is difficult to assess, so much does most of it seem the work of a new Dean Swift, cruel and clever to an almost unbearable pitch, satirizing all the weak points of the Church of England, depicting bishops, rectors, curates, students, laity, as the most backward and pitiable class of the community: with system and tenets to match. But it is all of a piece: it must either be wholly satirical, or wholly genuine: and the evidence is decidedly in favour of the latter.

The author seems to have been alive at the date of publication (1931), and about fifty then, a rector in Suffolk. He had never felt at home in other than countrified surroundings, but had been a clerk of the most wretched kind for twelve years in London, and then a curate in a seaside town. Details are vague throughout: he clearly attended King's College, but never names it. Disguises are transparent, but definiteness is avoided: 'a village in Kent,' 'a town in Gloucestershire,' 'a City church,' 'a great London railway terminus'; 'I vaguely supposed' is a sort

of keynote of the book. It is written in the first person, with 'Webling' on the title-page and 'Wolfe' in the text. Accepted for the ministry, welcomed as a worker, awarded a 'Crown living' but never acquiring skill, friends, or knowledge: shallow and shoddy: antipathetic to his fellow-students at King's more by reason of their vitality than of their fatuousness and vulgarity. Averse from abstract speculation, but absorbing a certain amount of the results of the research-work of others at thirdhand, he drifted into doubt of all that his Church prescribes as fundamental, while continuing to preach it and teach it as true, and assuming that, after all, the Church did more or less fulfil the function it claims to monopolize. His final stand-by was that the Psychical Research Society would ultimately discover some means of harmonizing all these discrepancies. Nevertheless, he always writes of Catholic and Protestant as constituting the whole population of the world, and seems devoid of any conception of his own limitations. Speaking of himself at twenty-eight, he says he did not proclaim a Gospel 'fired with personal conviction and the result of personal experience. Possibly a young man could hardly be expected to do so.' Speaking of a period during which, as a clerk, he felt some enthusiasm for organized Christianity, he adds:

'Alas, it fell out as I had feared. Slowly, imperceptibly, the ardour relaxed, the visionary splendour faded, and I returned to earth; yet enriched by an experience because of which the twiceborn's stories of traffic with things eternal stir memories in me. I too have felt.

'Although this period of divine intoxication passed. . . .'

He entitles one chapter 'The Dark Night of the Soul' as if he and St John of the Cross were kindred spirits; and, quoting:

The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze on glory,
But on my King of Grace.
Not on the crown He giveth
But on his pierced hand,

Where glory, glory dwelleth In Immanuel's Land

speaks of the 'strange, sensuous, oriental imagery of that hymn.' And again:

'I have not the presumption to be confident that this was definitely a case of Divine leading, yet, if I was destined to become what I am, I do not see how otherwise the event could have been so neatly accomplished.'

'Was it chance, or was this another instance of the intervention in my small affairs of some power or powers having my welfare sufficiently at heart to contrive these fine adjustments?'

'But Fate (or was it, rather, some plan worked out for me from Beyond?) made me acquainted with wide fields of knowledge . . .'

while at another it is the 'stars in their courses' that are 'espousing his cause.'

As a study of nervous exhaustion in daily life and in relation to ecclesiastical practices, the book is of the highest value.

W. E. Orchard's account of himself runs from his earliest days (1878?) to his reception into the Roman Catholic Church (1931?). He was one of eight whose father never earned more than £240 a year; his ancestry pious, lower middle-class. He derived no benefit from the Board School he attended, but became a pupil-teacher at fourteen at £8 a year, transferring directly to clerical work at Euston station for seven years. Up to seventeen, as he looked back, all his life seemed commonplace and dull, but then occurred his 'conversion' at a mission conducted by anex-Guardsman, strengthened by an Exeter Hall meeting. The Moody and Sankey hymns to which these two introduced him remained an abiding comfort and stimulant to him to his latest days. Taking an active part in missions from eighteen onwards revealed his gifts as preacher and so turned his attention towards the ministry as a career, the more easily in that no other ambition arose to divert it. At twenty-one he received a 'call' to the charge of a mission in the Isle of Dogs,

which he accepted on the strength of opening the Bible at random and interpreting the first passage that caught his eye as a divine message to accept the 'call.' During the two years he conducted this mission he prepared himself for London University; his father and mother both died, the latter of cancer, the former after mental failure; and he met his future wife, of whom we hear all too little. Her one recorded remark is that his difficulty in life consisted in Rome seeming to him a recurring decimal and Nonconformity the vulgar fractions. She was clearly of great assistance to him in overcoming the handicaps of his shortage of education. After taking his degree, he became Presbyterian minister at Enfield for ten years, and, in October 1914, minister to the independent 'King's Weigh-House Chapel' congregation in London till 1931. There he preached pacifism throughout the war to an audience which included ever more and more of those who were taking an active part in the war. His flock, in fact, was incessantly changing in personnel: he seems everywhere to have gained a great hold over people, but not over any for long; and once anyone became a disciple of his, he or she found it difficult, as a rule, to become a member of any other congregation. Combining a high degree of ritual, ever varying in detail, with his preaching, he seems to have had a remarkable faculty for giving much to each member of his congregation and drawing much out, facilitating each sharing it with all, and stimulating a common faith and community of worship. Inspiration and conscientiousness never flagged; daily acquaintance with the troubles of others still further increased the humanity of his sermons; his patience survived even the most successful of reporters' efforts to turn the spiritual into the sensational.

His book, too, is wholly a preacher's book. He expounds and expounds, and assumes that degree of interest in his expositions which is conventionalized by our bad habit of not interrupting sermons. For the same reason it is a museum of current superstition, neither too far behind, nor too far in advance of, the best intentions of practical persons: a temperamental incapacity for silence made manifest in discovering revelation in the irrelevant; in arguing from the 'ought' to the 'is.'

'This attitude meant abandoning such important items in traditional Christianity as the Virgin Birth . . . I was probably somewhat moved by the ideas that the Virgin Birth cast a reflection upon ordinary human procreation. . . .'

His search for knowledge is simply a search for Authority.

'an entirely non-ecclesiastical Christianity would end in a desert.'

'The necessity of looking at everything . . . from a social point of view.'

'My mind is always dominated by a background of economic realism.'

The question of what is true and what is not never really arises. The only questions that do arise are those that concern a warm-hearted, sociable, affable organizer and leader in his search for an organization which will be congenial to his qualities and will further the good intentions which seem to him axiomatic by reason of his limitations. These limitations come out in his tastes. He says he preferred medieval painting, classical music, and Gothic architecture according to natural inclination for the old as against the new, although he tried to cultivate patience with the new. Such antiquity as the above-mentioned trio represent is all of antiquity for him. He never inquired into origins. When he became minister to the King's Weigh-House Chapel he never looked at the trust deeds and was not taken aback when, years afterwards, he found he had been contravening essential conditions throughout. He had no interest in art, science, or abstract thought except in so far as they touched upon religion or theology, he adds that surely this does not make for any real limitation. Newman's 'utter honesty and love of truth' ensured that Newman became something of a hero and a saint to him.

When he noted that the orthodox were so often narrow, unpleasant, intolerant, and self-seeking as compared with the unorthodox, he modified his teaching and taught what still seemed unorthodox to him. His ideas of humour are of a truly ecclesiastical crudity: e.g.,

'I playfully accused one of them of being willing to see the Body of Christ decapitated.'

When, then, he comes to consider the bases of faith, the arguments work out as follows:

'It is surely obvious that no human being, seriously contemplating what his position would be in this universe if it had no divine mind for its Designer and Director, could be expected to do other than shake with terror.'

'How can anyone who seriously rejects the Christian religion ever be anything but tragic?'

"... first necessity for social justice or human freedom is that they must be based upon divine revelation and can only be carried out by supernatural faith."

'If we would be human we must be rational; if rational, ethical; if ethical, evangelical; if evangelical, catholic; if catholic, Roman; that is the logic of progress, freedom and light. If one rejects the Roman claims one must, eventually, reject Catholicism; if Catholicism is rejected then gradually go doctrine, sacraments, scripture, Christ, God, man, hell, then heaven; the next world, then this; faith goes, then hope, then love. This is the logic of darkness, denial, death.'

(Rome) 'The obvious reasons for its superiority were its doctrinal solidity, its papal organization, its international position.'

SÖREN KIERKEGAARD

In spite of all these years, say 250 in all, of perplexity and effort in which these men spent their vitalities, they were far from exhausting the subject's possibilities. All are children compared with Sören Kierkegaard, who did, indeed, evolve a style of autobiography all his own.

As the youngest child of a second marriage, he came, when a boy, under the influence of an old father, a man of impressive personality in any case, and one who, himself dominated by a sense of sin, evangelized the child. The boy never recovered. Fully equipped with an unchristian mentality, rejoicing in its own activity, he compressed it into the service of Christianity

as his father understood the term—an organized sense of sin. Christianity was nothing else than that; and nothing else mattered. It was axiomatic with him that he must be a Christian, tered. It was axiomatic with him that he must be a Christian, and it is obvious that he had no gift for being one. Both the axiom and the observation may be taken as more or less applying to his acquaintances in his world, which began and ended, for all practical purposes, with Copenhagen in the first half of the nineteenth century. The position was even more acute than it sounds, as readers of the autobiography of Kierkegaard's fellowcitizen, Hans Andersen, will recognize; and, in addition, Kierkegaard, powerful as he was mentally in any case, exaggerated his superiority over his fellow-citizens and makes much of his sufferings as a genius in an unenlightened hamlet.

As a boy he seemed bright and lively. It was a disguise he assumed in order that his melancholia, already ingrained, should not be noticed. This penetrated until his only consolation became the thought of his own intellectual gifts, ideas his only distraction; human beings ceased to attract him. Any philosophical system seemed to him an empty palace, owned by an absentee-landlord, and at twenty-two he thought of his state as one of fermentation which needed clarifying. He tried debauchery to precipitate the clarifying, not crediting that the Promised Land exists otherwise than on the other side of a theological exam; but only ended by longing for a God who

theological exam; but only ended by longing for a God who should be on our side against our sins, instead of on the side of our sins against us.

He seems to have had a private income, and under no need to make acquaintance with those rough-and-ready standards of criticism that are shaped by earning a living. He saw nothing in the life of a priest but that of a shopkeeper who only opened his shop on Sundays and was content to live in a world in which the one thing needful was to avoid practising on weekdays what he preached on Sundays. For ever reconstructions, Christianity and remaining outside his own reconstructions, Kierkegaard converted Christianity into a kind of disease, and maintained a clinic for it, without, however, keeping a single medicine in stock. His mentality tended to fertility, his preconceptions to sterility. He could never bring himself to 'part

with the virginity of Faith in order to acquire the maternity of Reason.' Confusion, irresolution, casuistry, prevarication, took possession of his mind: constrictions without constructions. He was never on sufficiently intimate terms with himself to talk freely to himself about himself. And though he always used dialectic with serious intent, his dialectic came to resemble a cycle which can do nothing but 'free-wheel.' Perhaps it is that, living amid society that he despised, nothing that was intelligible attracted him, but, at any rate, he never lifted himself to the level of the master-dialecticians of the Talmud, of Socrates or of Aquinas, and insisted on dialectic serving a practical purpose.

The reader is perhaps still hoping this autobiographer will have some kind of a plot to reveal. He has none. Living the life metaphysical, he does little more than allude to other interests. But these allusions are truly extraordinary. Kierkegaard argued that the militant Christian must make no frontal attacks. These only annoyed and antagonized people. The convert could not be conquered; he must be kidnapped, and that unwittingly. It will make for success if the sinner believes that the speaker is an infidel preaching infidelity. Recollecting that, to him as a child, Christianity had seemed inhuman cruelty inflicted on him by the person he loved best, and that because the father treated the child as grown-up, he never reconsidered whether Christianity might not consist of something else than a sense of sin, but only what the methods of administering it should be. A belief that he was predestined both to instruct and to suffer prevented reconsideration of any idea wholly on its merits.

He had no recollection of acting on impulse or of confiding

He had no recollection of acting on impulse or of confiding in anyone, or of being straightforward. He wrote book after book, everyone under a different pseudonym, and sometimes insisting, in periodicals, that these books were not his, and beseeching readers not to accept anything as his which did not come out under his own name. In order to gain a reputation as an idler, he says he made a practice of daily promenades up and down the most frequented street, and of putting in a brief appearance at the theatre and then hurrying home unnoticed to work till late in the night. He refused to see visitors, lest they should notice he was a worker.

If Christianity was his mission, and self-denial his pride, deception was his god and Kierkegaard its prophet. The Christianity he preached was, in the final form that it takes in his two semi-autobiographical books, purely negative. It consisted in not being despondent. Man, he argues, is a synthesis of divers antitheses, one product of which synthesis is human consciousness. This latter evolves automatically into self-consciousness, and the latter, in its turn, into personality. Personality, a synthesis of potentialities and fate, involves sin, and sin involves despondency, the 'sickness unto death.' Physical death, he maintains, is the death of a man, but not of a Christian, he maintains, is the death of a man, but not of a Christian, whose life consists of hope, and to whom, therefore, death consists of the deprivation of hope. The life of a Christian, he assumes, takes place in eternity, and, curiously enough for so intellectual a man as Kierkegaard, he always speaks of eternity as an extension of time. That Christianity can exist as a way of behaving does not enter into his scheme of things, more prone as he is to analyse his neighbour than to love him, to think of an individual as but one more figure added to the world's total, one more 'recurring zero,' one more 'coin in circulation.' In the same way, Kierkegaard examines despondency with such amazing relentlessness as to trace most evidence of its existence amongst those who are least aware of suffering from it; just as there are imaginary illnesses, so too, he assures us, are there states of imaginary good health; and yet he never takes into account that aspect of it whereby it may prove to be no visitation from on high, but a by-product of stagnation of the circulation. Perhaps his own despondency might have been cured by physical exercises, but he only tried mental ones. It may even be that he would have resented, in his turn, an attempt at converting him; like Shakespeare's Richard II:

Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth From that sweet way I was in to despair.

Man, says Kierkegaard, is primarily a spirit and his need is to shed every hindrance in the way of becoming one; and despondency is to the soul what giddiness is to the brain: once it gains ascendancy, a fall into the abyss is inevitable. Another aspect of it is that it consists of a man's unconsciousness of his spiritual destiny.

And here is the departing-point which will, I trust, reconcile the reader to what seems to be a digression into summarizing Kierkegaard's tenets, as a thing apart from his life. Those other five men, who have been more autobiographical than he, do not seem, if I may say so, to have got value out of their spiritual struggles, but Kierkegaard, amidst all his obscurities and affectations, by dint of an everlasting hammering, blazes a spiritual trail which makes itself apparent now and then in some striking idea. As that mere necessity asphyxiates, and that a man is always straining towards abandoning the personality he possesses in favour of a different personality which he invents; or of his idea of God as consisting of possibilities, in contrast with those probabilities which form the world of unaided mankind; with the corollary that the cure for all mankind's griefs is to believe in the potentialities of possibilities.

It may well be objected that six examples of the miseries incidental to theological controversy are too many in a chapter on religion, which is primarily the greatest means towards the greatest happiness. And this criticism would be just were it not for one factor, that the proportion that must needs be taken into account is not only the proportion that happens, but equally the proportion that it put into writing: a very different matter. These happier people rarely write unless they are pushed into doing so. Among these latter, to whom devotion is a pleasure excelling all other pleasures, let us choose Thérèse Martin, known as Saint Thérèse of Lisieux (1873–1897). Some, perhaps, might insist that the 'Little Flower of Jesus,' as she was called, was an artificial flower; that her life in a middle-class home. and thereafter in a convent, was conventional and sophisticated to the last degree: that she never knew, nor wished to know, or share, or perpetuate, or benefit, that normal life, simple and rough, without which conventual life would never become possible, either economically or sexually. If so, one must for once recognize that artificial flowers have a place in life. But the vocation was natural enough. Useless at games, caring noth-

ing for dolls, she spent as much time reading as she was allowed to, as a child; carrying the Imitation of Christ about with her; much to the amusement of her family, she says. A characteristic phrase: all her recollections of home echoed an unruffled harmony and contentment. At first the home was at Alençon, where all the details of the landscapes, large and small, filled her with a pleasure that lasted fresh to her dying day: those, and the walks amongst them with her mother, whose premature death was no doubt a predisposing cause with Thérèse towards conventual life, though she does not say so. This loss was the occasion of the family moving to Lisieux, where their garden and the park and the scenery deepened the similar impressions made at Alençon. These were the pleasures that went deepest with her. Her dreams as a nun rarely dwelt on the subjects that filled her day, but always on woods and flowers, birds and butterflies; dreams poetical, but never mystical. All the freedom to ramble among the meadows and their treasures she abandoned at fifteen, following her sisters' examples; dependent thenceforward on flowers sent in for altar-decoration, and rejoicing greatly over once more seeing a purple vetch while writing her book towards the end of her short life; a child still, especially in her freedom from all affectation. Reader as she was, spiritual authors, she says, left her cold; the Imitation retained its hold on her: at seventeen and eighteen the works of St John of the Cross were all in all to her: the Gospels were added to these two: no others were more than a duty to her. Her own meditations were always vivid and suggestive, but not during prayer so much as during her daily work. Among her recollections may be mentioned an extraordinarily clear one of serious illness in early childhood.

Returning to the seventeenth century for two further examples of devotion as sufficing for a lifetime, there is Lady Lucy Knatchbull, born indeed 1584, but turning to religion in 1601 and dying as abbess at Ghent in 1629. Her life by Sir Tobie Matthew includes a narrative of her own: as typical an account of the better kind of nun as could well be found, clear, and single-minded, with a certain amount of intensity added beyond the average character.

The other example is to be found in George Herbert's A Priest to the Temple, wherein Herbert details all that should go to make up the routine of a country parson's life, and, in so doing, summarizes all that characterized his own pastorate.

The main feature is the extraordinary completeness of the authorization inherent in his theology to interfere in the lives of others; unquestioned and unquestionable powers to reprove, to advise, to commend, to guide. Even when he goes on a visit, it is a matter of duty—his to inquire and prescribe, theirs to listen and obey—how that household is administered, whether in accordance with God's law or not.

The other side of the question is that George Herbert's personal qualities were of a kind that made his official interference anything from pardonable and tolerable to palatable.

Impartiality, fearlessness, courtesy, kindliness, open-handedness even in poverty—all the qualities that make the ordinary course of life a pleasure, and hardships more welcome than most people's ease, were to him but foregone conclusions from his axioms. Even his hobbies come into line: witness his insistence on the need for a parson to go botanizing in order to gain a knowledge of herbs which shall enable him to act as physician and to be able to provide remedies for nothing, home-grown ones, to save his parishioners from paying the apothecary for imported drugs.

In practically every chapter occurs some illustration of the daily life of himself and his neighbours; as that the parson ought to celebrate Holy Communion at least five times a year, since, it being incumbent on the churchwardens to report anyone who failed to be present three times a year (to be punished by the civil authorities), the extra two times were therefore needed in order that everyone should have a fair chance of turning up for the prescribed number. And it is worth noting that he speaks of our national sin being that of idleness. One will say to another, 'We have nothing to do; let's go to . . .' and that, in George Herbert's opinion, is the beginning of all sin.

Two more examples may be quoted from writers still living, Shri Purohit Swami, who was born in 1882 in Central Provinces, India. His grandfather was a millionaire, but his father was swindled out of inheriting anything, partly through indifference about money matters, and at fifteen entered the service of a railway to avoid being a burden on the grandmother. After rising to a salary of Rs. 500 a month late in life, the father gave it up in favour of one of Rs. 20 in order to keep this son in the district which he believed to be best for him, saying that he didn't believe in trying to find happiness in money. 'Happiness lies within you.' All the family life ran much on those lines, and though Shri Purohit was very successful in his examinations for the Bar, and at times made concessions to what society expected of him, he never went very far or did it for long; all his life tended in spiritual directions and experiments. He was evidently very attractive personally both as a boy and in later life, at any rate until he had ruined his health by the extremes into which his devotion led him.

As a picture of religious India at the present day it probably could not be improved on within the same number of pages, all the more so because when he went wandering, as he did all over India from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, and leaving himself entirely dependent for meals on the hospitality of chance acquaintances, he came in contact with as great a variety of people as anyone could well do in the time. Two other reasons contributed likewise: he made it a rule to eat whatever was offered him, however unsuitable, or downright dangerous, for his inside; doing so enabled him the more easily to approach and gain experience of the life of the locality in which he happened to be. The other reason is that he always welcomed the company of educated people of the most opposite opinions to his own.

His experience of irreligious India and of adepts at renunciation who renounce the wrong things seems to have been equally adequate; and although he speaks, in the usual way, of the Indian point of view being primarily and exclusively religious, his experience of the people he met suggests that the point of view of the majority was as little religious as they could manage.

There was one period when he thought it best for the sake of his religious experience to become an employee. The idea had a degree of romance for him and also appealed to his ambition. This worked out as four years as cashier and agent with very long hours, much responsibility, very little pay; 'real hardship.' And by the time he wrote his book, he had given himself an experience of hardships of all kinds which would certainly have prevented most men from reaching his age of fifty.

At times, it is true, he gives way to more credulity than is necessary for a saint, especially for an educated one; and more than other Indians find necessary. For example, one chance acquaintance who went to say good-bye to him and give him some money, forgot about the money, and a monk reminded him in time for him to hurry after Shri Purohit and put things right. In excusing himself the man mentioned that the monk's name was Dattātreya, which happened to be the name of that personage in Hindu mythology to whom Shri Purohit was particularly devoted, and he takes it without question that this monk was an incarnation of the god, who had taken the trouble to reincarnate himself temporarily to get a little help for his devotee.

One lady who has the colic when she is alone in the house and thinks he alone can cure, and is cured immediately he comes, and tells him so, and smiles at him, is not suspected of 'trying it on,' but of being faith-healed.

Or again, during a period of strenuous asceticism:

'One day I chanced on some students, who seized me, persuaded me to accompany them to the town, put on the dress of a gentleman, eat with them, play at pingpong, badminton and cricket, and be happy in the little pleasures of friendliness.'

But when he is at his best, summarizing the devotion of a lifetime, and the inheritance of that spirit from centuries-full of ancestors, he attracts us by his carelessness about being thought ridiculous, and by admiration for the good points of a system which so freely welcomes discussion of, and interest in, spiritual matters.

Among other points he throws light on what is behind the

worship of Kali, the goddess of destruction, a typical case in which foreigners fail to 'see daylight' in Hinduism; saying that out of destroyed pasts issues birth, teaching and nourishment, and that we desire freedom from that which can be destroyed in us.

His descriptions of the dangers and blessings and variety of a pilgrim's life throughout the length and breadth of India would alone make the book a memorable one.

The other contemporary is a very homely Englishman, Canon C. E. Raven, whose rather breathless sermon forms a pleasant, genuine book, of no intellectual weight and containing no evidence of unusual value, but filled with a capacity for retaining the freshness of first experiences, three of which dominate the rest; three devotions; to his wife, to his religious ideal, and to Natural History. These are prefaced by accounts of a childhood and of school life which are among the most useful of their kind; the childhood a most happy one in a respectable, self-respecting, poor home, but coupled with the fact that amid all his schoolboy disillusions and small miseries he never sought explanations or consolation from the parents with whom he still thinks he was so intimately in touch. The record of his school-life is the best account of a decent boy's normal experience of a public-school I have come across.

Once school-age was left behind, his blood-pressure seems to have been high. He looks back on the puerilities and sociabilities of his twenties as possessing exceptional values, whereas they do not read as being more than reaction from repression of youthfulness. He was so young that Chesterton had a 'message' for him. However, it all seems so incredible and unusual to him that he insists on its details at length in order to persuade his readers to believe it all. Even the polarization of his religious ideals is no more than that definition of aims and hopes which is the normal experience of most about that age. In any case, he was not to become the kind of person who can avoid having convictions, or refrain from acting and speaking on the strength of them.

As a clergyman he seems to have been full of orthodoxy for

the unorthodox, and unorthodoxy for the orthodox: once remarking from the pulpit that the laity treated the clergy either as plaster saints or as blasted fools, while his book is full of capital letters attached to obsolete terms, and also of the kind of faith in the mission of the Church of England that makes itself come true. Where he was exceptional among his kind was in relation to Natural History: a lifelong pursuit with him and one for which he had special gifts. Moreover, it was when he was so engaged that his mind was most truly active, and his meditations most effective.

'And along with these memories is another less definite. Religion, like God, had always been mysterious and unearthly. I never felt that the church quite belonged to this world, or that the parson was human, although he sometimes came to tea. And it was a real shock to me to discover that choir-boys wore boots and stockings just like my own, instead of sandals like the children in the stainedglass windows. It would not have surprised me if they had had wings under their surplices. God made the birds and flowers. He made me and the universe: but though my mother told me when I was ten and beginning to study natural history that I need not take the first chapters of Genesis literally, I never felt that creation was anything but an act, or that the Deity had any close contact with what He had brought into being. God made me, and then watched how I behaved: and one day He would call me to account. And Jesus-Jesus loved lambs and lilies and sparrows and little children: but I was none of these-does a child ever think of himself as a child?-and it was all far away and long ago; and though the pictures were beautiful, the story had scourging and a cross in it; and I hated pain. And there were birds in the museum and sometimes butterflies in the park, and a fascinating taxidermist with a humming-bird in his window, and several poulterers' shops, and bus tickets to collect, and lists of train numbers to keep, and cricket scores in summer, and Greek to begin, and Latin verses to puzzle over, and all the multitude of wonderful things to see and do. No wonder religion only mattered at intervals. Life was too exciting to leave much time for hell. Orthodoxy had already become unreal.'

'But it was æsthetic (I had almost written spiritual) worth that I appreciated most in my moth-hunting. To spend a night alone in

a summer woodland or a stretch of unspoiled fen is to experience an initiation into the life of the contemplative. Orthodox methods of meditation do not appeal to me; they produce boredom or coma -and platitudes. I can meditate best when there is something to occupy me without absorbing my interest, something which leaves the mind free to roam, to grapple with a difficulty, to disengage for a moment, and then to return to the encounter with fresh zest. That is why I can write best in a train, where a glance at the moving landscape will supply a new start to my ideas; and would, for choice, compose a sermon in a garden when the 'mechanic exercise' of digging out a plantain often gives a change of angle to one's thinking. Mothing is the perfect pursuit for such a temperament. One chooses a round of trees or posts, and paints it with sugar in the twilight; and then, with lamp and pill-boxes, wanders dreamily round it, sufficiently alert to spot a desirable specimen at once, sufficiently detached to let one's thoughts play freely over the larger problems of life. The stillness and solitude, the mystery stretching beyond the little splash of light, the unhurried motion as one saunters from tree to tree, the concentration of one's senses upon the business of collecting, even the occasional break in the chain of ideas when a rarity brings one's mind to attention for its captureall this is to me occasion for the purest refreshment and the richest adventuring of the spirit. It is of course splendidly purgative: one gets rid of all the little worries and fears and lusts and ambitions: they are sloughed off without effort as the quiet closes in, and reveals the falsity and ugliness and inconsistency of superficial living. But it is much more than this: one becomes aware of a truer perspective and a wider horizon, sensitive to influences usually obscured by the clamour of the senses, and alert to follow up random clues, bare wisps of thought, trifling hints of experience to their conclusions, and to revise one's outlook in accordance with them. And the surroundings are sacraments as rich in efficacy as any that can be found in temples made with hands. The tracery of the branches against the stars, the dim vista of the glade, the soundless flight of a night-jar, the eerie noises that testify to the hidden life of the woodland-nature speaks her secrets through them, secrets that cannot be uttered in the daylight. Or still better, on an open fen where there is nothing but the dome of the sky and the empty level of earth, save the murmuring of the reeds, and sometimes the squeak of a bat and the flicker of its wings. A wood may speak of life: the fens speak only of eternity. Standing alone in

their immensity you are in the presence chamber of the infinite, and an ancient awe whispers of panic and makes trial of the fibre of your manhood. You are stripped stark: excuses, vanities, sophistries are unavailing; only the elemental simplicities remain. No one can know what nature means until he has spent such a vigil alone and in the night: in the daytime the grandeur of her massed effect is concealed by the lavish wealth of form and colour, the glamour and fascination of each smallest detail; in the darkness the main lines of the whole are manifest, and make their appeal to the same qualities in yourself. There is a wealth of meaning in the cryptic sayings which declare that God dwells in thick darkness and that in the darkness the Son of Man is revealed.'

Among the third group, that is, those who were primarily men of action, but acting under religious inspiration, three stand out from the others; Albert Schweitzer, J. M. Wilson, M. D. Tagore.

Schweitzer's account begins at the beginning (1875) and continues to 1931. Thenceforward, for another six years, he was mainly occupied with theology, music, and social work, until, in 1905, he decided on a medical career in Equatorial Africa. Medical studies occupied him up to 1912. He set out for Lambarene in 1913, was removed for internment in France 1917, was exchanged in 1918, and returned to Lambarene 1924. It can only be in the distant future that the value of his work at Lambarene can be estimated, if ever; but it is clear already that few men, in any century, can have had so much to show in return for a lifetime as he has done there. In addition, his work either as theologian, or as musician, or as organist and organexpert, constitutes a sound and satisfactory life-work in itself. And the influence of his personality and methods makes itself felt beyond the limits of any section of his work, epitomized as they are in this record of his own, itself an epitome of all the uses of Autobiography.

His early life in Alsace came to an end in 1893. The ensuing six years were centred at Strasburg University but included a year's military service, frequent periods of residence at Paris, and visits to Berlin and Bayreuth.

As a boy, he was fortunate. Living in a borderland, grow-

ing up bilingual, in touch with a vigorous regional life, and not too far from great centres; an ideal home; neither too much money available at any time, nor too little; town and country equally at hand, and a variety of inherent qualities in himself. There was much to develop, far more, in fact, than could have been given free scope had not there been a fine physique to stand the strain and keep the balance. He had that physique, and a love of the conditions under which alone it could mature. At nine he started going to a school which involved a two-mile walk alone morning and evening, over the hills; when it came to changing schools he cried for hours in secret at the thought of losing those walks. During his year of military service he needed to go on with his studies: he put the Greek gospels in his haversack and completed all the exacting work during evenings and rest-days. When studying at Paris (1898-9) for a Doctorate of Philosophy, he took lessons from two teachers of pianism (opposed methods) and was so keen on making the most of opportunities for meeting a variety of people that he sometimes came to his morning organ-lessons with Widor, which, to him, were the most prized of all his opportunities, without having been to bed at all. He had no experience of fatigue until he undertook the medical studies, and found that a memory at thirty cannot be taxed like a memory at twenty, but even so he was accomplishing what no one else thought of attempting, and that while retaining all his balance of mind and judgment, and attention to other interests. He grew up four-square, without any assistance beyond that which he attracted; headed in the right direction by character and physique.

The application of these comes out in his organ-work. His mother's father had been an organist and interested in organ-building. Schweitzer began with the organ himself as soon as his feet could reach the pedals, at eight; and at nine was deputizing for the church organist. Thereafter followed study of all organs within reach, especially the French ones of Cavaillé-Col, of the ruination of the organ by modern conditions and ignorance, and the gaining of the most intimate acquaintance with the essentials of the craft—the flute-basis underlying all organ-construction, the care needful to ensure the placing of

an instrument where it can best be utilized, the reasons why an organ can only be at its best in a stone-built church and never but far below its best in a concert-hall—as well as with the music. Many an old organ did he save from destruction, and from replacement by another hopelessly inferior.

As musician he wrote a book on the interpretation of Bach in French because all existing work had been biographical, and this had such an excellent reception in Germany that he rewrote it at double the length in German. And as business-man he had to equip himself in 1912 with the outfit he was to need for Africa, which meant shopping for days on end, standing about till he got what he wanted, checking accounts, compiling lists for customs-officials, etc. All of this he at first found a burden, but in the end the pleasure of getting a necessary job well done came to the top, and his only hardship lay in finding chemists' catalogues in a state which suggested they had been made out by the porter's wife. He filled seventy packing-cases. Having noted the extent to which the Government was substituting paper for gold in preparation, as he anticipated, for war, he took M.2000 with him in gold.

The impulse which culminated in his going to Africa dated as far back as 1896, a general humanitarian one, arising chiefly from noticing how much better off he was at home than other boys, leading him on to wider perceptions of the haphazard distribution of blessings and curses, and a wish to do something to lessen these contrasts and mitigate these miseries. He decided to live out his own career of knowledge and art until he was thirty and then pay back his unearned increment in the service of humanity. A few months before his thirtieth birthday he came across an appeal for workers in the Congo from the Paris Missionary Society and his mind made itself up at the first reading of the article. Not only did this imply starting studies afresh, but also placating the Committee. One member, in fact, did resign rather than consent to welcome him. This arose from his position as theologian. He was abreast of the fullest demands of the German theologians of the time to regard Christianity as essentially a tendency which worked successively towards a series of 'final forms,' each adequate only for its own period,

each finality of the present in conflict with the drift towards the future, a movement capable of endless growth and incapable of stereotype. Schweitzer was himself a leader. His Quest of the Historical Jesus was as characteristic of him as any one activity of his, especially in his preparation for it, which consisted of piling up all the mass of books needed for reference in the middle of his room, then making a separate heap of what was wanted for each chapter, leaving them so until each chapter, in turn, was finished, despite the protests of his housekeeper and friends, who had to thread their way about the room along the lanes left between the piles. Christianity, to him, could not take the place of thinking, but must be based on thinking. He was continually tending towards utilization of the ideas underlying Christianity freed from the unessential limitations with which contemporary circumstances, in every age, were for ever clothing it. This process never led him into the 'crises' into which other autobiographers fall. He was aware that others would be pained by the process and regretted this pain but, for himself, was fully occupied with activities that were bearing fruit, more so even than was clear at the time; and leading up to more activities to bear still more fruit. Moreover, whatever modifications his ideas of Christianity were undergoing, they were clearly leading somewhere, some point which it was desirable to reach. One step at a time was enough for him, but that step was never a 'goose-step.' What spelt doubts and fears to others, spelt hope and faith to him; and progress.

Instinct, and experience, and robust vitality, all provided him with a constructive temperament, facing major problems of human life fearlessly, and going in search of them when they were not presenting themselves; a new St George whose motto might well have been: A dragon a day, keeps stagnation away. His point of view rests on the possession of an ideal, and, ultimately, on being possessed by it. But that may be said of others. His was accompanied by fuller recognition of an inherited past and of a future waiting to be dealt with, a civilization that is corrupting and can be cured. The outcome was a predominantly ethical point of view, taking the form of esteeming a Will-to-Live as the chief factor and the contradictoriness

of a Will-to-Live divided against itself as the major problem awaiting solution.

When working at the hospital in 1915 the idea occurred to him to write a book on these lines, an idea which kept him in a state of mental excitement for months together. The fact that all that he had learned hitherto seemed so inadequate a preparation did not depress him—served rather as a stimulant. And instead of accepting, or imposing, the limitations which some of those already mentioned think of as indispensable, he comments favourably on Stoicism and Lao-Tse's Tao-te-King as alike profound, sincere, universally intelligible, concerned with essentials and realities alone, stimulating a sense of responsibility, and, what strikes him as mattering most, requiring that a man shall acquire a consciousness and a conviction that a spiritual relationship can and should be established between himself and the world to the degree that his life bears witness to the conviction. So again, in studying the Humanities, he finds it a weakness in them that the facts are never strong enough there to win as against opinion, whereas in studying the Natural Sciences he takes pleasure, a spiritual pleasure, in leaving ground so insecure, and finding himself in the presence of evidence which is evidence.

He diverges equally from the Asiatic tendency to withdraw from the world and placing all hope in an ultimate cessation of existence, and the present European position of having acquired a habit of 'progressing' and persisting in it when we have no consensus of opinion as to whither we want to progress.

Nothing has been said about the hospital work. Little is said in the book. The main thing is that each interest, as it emerges, and leads on to a conclusion based on study, and directs itself towards some practical end, either in action or enlightenment, contributes towards creating Autobiography in its most fruitful form. Thought and Meditation, narrative and progress are exhibited in interdependence. No better example of a human being at work; the whole organism bit by bit unfolding and building itself up step by step, finding and creating its own mission and fulfilment, always getting something done and making each new something the basis of further development; finding content-

ment in its own activities, stimulant in its own vitality and perceptions, reward in its own consciousness, hope and faith for the future in the recollection of the past and the call of the present.

No greater contrast between two men than between Schweitzer and J. M. Wilson, in one respect. The latter spent most of his life in expectation of a premature end; so much so that no Assurance Company would accept him until he was fifty-eight. Nevertheless, although his autobiography ends in the same year as Schweitzer's, it begins in 1836. His physical frailty affected his whole outlook. He never evolved a long-dated plan of action, or acquired any of the habits incidental to such a frame of mind. Instead, he grew to be ready for anything any moment, and a first-rate man to work with, or for. And having no special aim or bent in life, he came to be one who, if circumstances showed that something ought to be done, and no one else came forward to do it, thought he ought to have a try. One result was that he was the man who abolished 'Euclid' in England.

The central period of his life and work was his headmaster-

'Euclid' in England.

The central period of his life and work was his headmastership of Clifton College (1879–90). He succeeded Percival, and accounts for his success by saying that the school did what bees are said to do when they have accidentally lost their queen-bee . . . gather round some ordinary bee and treat that as a 'queen.' Brief, however, as the details are that he gives, his relations with staff and boys sum up the whole possibilities of the situation. It may be noted incidentally, for the benefit of any who may like to compare different autobiographical accounts of the same experiences that Sir Henry Newbolt was a boy at Clifton under Wilson and has left record of his school-life there, and also mentions another, O. F. Christie, as having done likewise.

under Wilson and has left record of his school-life there, and also mentions another, O. F. Christie, as having done likewise.

As a cleric Wilson was independent enough. The bishop of Bristol, when appointing a Commission to inquire into Church needs spoke of appointing, 'Five clergy, five laymen, and Wilson.' His relations with secularists show how the thing can be done, and how controversies can be carried on. He appears to have been born with a gift for tolerance, although it was not till 1929 that he realized, so he says, that the holding of a strong

religious conviction has nothing to do with the truth of the tenets held, that any opinion can be held, equally fervently and sincerely, and all be equally efficacious in promoting moral behaviour.

When Schweitzer was a two-year-old baby, Wilson was lecturing on 'Water' as evidence for Natural Theology and contrary to Evolution, inasmuch as no one imagines water to be an evolved product, and that the unchangeableness and unchangeability of its properties suggest fitness and order, and these, in turn, Mind, Will and Personality. Later in life, he was considering how long men—men as civilized as we are—have inhabited our earth, and how the foundations of this civilization had been laid down, countless ages earlier, by others whose mentality we can only guess at, whereas Christ only came seventy generations ago, and how it is only the last three of our generations that have been aware of these realities. We must needs note, then, he adds, that we are only 'at a certain stage in a long process,' and that even the conclusions to be arrived at at the end of that process may not be final.

Maharshi Devendranath Tagore was born in 1817 and died in 1905; but his autobiography ends with 1858. The whole of his life might be termed an extension of that of his grandmother, who died when he was eighteen, and who alone provided all the influence that had any effect on him. She was very striking to look at, directed the whole household, and was religious beyond what was customary. As a child, he never left her willingly and, whenever possible, would spend his time sitting in her lap watching everything quietly from the window. After her death he found a substitute for her in Brahma and, as it were, so far as possible, watched the world seated in his lap, just as he had formerly done from the grandmother's.

His father partly was, and partly seemed to be, one of the richest men in India and was very much dissatisfied with a son who, as he said, paid no attention to business and gave all his time to Brahma. The father died in debt to the extent of £366,000 and the family, at Maharshi Devendranath's suggestion, handed over their own property to make good some of the debts; an allowance being paid the sons from the estate.

Maharshi Devendranath had a great admiration for his brother's business ability, but ten years later the liquidation was still dragging on, and both this brother and another had contracted huge further debts on their own account. It was all this burden of riches and debt that decided Maharshi Devendranath to leave the world altogether and retire to the mountains. In fact, the bankruptcy itself was quite welcomed by him.

In 1858, he had been living in the Himalayas for a year and a half, expecting to end his life there in complete retirement and meditation, but one day, while looking at the river, impressed by its beauty and purity and meditating on its downward course—to be stained with dirt, and, as he says, 'In order to fertilise the land and make it yield grain'—he received a 'call' to return to active life and from that time to the end of his life remained one of the most active philanthropists that a country could have.

His main activities previous to this date consisted of the founding of the Brâhma-Samaj and setting on foot as radical a critical inquiry into all the sacred books in use, their texts and authenticity, as can well have taken place anywhere and at any time. He was always ready to carry out most drastic innovations and rejections without hesitation and, at one time, in 1848, that is, when he was only thirty-one, he was suddenly inspired to write Scriptures for the society entirely anew. He told one of his friends to take pen and paper and with three hours of fluent dictation he had written the book of Brâhma Dharma which provided for the whole needs of the Society. His use of words was more to emphasize his convictions and broadcast them than to formulate an argument or base a synthesis. His creed was one of pure metaphysics based on affirmations. His life lay in everything bright and beautiful, calling forth his enthusiasm. Everything concrete in the way of superstition repelled him. The prevalent idolatry he was as uncompromising as possible about, ignoring or disusing it whenever opportunity occurred. Of course this led to continual disputes, since none of the ordinary festivals and celebrations were possible without it. Though feeling ran very high it never became bitter on his side

nor aroused more than a minimum of bitterness on the other side.

Here, then, our inquiry into religious experience as found in autobiography might seem to end, since cases have been analysed which cover the chief variations of the subject. But there are two good reasons for carrying the inquiry farther. One is the vast amount of material available. The other is that the foregoing cases have mostly been chosen from England, although some have come from Holland, Germany and India. That is not enough. The following, coming from Scotland, Roumania, France, Russia, Japan, and Tibet will go some way towards remedying these two defects. And each one will be found bringing something individual into the survey which, it is hoped, will be found both fresh and of value.

The first pair, R. L. Stevenson and Hans Carossa, are alike in this, namely, that their activities left religion in the background in later life, but both are worth attending to on the subject of religion and childhood. And the second pair, both from France, exhibit two opposites who are equally typical of modern France, Marie Gasquet and Albert Houtin; representing, respectively, unruffled faith and liberal theology.

Stevenson wrote at twenty-nine, at San Francisco, after an attack of malaria which seemed to leave him a changed person in character, with an ability to look back on his past in a detached sort of way; one of the least known of his writings, and one of the best. He, like so many others, thinks people exaggerate the capacity of a child to be happy, but adding that the happiness that children do have is of a kind that cannot be repeated, a kind more akin to that of an animal than of a man. His sense of sunshine, of green leaves, of the singing of birds, of sudden first impressions, seem to him to have never again been as strong as then. The medium that grown-ups utilize for the purpose of implanting religious thought in children-words -was late in developing in him. Drawing was his medium to begin with. He and his brother lived together in 'a purely visionary state.' Each, like Maurice Baring, had his own fictitious country, named 'Encyclopedia' and 'Nosingtonia,' where each ruled, and made wars, and invented, and of which they were

forever drawing maps. He was always drawing, using it as a language without any idea of formal exactness; once saying, 'Mamma, I have drawed a man's body; shall I draw his soul now?' The change-over to using words had to wait till he was seven, when, during a convalescence, he taught himself to read from illustrated papers; all previous efforts having been defeated 'by my active intelligence and remarkable inconsequence of mind.'

The fear of Hell was instilled into him effectively enough for some of it to persist beyond these changes that occurred when he was twenty-nine, while as a child he would dream of it, wake up, cling to a bar of his bed, knees and chin touching, trembling. 'God help the poor little hearts who are thus early plunged among the breakers of the spirit! They should dwell by shallow sunny waters, plucking the lilies of optimism.'

In his case, the earnestness with which sin was talked into

In his case, the earnestness with which sin was talked into him produced early reaction, sometimes carrying him to extremes which he regretted later. He finds that the worst consequence was the romance cast on doubtful actions 'until the child grows to think nothing more glorious than to be struck dead in the act of some surprising wickedness. And, generally, the principal effect of this false common doctrine of sin is to put a point on lust. The true doctrine . . . had best be taught . . . under the general routine of kindness and unkindness.'

Hans Carossa's books about his early life in Roumania are well-known by now. No account of a childhood is more free than his from refurbishing, or more unusual in the combination of sturdiness and sensitiveness; just the combination needful to accredit evidence on average religious capacity. His attention was not concentrated on sin until the time came for confirmation. Once he had overcome the difficulty of realizing that he had been sinning, he began to take an active interest in the subject, not so much the adventurous one that fascinated Stevenson, who would deny the existence of God to the blue sky, wait for vengeance, and finally fly for his life, but rather a collector's interest, considering all his acts as sins, and identifying and classifying them. This grew amazingly when he was given a notebook in which to record them; and the process of

scribbling on white paper was added to the attractions. When the novelty of all this wore off, he found his attention being diverted by impressions that came his way while he was endeavouring to concentrate as prescribed; e.g., a sweep issuing from a chimney-stack, or a photograph of a girl so beautiful as to produce all the effects of worship when the Church formulas produced none of them. In the same way, the dignity and beauty of the priest's face during confirmation likewise had the influence on him that the confirmation was intended to have. This priest's face reminded him of the features of the marble angel that held the holy-water stoop at the church door, and thereafter the sight, or even the thought, of the angel would bring about peace within him when the words of the living would not. Such ideas did not come unheralded. Neither were they novel to him. They had occurred to him in the midst of his play, or at the sight of dead people, or amidst a storm.

Marie Gasquet is as well fitted to stand for the laity in France as Thérèse of Lisieux, already cited, for the cloistered.

A book of hers appears in a series 'Les Belles Fêtes.' No book would seem less promising than such a one for Autobiography. But Marie Gasquet's method is to write mainly of the fête as recollected by her. The detail, then, is the detail as recollected by a child in her home-town of St Rémy-en-Provence; and further, the whole book is a specimen of religion of the better popular type; the fête striking her as a nine-year-old as a personal matter, symbolizing a friendly visit from Jesus to everybody in general. Everybody joined in, contributing to the celebrations in whatever way they could, and redecorating themselves and their families, amid scraps of intimate domestic comment and gossip, which she reproduces. Sister Justine, at the girls' school, keeps up the interest without letting it run wild, discriminating between this festivity and weddings and bullfights, and goes off into a story as to how the fête came into being; supplemented, in the book, by a little later reading, experience and reflection.

The economics of religion are not needed by her; the in-

tellect is not wanted. Everything that contributes to happiness is isolated and enjoyed to the full. Protestantism and scepticism play a great part as the villains of the piece; as black thoughts which spoil people's lives; 'while they think, we live'; as unrealities which are only half-believed in, even by their victims. A respectable amount of attention is given to theologians dealing with the mysteries, and historians dealing with the evolution, of the fête, but most, and all the spontaneous part, is incidental to a 'sensibilité frémissante' that 'l'émotion religieuse est l'authentique fleur de la Réalité.' Even the texts which seem to call for quotation are no more than the mental framework which enable the stained glass duly to distribute the beauties of a heaven with birds in it, incense rising to it, and kneeling donors.

A preliminary is for Marie to trot down the main street with Nanon, her nurse, exceedingly busy conversationally under a blue sky and sunshine, all the way to a neighbour's, where, again, the conversation gets very active about faith, sceptics, and the lessons these latter receive in daily life and how little attention they pay to them and the bad ends they come to; all very local, pointed, and topical; with later reflections again tacked on concerning the Age of Reason, and the Authority of Science, and what burst bubbles both have proved to be. Then there is the listening at home to the conversation of her elders, the gradual awakening to the import of new words and ideas; and the hearkening to the instruction of sister Irenée who speaks like a guardian angel, and can even render theological adverbs understandable . . . with an effort.

How much of it all she learnt in one year, how much in ten, is not ascertainable; what is most memorable is the atmosphere it was all absorbed in. The township overflowed with friendship . . . friendship and roses. Besides the season being the season of roses, everyone set to work cutting out paper ones. All the different varieties of scissors used in the house fraternized in these vast efforts to produce sufficient roses, some of which were rose-colour and some not, but all, for all that they lacked leaves and fragrance, did not decay and bore no thorns.

And all the other flowers came out of the garden, with the gardener announcing their names as if they were guests, until none remained in the garden but those on the potatoes.

The day of the procession comes. All the tree-trunks on the route are wrapped in white, varying from the fine table-linen which is the pride of one house to sheets that are kept for lyingsin, yes, and shrouds that are waiting for their appointed time. Walls are covered in white likewise. And when the children come along, following the Cross which heads the procession, they are all seen to be mercifully provided with garlands which keep their hands busy; not a single little angel has a thumb in his mouth nor a finger in his nose. Four little boys carry an Infant-Jesus in wax who has had his hair attended to by a careful mother and has been dressed by a good dressmaker, an Infant-Jesus who has been moulded by a local workman and does not compete with any known work of art, but is none the less effective symbolically, and every mother rejoices to see a model which so closely resembles her own offspring; as also that her own are behaving for once.

Then comes the splendid banner, and all the women-folk, from seven years' old to eighty, the girls from the Orphanage, the 'Christian Mothers', etc. Most of the males turn out too.

Then comes the splendid banner, and all the women-folk, from seven years' old to eighty, the girls from the Orphanage, the 'Christian Mothers', etc. Most of the males turn out too, nothing like so imposing to look at, however, handicapped as they are by their black coats. And yet they represent all the handicrafts of the districts, agriculturists predominating, under the patronage of Saint Mark, who regulates the weather in a way that always permits them at least to go on hoping. Among the men familiar faces are wanting; of those who have gone off in search of more money, and of those who can be found sitting in the café, scornful, but not so much so that they do not kneel and take off their hats, as the procession passes; 'just out of politeness.'

And so home.

And now the procession is suppressed, because it interferes with the rights of the traffic. But it will return. And meanwhile the remembrance of it is a bond of unity; and, if local celebrations are getting fewer, international ones are getting bigger.

Houtin's autobiography is in two parts; differing much from each other. The first runs from 1867–1912: it took twenty years to write, and when finished was circulated privately and revised again before publication in French in 1925. The second part, continuing up to 1926 (the year of his death) is no more than a first draft of eighty-four pages; the last few of which, written as they were at the point of death, possess that completeness of phrasing and thought which occur at the extreme end of life, provided all the faculties remain intact.

Houtin passed all his early life, up to maturity, in Anjou, in which province his ancestors had been either shopkeepers or stonemasons. The father's side, which included the stonemasons, was anti-religious; the mother's side, both male and female, pious and zealous.

Even from boyhood Houtin felt a vocation for the priesthood. He thinks that the vertical, upward-soaring lines of the Gothic village-church influenced him. He worked hard at school, and, indeed, throughout life; when middle-aged his habit was to start the day at four a.m. There was no ambition in it: just a preference; he was never disappointed by failure in an examination, because examinations did not seem to him to be a test. He was short-sighted, but had no spectacles up to sixteen years of age, and refers to this as a factor which rendered him somewhat indifferent to what went on around him, causing him to become dreamy and introspective. Entering the seminary of Mougazon in the diocese of Angers in 1885, he spent six years there as a pupil and ten as professor, including an interval with the Benedictines at Solesmes. From 1901 relations between him and the authorities became more and more strained, until, in 1903, his books were put on the 'Index.' But he did not discard his priests' cassock till 1912. His rebellion against ecclesiastical methods meant continual poverty, but neither poverty nor riches moved him. In 1899 his prospects had been those of teaching history for, say, fifteen years, thereafter to become a parish priest to the end of his life, with, perhaps, two or three changes of parish, all in the same diocese; and he was content with that prospect and dreamed of no other. From 1913-1919 his chief employment was under the historian Aulard, in the course of

which he made a one-volume résumé, with index, of catalogues of MSS. in the public libraries of France. These catalogues ran to fifty-one vols., and his work brought him less than 300 francs.

Parallel with his own development, he notes a similar one in his native parish. When he was a boy everyone went to Mass: in the end, no one attended but old women and a few girls. The priest no longer needs a curate, since his services are only called upon for marriages, baptisms, and burials: while morals have become no worse, and drunkenness has disappeared, together with the fights ensuing from it.

The happiest period of his life-almost the only happy period—was during his twenty-first year, when he first went to Solesmes. It seemed to him like entry into an ideal medievalism and all his capacities and tendencies found complete satisfaction. Gradually he awoke to noting the intrigues and quarrels that lay beneath the surface until his mood turned to one of doubt and despair, a mood which broadened and deepened ever more and more until he became wholly preoccupied with the discrepancies between the Church's teaching, practice, and credentials. 1897 was a critical year with him. He was working then under a professor, M. Goupil, whose influence set up in him a love of clear thinking. The sarcasm with which Goupil treated nonsense created a new standard for Houtin, a standard which never ceased to function in the presence of any kind of bad writing or inferior thinking. In the same year he read Newman's Grammar of Assent. Newman did not make the same impression on him as on W. E. Orchard. It is indeed strange to note, in reading books of this description, what diverse and significant impressions Newman made on different men. In Houtin's case no factor was more powerful in the destruction of his faith, specifically in the outstanding miracles of Christian antiquity, and incidentally in much else, than reading Newman. He did not notice it much at the time: it just remained as a disintegrating influence. Twenty years earlier he had asked his tutor, an old-fashioned abbé, whether certain miracles had really occurred. After pondering the boy's questions in consternation, he answered that in matters so important God would never allow us to be deceived. And for the

intervening twenty years Houtin had taken that answer as final. Nevertheless, there was always a certain difference between himself and his companions. At the seminary he was called a Benedictine; among the Benedictines, a Sulpician; among priests, a man of the world; always some kind of alien; but most so at college. A factor in the growth of this alienation was a journey to Spain. In Madrid he gained his first acquaintance with works of art, and at Toledo the remains of Arab civilization revealed to him a new world and suggested doubts as to whether the Church-world was superior to its alternatives. In the seminary the students had no access to works which contradicted ecclesiastical explanations of the universe, or which contained any scientific views. Any knowledge they acquired of great thinkers and writers was derived from anthologies and from critical essays prescribed for examinations. In the upper division the students were cut off from association with any but their own class, since, at that time, they were not liable to military service. Moreover, the teachers were against him employing his time in any way outside the course. He liked drawing, and was told to give it up. He did so. In consequence he wholly forgot how to draw-a castration of the intellect, he says, from which he never recovered. And so with other matters. A long list of chapters of the Bible was dictated, chapters which they were forbidden to read until they were sub-deacons. It was not till he went to Solesmes that he read the Bible right through: and for years he never read any of it otherwise than kneeling; a position, he reflects, not conducive to criticism. And then there was the mentally overheated atmosphere of the seminary. Outbursts of hysterical laughter would occur, especially while grace was being said, and at evening prayers they were liable to recur at the same points. Several cases occurred of seminarists losing their reason.

The peril lay not only in what awaited them while there but in the contrast between conditions there and those of ordinary life. Houtin cites one case as typical, that of a priest who spoke to the authorities of his disillusionment after six months' of parish life, saying, 'If you had only warned me'; and was told that if they warned people there would be no candidates left.

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All the staff were dependent for their living on obtaining recruits for the clergy. His own case never reached that point since it came to a head over the local saint whose prestige was based on a forgery, whereas Houtin, now thirty-five, accepted the 'Principes de la Critique historique' of Father Charles de Smedt of the Bollandist Society, whose perception of the need for the church historians to depend on the original sources had been reinforced by his observing the success of those historians who did not consult them. If Houtin persisted in recalcitrance, it was not for want of good advice from those who knew. When he became a professor he found that one of his colleagues spent all his leisure playing cards. In explanation, the latter said he did it in order to maintain his faith, instancing the case of a former fellow-student who devoted his leisure to systematically reading through the French classics. By the time he had reached the eighteenth century, he had no faith left. The professor therefore stuck to cards, and added that although he had lectured on Montesquieu's 'Lettres Persanes' for twenty years, he had never read them. He lectured from critical summaries.

The details of his struggle may be left as of minor interest compared with the more general aspects, the more so inasmuch as the whole of his book and of his personal life are so thoroughly sifted from that point of view. It was a case of method against method. On the one hand, the method of a great organization, perfected century after century; on the other, that inherited from an equally long-dated artizan-ancestry, with its deep-rooted conviction that two and two make four.

One such aspect is the attitude of the highest authorities; the higher they were the more unlimited the patience, courtesy, and consideration. When Houtin was in Rome, excommunicate and talking to a friend, a Cardinal stopped to ask, 'What are you two brigands plotting?' Houtin replied that as a condemned author he had come to study the administration which had censored him, and asked the Cardinal to procure a ticket for him for a ceremony which Pius X was about to perform. The Cardinal did; and when Houtin saw the Pope all his natural prejudices against him vanished. But, as the same Cardinal said afterwards, 'The government of saintly Popes has always

been injurious to the Church.' A bishop had already remarked to Houtin that in the Catholic Church of France the characters of the faithful were even worse than their minds; while the latter adds on his own account that, in his experience, the conversation of priests among themselves tends to be incredibly commonplace. Either their desire for knowledge has ceased, or, if it remains, they remember they will get a bad reputation if the fact becomes known: a state of things which inclines priests to give more attention to politics than they otherwise would. Houtin speaks very freely about ecclesiastical scandals, but those he noticed in his youth had less effect on him than on most young priests, whose faith, he says, is often undermined by the imperfections of their elders; the reason in his case being that his faith was too intellectual and literary to be affected by such defects. What troubled him was the false reasoning and deceptions in apologetics and pious frauds which he found bound up with the practices of the Church. He started life in the belief that the clergy were guardians of civilization and their doctrines founded on certainty. He found them behaving as a caste anxious to maintain against everybody and everything antiquated ideas, privileges, and revenues, and to perpetuate these by means of a system of educating recruits which cultivated memory at the expense of intelligence, and discipline at the expense of character. Pupils were treated as grains of wheat crushed into the 'flour of men' by the Lower Seminary for the Higher to bake in its moulds. Spying on each other, and taletelling were not only encouraged among novices, but considered indispensable methods, and disgusting punishments were favoured, such as walking round with chamber-pots on their heads, and being spat on, and trodden on, on the principle that if their sense of decency was broken down, they would make 'better janissaries.'

Houtin confined himself to expounding the intellectual side of all this, and came to be regarded as a mere intellectual, happy in deliverance from a mythology. But in truth the emotional side existed and that to a very painful extent. He considered passing over to Protestantism, Judaism, Theism, Unitarianism. He remained a Catholic, nevertheless, an adherent to a Catholic

icism of universality and continuity, founded on an obedience implying loving-kindness and self-sacrifice; extolling perfection inasmuch as, in order to attain an end, one must aim higher than the end itself. To get the best out of men, one must aim at making heroes and saints. 'Man is only great in proportion to his dreams. He creates the ideal: and in return the ideal creates the man.'

That remained his inspiration: but it did not remain his experience. He had wished to become a saintly priest, useful to the Church. He had spent winters without fires, never using spare time for recreation, never taking 'leave' when offered. He could never look back on that life without sadness. All that he brought to it, all that others brought-all wasted. On his death-bed, he seemed to himself but one more disillusioned Don Quixote, having put his trust in books of sainthood where Don Quixote had put his in books of chivalry. But with this difference. Don Quixote, on his death-bed, saw his errors and had the consolation of repudiating them. But Houtin, no. Could he be sure that underneath this religion, dominated by illusion and imposture, there did not still persist a substratum of truth, perceived by the great minds and great characters, who had lived and died in allegiance to it? These symbols—were they the seed of perfectibility, or the husk of the obsolete? Perhaps, he thought, the problem is not only one which will be solved, but one already solved, only with a solution whose logic is not apparent to our controversy-blinded eyes?

But for him, as a dying man, the similarity to Don Quixote remained uppermost in his mind; one who had adjusted his life to thinking straight, thinking accurately and soundly. 'Not such as easy matter as folks suppose. There is not much help to be had.'

There remain, then, the Russian, the Japanese, and the Tibetan. The Russian is an anonymous pilgrim of the first half of the nineteenth century, known here in a translation by R. M. French. Born in Orel, he was left an orphan at two years old and was adopted by his grandfather, who kept an inn. At seven years his elder brother injured him, so that his left arm withered

and was useless thenceforward. The grandfather, seeing the boy would never be fit for hand-work, taught him to read, found him a wife in his eighteenth year, and a year later died, bequeathing him all his money (Rs. 1,000) and all his property. The brother stole all the money and set fire to the house. Pilgrim and his wife saved their lives by jumping out of a window in their night-clothes, taking their Bible with them and losing all else. Having borrowed a little, he built a hut, and lived on what his wife could earn; comforted by Bible-reading and much prayer.

Two years later his wife was taken ill and died in nine days. Alone in the world, and beside himself with grief for his wife, he gave away what little he had and then set off for Kiev, as a pilgrim to the shrines there, with nothing but his Bible and passport. The book ends with him, still wandering and nearing middle-age, starting for Jerusalem.

He met with much hospitality and charity, and overflows with stories of those he met, and stories they told him; but the main part is about prayer. The text 'pray without ceasing' took deep hold of him. Taking it literally, he did not see how it was possible, and set to inquiring from all sources. He found one likely authority after another, and each one failed to explain, until by chance he came across an old monk who had made much research on that very subject, and had a copy of the *Philokalia*, an anthology from twenty-five holy Fathers, and concerned with that subject alone. The two read and read throughout the night, the Pilgrim gaining more and more of the enlightenment he was seeking. The essential of the teaching was to repeat the words 'Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy upon me,' either aloud, or silently.

In order to remain near this monk, the Pilgrim went to a village three miles away and hired himself out for the summer to a peasant, to look after a kitchen-garden, for which he was to receive two roubles and a bag full of bread when he left, and the use of a thatched hut, in which he could live alone and perfect himself in 'interior prayer.' After the first week difficulties arose. He began to feel bored and lazy and overwhelmingly sleepy and distracted by other thoughts.

All this, his teacher said, was what was to be expected, and showed him passages from the *Philokalia* providing remedies, ending by giving him a rosary and enjoining him to repeat the text 3,000 times a day. This became easy, and welcome, after the second day, whereupon the teacher increased it to 6,000; and this, too, became so pleasant that he avoided meeting people, and felt an emptiness when the repetitions came to an end. Eleven days passed so and then the teacher increased the number to 12,000. The first day this kept him up very late, the second it had already become easy, except that his tongue went numb, and his jaws stiff. Soon everything went so smoothly that he was filled with contentment and felt as though living in another world; at peace with all men, too.

But at the end of the summer not only did the work come to an end; the teacher died. On the other hand, he had his two whole roubles. He decided to buy a Philokalia, and did indeed find one at the price: old and worn, but patchable. And so on to the roads again, doing over forty miles most days, freezing, weary, hungry, rheumatic, ill-treated. No matter, the prayer avails against all such misfortunes. Just the repetition, even the mere thought of repetition, and he forgets all that he needs to forget. And yet he remembers his teacher's warning—this is an artificial state, routine, a condition of the senses, a symptom of limitations imposed by unworthiness and stupidity—not the real thing. May God grant reality. His trust is in the prayers of the departed teacher. Perhaps, he thought, his mind might improve in the great silences of Siberia. He set off for the shrine of St Innocent of Irkutsk. And on the journey the wished-for thing happened. The prayer passed from his lips to his heart; and so entered into him that he had but to listen to the beats of his heart and feel the prayer repeating itself. Yet still was there more to be learnt from the Philokalia. He therefore did his walking at night in order to be able to sit under a tree by day and read. And so on and on, through foresttracks, coming to a village now and then, asking for a bag of dried bread and a handful of salt; filling his bark-jar with water; and then on for another sixty miles or so.

During the summer months two soldiers stopped to rob

him, hoping to find money. They left him senseless, minus knapsack, Bible and *Philokalia*. Only his passport remained to him, since he carried that in his cap. For two days he felt utterly crushed by this loss, until his teacher appeared to him in a dream and comforted him. Three days later he met a band of convicts, and amongst them recognized the two soldiers. His books thus came back to him, and so on again, from adventure to adventure, finding friends everywhere and some rough customers, too: meditations, discussions, anecdotes following hard on one another—one of the best of all Russian writers, this man whose name we shall never know: kindly, clear-headed, pithy, and singularly pleasant.

Of the Japanese there are two.

Toyohiko Kagawa, a modern apostle of Christianity in Japan, has probably written little, if anything, that is not more or less autobiographical. This is due, not only to an urgency within that insists on everything that he has to say being driven home in the most direct way, that is, oftenest, from his personal experience, but also from the circumstances of Christianity in Japan. Christians have existed there for three centuries as a minority, and still do so: an isolated, distrusted, minority, as inexplicable to most of their fellow-countrymen, and as objectionable to the authorities, as the Christians of pagan Europe, and for the same reasons; they owe allegiance primarily to an alien authority and have been antithetical to those in power to the point of appearing seditious. Kagawa's life, then, has been wholly different from that of the Christian in communities in which a vast majority is nominally Christian, however unvarnished the individual's own Christianity may be and however much of a pretence that of the community may be. And not only has Kagawa's environment reproduced that of early Christianity but his personal character likewise reproduces the personal characteristics of the founder of Christianity. One may even say—of both its founders, because he somehow manages to be as fully in sympathy with Paul as with Christ. When, therefore, he comes to write for his own countrymen, to persuade them to agree, to turn the edge of their suspicions, to

speak in the way they shall understand, to internationalize without denationalizing, almost all that he says is different from what a European Christian would propagate. The relative amounts of truth contained in conflicting versions, the need to conquer, the greed for prescriptive privilege, the right to dictate, the authority of antiquity, never appear; only three axioms, that the world needs to be saved, that it can only be saved by making sacrifices, and that that method is open equally to all. To put right whatever is wrong and wretched is an immediate, personal, inalienable, responsibility for every single person, which, if fulfilled, would result in the immediate disappearance of each evil.

As to these similarities of personality and environmentwhen Kagawa was arrested for the first time, the court decided that although he could give an impression of moderation and harmlessness, he was in fact a crafty and dangerous revolutionary. What he aimed at was very much what the best of the socialists used to plan and be arrested for, but with Kagawa it was all on a Christian basis, and it was that that brought him most under suspicion. And, indeed, he says that when a revolution is hopeless it is best to start a religious movement; adding that while it took Jesus four hundred years to conquer Rome, the fact remains that he did it. Another factor it that, for exemplification, or corroboration, of his gospel, Kagawa relies on two sources besides the Christian Scriptures; one consisting of what he has heard or read, the other of what he, and often his audience, knows first-hand. The hearsay part is somewhat uncritical; he credits Paul with a knowledge of the circulation of the blood, says that 'in the third century the practice of Christian love spread all over Europe,' and speaks of the inhabitants of the U.S.A. as 'those who have subjugated the immense continent of America.' But when he speaks of his associates, his opponents, and of those to whom he has devoted his life, he is incidentally telling us as much of his life as of his faith. Both are apostolic.

Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto writes of the end of the last century. She was eleven when her father died, fourteen when she left

her home, Nagoaka, in the province of Echigo, to go to school in Tokyo; about twenty-one when she left Japan for the U.S.A. and married-life; about twenty-seven when she returned, after her husband's death; and thirty-five or more when her book ends with a return to America. Her province of Echigo was little known even to the Japanese. Behind the Mountains,' the name means, a sort of Japanese Siberia; a five months' winter there, and, in times gone by, a place of exile for those who were too independent in thought to be tolerated by the central government and yet too much respected to be killed outright. These exiles were numerous enough to give a special character to the people of the district; while its remoteness and its rigours made it a stronghold of tradition as well. The father was the chief noble of his region, and had taken the conservative, the losing, side during the revolution of 1869. An amnesty was just in time to save him from execution, and he was restored to his social position. But his castle had to fall into ruins, their old manor-house had been burnt by the wife during her husband's imprisonment to prevent it falling into the enemy's hands, and the only home that the girl knew was a charming house built on the old site. But all that did not prevent the father from being a reformer, too.

And then, the severity of the climate. The streets of Nagoaka were constructed with covered walks, so that one could pass unhindered by snow throughout the town. In the open, the snowfall was too heavy to allow of its being cleared away, and piled itself up in the streets above the height of the houses: tunnels were cut through it from side to side. No less severe was tradition. Absence of bodily comfort was the rule for priests and teachers, and that idea was carried out in lessontime. A lesson lasted two hours: during that time neither teacher nor pupil moved any part of their bodies except hands and lips, not the slighest fraction of an inch. Once only did a trifling movement escape Etsu Inagaki; and then the teacher closed the book, saying that evidently her mental attitude that day was not suited for study—she had better retire and meditate. She felt almost killed with shame. Even at the time of writing it still hurt. And then, the hardest and longest lessons

were reserved for the thirty days of mid-winter; writing at dawn, no fire, until the hand grew purple with the cold, and the servant cried as she watched; and the mother was moved to wonder whether the discipline was not too hard for a not-too-strong eight-year-old child. To which the father replied, for all his reforming tendencies and sunny temperament, that there was no other method whereby to train the daughter of a Samurai home; however much pity might be felt, none might be shown, he said: only so can the child gain the strength for its life-work. And then, there was the extra discipline of being a girl in Old Japan. A boy might lie as he liked in bed: a girl had to keep to one prescribed position. A girl might not cry; she might not own a dog. And so on.

Beyond these general conditions, there was something special about this girl's personal affairs. She had been born with the navel-cord looped round her neck like a priest's rosary, which was supposed to indicate a direct command from Buddha that she was destined to be a priestess. She had curly hair-a freak of nature in her district. There had been a son in the family, but he had refused to accept the marriage arranged for him, had left home, and had been disowned by the father. There was an elder sister, too, but the younger one was just a little different. Etsu-bo she came to be called: the masculine termination: Etsu-ko would have been the normal form. When, then, she came to six years old, time to start lessons, she had such as were a little different from a girl's, those suitable for one who was to become a priestess; and, little by little, her father modified even these so as to become more and more like those given to a boy, with the tacit consent of grandmother and mother. And the teacher chosen was an exceptional man, stately, gentle, scholarly and saintly, who was afterwards expelled from his monastery for favouring the adoption of certain Christian tenets into Buddhism. Her father, too, while reminding her that, as a girl, she was not as free to ask questions as if she were a boy, answered them; and, in his pleasant, considerate way, did much to predispose her to persist.

On his annual visits to Tokyo, too, he always brought her back novelties, once a set of ten little paper volumes, transla-

tions from English, which did much towards enabling her to settle down the more easily at her American school in Tokyo, after his death. One day, when she was eight, she came down to find meat prepared for the evening meal. For twelve centuries Japan had been vegetarian: the eating of meat was looked on with horror and loathing, but their physician had come to the conclusion that the energy and ability of Western nations was a by-product of meat-eating, and convinced the father. The mother consented; the grandmother did not. The latter covered up the shrine which was always lighted up for evening meal, a shrine commemorating their ancestors, one which made the latter partake in all their daily family life, and one which was never shut up, not even at funerals; and withdrew for a meal from which she had never before been absent, and at which she was always the most honoured person. But differ as they might, all passed as different points of view: peaceful and kindly however great the strain. The grandmother remained opposed to change: opposed, that is for herself: others she left free to follow their own destiny, free or constrained. Even when, after the father's death, the son returned from America, the worse for the direst poverty and hardship, impatient with anything but trade and profits, selling the home as a site for an ugly, foreign-designed 'Normal School for Girls,' the grandmother went no farther than to say 'Your Honourable Brother seems to have learned only the ways of tradesmen in far-away America. But perhaps it is a land where only tradesmen live.' She lived and died according to the letter as well as the spirit of the whole Samurai tradition; and her influence made itself felt and welcomed every day. Forty years it must be since she died, and the influence still lives with a vitality that is communicating itself to others all the world over, through the book of the granddaughter who went so willingly into that outer barbarism and found freedom there.

This granddaughter considerably astonished these 'bar-barians' by telling them that Japanese women were by no means the submissive persons they were supposed to be, but 'volcanic.' Theirs was not a different nature, but a self-constraint which set up its own standards of decency. Freely as

Etsu Inagaki welcomed much that seemed radical change to her own people—so much so that, even as a child, it seemed to them she must have something peculiar about her to be willing to be so different from others—she never at any time came to accept kissing as a tolerable expression of affection. 'I am told,' said her mother to her, just before she left for 'America, 'that it is the custom for foreign people to lick each other as dogs do.' It was not a criticism; only wonder. The daughter seems to have kept that point of view. Her people had developed bowing to one another into such a fine art that all shades of emotion could be adequately and unmistakably expressed by it. In other ways she felt the habit of restraint as carried too far; recording a remark by one of the servants that she was glad she belonged to the lower-classes; could cry when she felt sad and laugh when she felt happy. No one factor in her life came to her with profounder satisfaction than the finding that at her school at Tokyo asking questions was regarded as part of a normal development.

Her going to this school was occasioned by her brother's return home, and his arranging for her to be married to the one friend he had found in America, Matsuo Sugimoto. To prepare her for so vast a change some years in this American school in Tokyo were decided on. It was an eight-day journey by mountain-paths and rough tracks from her feudal home. When she returned with two daughters, still young, it was a fourteen-hour railway journey through twenty-six tunnels, to find all she knew swept away, and replaced by an oil-town. It would seem, indeed, impossible to find anyone better able to sum up so intimately and so completely the change-over from old to new Japan as she has been able to do. Her family and its history, both her parents, the peculiarities of her personal life, the period which her associations cover, all combine to that end. Had her temperament been one less receptive in relation to either old or new, had she been born a few years earlier or later, had her relations and friends and servants not included those whom they did include, something must have been lacking from the picture which, as it is, she gives. She was just old enough, at the time, to keep a place in her memory

of one walk with one of the gayest of the servants to the ruins of the family castle and of how she asked the girl what the castle had looked like, and the girl, usually so bright, had answered sadly, 'Like all castles, Etsu-bo Soma, except that this one was ours.' And again, how, when she was nine, there was the annual celebration of the anniversary of the day when the castle had to be abandoned, how her father and the old retainers dressed up in all that remained of the ancient feudal trappings and made the best festival they could in memory and in revival of all the former glories. The following year rain fell too heavily for the celebration to take place: the year after that her father was dead. The festival never took place again. And, piece by piece, the exquisite weapons had to be sold to dealers in old iron: for the Samurai never allowed themselves to know anything of business.

anything of business.

And so with the school at Tokyo. Till then, she had only seen one foreigner. And the Tokyo girls themselves were so free and merry that in spite of the changes that her lifelong habits had to undergo, she slipped easily out of the old ways into the new world she was unconsciously moving towards, a world formality, and, it so happened, with personalities she could idealize without disillusion, provided a new world, the kind of new world she was unconsciously moving towards, a world in which darning stockings and planting potatoes were not mere occupations, but also outward symbols of a newly-acquired inner freedom.

And then, the voyage to the unknown, utterly foreign, land, the marriage with the stranger-husband, its happiness, the arrival of her two Japanese babies, and the transplantation of them, after her husband's death, to what was, and remained, an alien land to them, and all the continual harmonization of contrasts and contradictions and surprises, prolonged her youth and established her criticisms, until she becomes unique as a witness to comparative religions in daily life. Most of us are content to have one religion and disgrace that. She had six and was a credit to them all: Buddhism, Shinto, ancestor-worship, Christianity, the tradition of the Samurai, and that religion of experience which is the natural growth of an inner faculty. One

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evening just before she left home her grandmother was telling her how, sixty years ago that day, she herself had left her home at that same age of fourteen. She left to be married, and so great was the distance that it was, to her, too, as if she were leaving for a foreign land: she had never seen her home again. 'I learned that night, while I talked with her, that a Samurai training will prepare one for any future.' And to a similar end was what her mother said then, too: loyalty, bravery, those brought peace; life was the same wherever it was lived. Her first teacher had read Confucius to her when she was six: he did not expect her to comprehend any of it, but the listening to the cadences instilled the words into her memory until she had much by heart, and, as the years went on, the meanings gradually emerged, and influenced her. Buddhism she saw two sides to; one producing such an indifference to suffering as to render its adherents almost 'sympathy-blind,' and also over-tenacious of class-differences, while for the other she retained every scrap of affection or reverence. When she went to Tokyo she remained ill-at-ease until she found a nun in whose cell she could celebrate the customary ritual. But Buddhism, Shinto and ancestor-worship were closely inter-connected in practice. The geniality of the lesser homely gods of Shinto humanized the Buddhist deities and rendered a large number of companionable gods available for daily use. And although evil spirits were, as it were, in attendance for those who liked such things, none of these religions obliged anyone to take them into account. Moreover, neglect of any god involved no penalty other than humiliation for want of politeness; penalty enough for a Japanese. When the mother joined her daughter in Tokyo, after the latter had brought back her two little ones from the U.S.A., Buddhist daily ceremonies were resumed as a matter of course. The grandchildren asked: 'Do Honourable Grandmother's God and our God know each other up in heaven?'

At home the plain wooden Shinto shrine, honouring the Sun Goddess, the Emperor, and the nation was in daily use, and equally morning and evening did they bow before the Buddhist shrine which contained the tablets commemorating their fore-fathers; while the most dearly loved of all their festivals was

the Ura Bon (A Welcome to Souls Returned)—celebrating the annual visit of O Shorai Sama, a term signifying the spirits of all their ancestors collectively—a festival which brought home to all the belief that the ancestors never lost their kindly interest in their descendants. Nevertheless, she was sensitive to the 'strain of hopeless sadness' in Buddhist thought; whereas Christianity became bound up in her mind with cheerfulness and hope and a free future for all those who felt they had not and hope and a free future for all those who felt they had not got so much freedom as they needed. She became converted at sixteen, and gained thereby 'untold comfort and perfect heart-satisfaction.' Little was known of Christianity in Nagoaka. It was supposed to imply a trampling on sacred things and her mother was greatly troubled by a fear that it would oblige the daughter to abandon ceremonies in memory of the dead. When she learnt that it did not, she readily gave her consent. When the mother did die, the Christian priest was scandalized at the daughter celebrating a Buddhist funeral with not a rite forgotten; and was told that, had it been the daughter who was gotten; and was told that, had it been the daughter who was the first to die, the Buddhist mother would have seen to it that not a Christian rite was neglected. The seamy sides of all those religions to which she adhered get no word of recognition. As with her English, and with her life, so with her religions, there seems to be a sort of magnetism at work which makes thought and deed turn its right side towards her and get reflected. At the back of this magnetism is there not the idea, in some form or other, that what matters most in our world is the way people behave to one another?

But there is also the view of religion that its foundation rests on vision rather than on behaviour. As Dante says ('Paradiso,' 28)

'e posson quanto a veder son sublimi . . .

Quinci si puo veder come si fonda l'esser beato nell'atto che vede non in quel ch'ama, che poscia secondo.'

Lastly, therefore, Milarépa, a Tibetan, born 1052, died 1115; 'cotton-frock Mila', the name means, given him because

he lived on Mount Everest with no more than the one garment. His book is a compilation by his disciples, but includes an account of his own life as dictated by him.

The book begins with the appeal of the disciple to the master to tell the story of his life. 'O esteemed Master, for the pleasure of us thy disciples, and for the sake of those happy ones who shall turn from their ways and shall be thy disciples in days to come, and, moreover, to lead others into the way of salvation, O esteemed Master of the loving heart, tell us whence thy family came, relate the story of thyself and thy doings.' Milarépa answers:

'My tribe is called Kyungpo, my family Gyose, and myself Milarépa. In my youth, I have done dreadful deeds. During manhood I have lived in innocence. Now, liberated alike from Good and Evil, I have exhausted all reasons for action and I shall never have any such in future. If I exert myself further, there would be many occasions for weeping at times, and plenty of occasions at times, for laughter. What purpose would it serve if I did tell you? I am an old man. Let me rest in peace.'

Retchung-Pa, the disciple, begins again:

'O esteemed Master, by reason of terrible asceticism and endurance thou hast divined hidden truths. Thou hast attained knowledge of the relativity of things and of their insignificance. That is why there is an incomparable interest in the occasions for laughter and tears which arise from the misbehaviour of thy youth and from the virtue of thy riper years. Considering with a loving heart, all created beings, without abandoning thyself, body, speech, and thought, to idle indifference, tell us more of thy life-story. O all of you, brothers and sisters in religion, hearers of the word whom Faith has brought together in this place, fortify my request.'

'Having spoken thus, he saluted him several times. And the favourite disciples, the spiritual sons, and the believing hearers of the word, having prostrated themselves, all besought him even as Retchung.'

Milarépa thereupon assents.

He was born under a good star on the 25th day of the moon, at the beginning of autumn in the year of the Water-Dragon.

He was seven years old when his father died. The latter read out his will on his death-bed, bequeathing his possessions on the mountains, namely, yaks, horses and sheep; those in the valley, namely, the three-cornered field Horma, etc.; those under the house, namely, cows, goats and asses; in the store-house, utensils, gold, silver, copper and iron, turquoises, woven stuffs and silk; and the contents of the barn—everything in fact, to his son: appointing his uncle and aunt trustees in chief, and all who were present accessories, and warning them that he himself would be witnessing their deeds from his grave.

Having spoken thus, he died, and the uncle and aunt appropriated everything. Milarépa and his mother became their serv-

Having spoken thus, he died, and the uncle and aunt appropriated everything. Milarépa and his mother became their servants, working like donkeys and fed like dogs. When Milarépa came of age, his mother was enabled by her brother to provide a feast, inviting everyone to hear her claim her son's rights. The uncle and aunt left the table, refusing any concession, and the mother's friends, drinking what remained of the beer, said, 'Don't cry, tears aren't any use: teach your son a trade.'

and the mother's rriends, drinking what remained of the beer, said, 'Don't cry, tears aren't any use: teach your son a trade.'

Milarépa was therefore sent to the magician Guimapa, to learn to read, his chief consolation being the faithful Dzesse, whom his father had wished him to marry, and who went with him; hungry, ragged, abased, unhappy. 'Here endeth,' says Retchung-Pa, 'the second chapter, unfolding the last degree of the reality of sorrow.'

His mother decided to send him to the Central Plain of Tibet, there to find a Lama who would teach him magic enough to destroy his uncle and aunt and all their neighbours, to the ninth degree of relationship. Otherwise, his old mother would kill herself in his sight. The first year the Lama Yung Ton taught him nothing worth mentioning, but, on finding his case a deserving one, and the boy in earnest, proceeded to teach him magic for which he had been offered hundreds of thousands of the turquoises of Gnorikorsum; and tea, silk and garments from the Three Hills of Bas Kham, and horses and yaks of Kỳayul, Dagpo and Kongpo, all likewise in incredible quantities. Milarépa profited by this instruction. A house fell in on the villagers, thirty-five of whom were killed, though his uncle and aunt escaped.

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His mother pointed out the moral of these events with great insistence, the surviving neighbours commenting that she had good reason for it, but that she talked too much. Some proposed to take the heart out of her body, but others said it would be better to stone the wonder-working son to death first, because afterwards it would be easier to kill the mother. However, the mother forged a letter from her son, saying if she had any trouble, let him know and he could destroy all that remained of the villagers from a distance quite easily, even to that ninth degree of relationship. After showing this letter round the village she had no further trouble. Milarépa did, however, invoke a hailstorm, which descended, destroying all crops.

He felt such remorse for these unneighbourly acts that he turned to religion and became the disciple of a famous Lama, Marpa, for many years, leaving him only because of a vehement desire to see his mother once more. But by this time Marpa considered him as graduated and ready for a life of meditation.

Of what remains of the book it may be said that there is probably nothing in Buddhist literature better fitted to enable a western reader to appreciate practical Buddhism, inasmuch as it shows a saint in contact with everyday people as well as in solitude; it brings out why and how religion is such a power in the world; how much religion there is in Buddhism and how much Buddhism in religion; and how much of the universality and indispensability that exist in each is independent of place and time and dogma.

Here then we come to the central part of the book, the story of Mila and Marpa. Mila, however, did not go direct to Marpa, but first to another Lama. The latter's experience of life and religion had been painful. From his youth of white teeth to his old age of white hairs, he had not found it practicable to occupy himself otherwise than with evil-doing—providing others with the means of doing harm by sorcery. When Mila asks him if he had not brought anyone of these persons some way on the way to paradise, he replies that living beings act according to the laws of their natures. The law that he taught would assuredly have led them to paradise; the spirit of it, that is, but not the letter. And these people retained only the letter. Directly a

call came to put the spirit in action, the law failed them. Now, however, that he had a promising disciple, he would endeavour to lead him in the right way. The Lama said that meditation was the normal means thereto, but that some disciples had the faculty of understanding the precepts so well and so quickly that meditation was superfluous for them. And he told Mila the precepts. Mila concluded that, as he had been so prompt to bring down hail, he must be one of the favoured ones, and passed day and night sleeping. The Lama said that he had spoken too soon and that he would not be effective unto salvation for Mila. He would therefore send him on to Marpa.

Marpa turns out a most terrible tyrant, reducing Milarépa to despair by his unreasonableness and irritability; in fact, he ran away twice; but in the end it turns out that all was part of a necessary process of expiation and fortification, which had been prolonged, instead of mitigated, by the sympathy of the Lama's wife. 'Albeit,' said Marpa, 'it seemed otherwise, my actions always had a religious basis.' He was now going to start teaching Milarépa. Note that Milarépa's reputation as a grand magician was established and he was in demand for wreaking vengeance, which he did most effectively.

Marpa, in fact, not only authorized him to do so, but ordered it. And when Milarépa had carried out orders and covered a whole district with hail, and then asked that his obedience should be rewarded with doctrine, Marpa feigned to be scandalized at the idea that the formulas he had been to India to fetch, and had paid huge sums for, should be passed on for no greater cause. Milarépa, then, found himself accumulating sin instead of releasing himself from it.

The earning process begins by Marpa putting Milarépa in a cell, walling him up, lighting a lamp, putting the lamp on Milarépa's head, and ordering him to meditate so. And so he remained eleven months, meditating day and night, and not daring to move for fear of extinguishing the lamp.

At the end of the period, Marpa and Milarépa discussed the

fruits of the latter's meditations.

The conclusion was that the body, an incarnation of the effects of what had been done and thought during previous existences, was a ship on the ocean of Transmigration, a ship whose mission might be to be bearing the fortunate to deliverance, sinners to damnation. And that meditation led to a different view of what constituted reality, things visible lost their reality, and abstract thought gained the upper hand; a state of serenity resulting.

Moreover, it seemed necessary, in the intervals between periods of meditations, to spend the time in good works and purifications as additional means towards arriving at contemplation. For, just as a hungry man desires not merely knowledge of victuals, but also to eat, so he who wishes to distinguish between what is truly real and what is not, must live in conformity with what knowledge he has arrived at, discarding all that is definable; since all definition and nomenclature are arbitrary.

Discussions over, he is walled up again; emerging upon dreaming a dream which betokens to Marpa that he, old as he is, must betake himself to India again, in search of missing portions of knowledge.

On Marpa's return, each one of his disciples was allotted a special function and duties. Milarépa was to meditate on mystic heat, i.e., the retention of the heat of the body by respiratory means, which not only enabled the disciple to meditate continuously in the degrees of cold encountered in Tibet, but also induced mental states favourable to meditation.

It should be noted that the conditions of life in Tibet are in many respects not only outside our knowledge, but also our powers of belief. More than that, in this book they are naturally often taken for granted, which leaves us incredulous in the face of incredible effects proceeding from unstated, and unimaginable, causes. For instance, a Tibetan muleteer, in the ordinary course of business, says the admirable French editor, Jacques Bacot, will be enduring abstinence from food up to the limits to which a European saint would go: the Tibetan saint starts from there. Again, even anyone who is familiar with Indian practice about control of respiration will have much to learn; the intense cold of Tibet permits much to be discovered there not discoverable elsewhere. Further still, the age was one of

transition from magic to Buddhism, and when a superstition has become interwoven with the life of a people, it has formed, so to speak, an alliance with reality to an extent which makes it impossible to ascertain where one begins and the other ends and which obliges us to suspend judgment about matters which are not in accordance with our standards of credulity. And even when an event is miraculous beyond limits, it is not necessarily the event which needs discrediting, but merely the presentation or interpretation. What Milarépa believes, and what his disciples believed, proceeded from two such very different frames of minds as to go far towards substantiating what Milarépa states as fact. For instance, when, at the close of his life, the disciples were conscious of seeing hosts of deities take part in the proceedings, Milarépa ascribes their visions to the joy which predisposed them to see and feel so.

Even when Milarépa's own beliefs, or language, is bound up with popular theology, the realities of his life are bound up rather with the perceptions that underlie these concepts, i.e., consciousness of sin and ill will and purification. In fact, in so far as Marpa's methods attain their objective, the concrete and the supernatural eliminate themselves in favour of the real forces, consciousness and experience. Visions occur frequently throughout. A physiological point of view will dismiss them as hallucinations due to famine. They may equally justly be regarded as perceptions made possible by the release of faculties normally suppressed by usurpations by other faculties which ordinary human occupations set in the foreground.

To return to the narrative, Milarépa's commission was to retire to the wildest localities and there meditate. This required several more years to be passed in further initiation under Marpa's supervision, consisting mainly of periods of meditation and analysis of the results.

One of these periods was interrupted by a dream that his mother was dead and his sister a beggar. Many years had passed since he left home. Marpa first told him to go back to his cell, interpreting the dream as a temptation; but came to the conclusion that it was a 'call.' Also, that if Milarépa went, he and Marpa would never meet again. And then he told

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Milarépa that if he thought there was still something lacking of all that Marpa might have taught him, and that some had been withheld for want of fees and presents on Milarépa's part, through poverty, Marpa assured him that he set no store by presents, that the perfection of zeal was all the reward he looked for from a disciple. A very different Marpa from the one he knew during his early stages, when there seemed much connection between the Higher Buddhism and the higher finance. The tears rolled down Marpa's face as he foretold a great future for Milarépa as a teacher and saint if he continued to meditate as long as required; all depended on that.

'I shall never forget you; do you not forget me,' and then reproved his wife for weeping; 'Because he has obtained from his Lama the formula belonging to the oral tradition and because he goes forth to meditate in the solitary places, is there anything in that to weep for? What is to be bewailed is the thought that every living thing could come to be Buddha, that all do not know it and die sorrowing; especially the thought that they may reach the state of humanity, and yet die without ideals.'

Arriving at his village, Milarépa is not recognized, and

questions the people. His mother, he is told, has been dead eight years, and her body still lies in her house abandoned. He finds it so; vegetation is pushing its way inside and out, and amidst the vegetation inside he finds her bones lying white, and the family's sacred books lying there untouched also. After seven days' meditation there he gathers up her bones, puts them in the pouch of his gown, chanting a funeral chant, 'sobbing, and overwhelmed with grief beyond all bounds,' goes to the house of the master who once upon a time had taught him, finds him dead too, but a son there, who provides him with material for the last rites; taking the books in exchange. This man also gave food and therewith Milarépa retired to the mountains and meditated for several months, until the food was used up and he exhausted with starvation. He descended to beg. The first house he came to was that of his aunt, who, recognizing him, set the dogs on him, and then beat him, weak as he was, until he fell into a pond and with difficulty climbed out. A girl brought the aunt to a better state of mind and she gave him a little food,

and so he went from door to door, recognized by all and receiving alms, until he came, without intending to, to the new house his uncle was building. His uncle straightway set to work stoning him, and called in boys to help with the work, but Milarépa bethought him of the terror he had formerly caused in the district and threatened them. This immediately took effect. By now, Dzesse, to whom he had been affianced, heard of his arrival. She came; it was true, she said, that his sister was a wandering beggar; she herself had never married because the neighbours were afraid that anyone who married her might bring down more of Milarépa's magic upon himself. And she would have accepted no one. He said he was bound to religion. He offered her the house and fields which belonged to him ... without himself. She said she did not want them; 'give them to your sister.' He suggested she should bind herself to religion, too; it was the one thing you could depend upon. She said that perhaps she might; but that there was more than one kind of religion; and his kind certainly was not for her. The aunt heard he was willing to part with his inheritance; and offered him a few household things as the price of the fields, suggesting that he should remove to some far-distant land; otherwise feeling locally against him might be so strong that his life might not be safe. He saw through all her arguments and the meanness of her offers, but reflected that patience was the chief of all approaches to the higher state; and that his aunt had been the medium whereby the greater part of his patience had been acquired; he gave her the fields and house too. She said she was glad to see her nephew had become so good a religious man

Thereupon Milarépa took a vow that he would retire to the mountains, and not descend, neither for food, nor raiment, nor for infirmities; whatever should betide. After praying that doubts should be far from him, and that certainty and faith should enter into him, he did so.

The first occasion on which he tried to put his research-work into practice, the theory failed to take effect by reason of his physical enfeeblement; he being unable to obtain sufficient control over the lungs. The cold was intense and he felt it

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severely. He had resort to prayer, and had a vision in which possibilities of further control were made apparent to him; or rather, he was reminded of further teaching of Marpa's on the subject. By changing the position of his body accordingly he obtained full control of respiration; and also the serenity of spirit which was also a preliminary condition, one which brought the imagination under control as well as the mind. 'After which I entered into meditation. Soon the interior heat began to spread about me. Then a year went by.'

At the end of three years he had no provisions left. He reconnoitred, and found nettles; from which he made a garment and ground some into a powder which had no flavour. On this he lived until his body became like a skeleton and his skin changed colour to the green of the nettles. Then he took the letter which was Marpa's last bequest to him, placed it on his head, and the taste of food came into his mouth, and satisfaction into his stomach. Another year passed, and hunters came that way, who, when their first fear of him as a spectre had passed, took him under the arms and bumped him to make him give up the store of food they believed he had. But they took their leave very cheerfully. Another year passed. His garments were in rags. He rearranged them. Another year passed, and again hunters came that way, who asked his blessing and left him food. It did him good; he meditated the better for it. But when the meat became worm-riddled he ceased eating it, not because he minded the meat being in that state, but to avoid depriving the worms of their food. Again he lived solely on nettles. One night a man came to rob him; and Milarépa laughed and said, 'I can find nothing in my cave by day, and you come to find something there by night'; and the man went away, laughing too. More hunters came, who thought they had never seen so pitiable an object; but they left thanking him for all the beautiful things he had said to them of his happiness which was so much greater than the happiness of their world, 'and yet, however much there may be to be said for your ways, we are not going to imitate them.'

Now it happened that at a local festival these hunters repeated the chant that Milarépa had sung to them, and his sister Peta, who was begging there, remarked how beautiful the words were. A hunter told her she was paying compliments to her brother. It was the first news she had heard of him. Dzesse was there and confirmed it. Peta took beer and food and came to him. His bones were showing through his skin; his eyes were fallen in, his flesh dried up, his skin like green wax, his hair green too, his limbs seemed about to fall apart; she fainted. Then she wept and wept, and nothing he could say could console her; he and she were, to her, the most wretched pair on the earth. She found it hard to believe he was as happy as he said. He felt the better for the food and drink, but the alternation between pleasure and pain that the unaccustomed food caused him, put an end to meditation.

A few days later Peta returned, bringing more food and drink, and Dzesse. Peta was distressed still, especially about his nakedness. He explained that he might be dying at any time and so did not wish to trouble about these things; and especially, that he was quite happy as he was, and that there was nothing he would more wish for than to die any time, as he was, in the wilderness.

Dzesse had given up the case so far as to say that at any rate his words and actions corresponded; but Peta said that, in case he did not die, she was going to bring him a garment. The food produced the same effects as before. He therefore undid the Lama's letter, and found that it contained a passage recommending good food. Continuing to eat, he found that he was thinking differently, and in some ways more effectively; was able to reconsider all his meditations hitherto in a different light.

One effect was that Milarépa seemed to himself capable of flying in the air; and fly he did; reporting very lifelike conversations by the labouring people he passed over. He decides, however, that he is in danger of forming once more a connection with the world, and will move away to another place. He meets more hunters, and chants to these also; they were attracted by his voice and impressed by his doctrine; but then, 'touched by his faith, withdrew.'

On the way he meets some young and pretty girls, one of whom says, 'Look at his wretchedness. May I never give birth

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to a boy like that,' and another 'It's enough to make one down-right angry.' Milarépa replied, 'You needn't worry; even if you wished to give birth to someone like me, you wouldn't be able to do it. Be sorry for yourselves.' And he proceeded to chant to them also, telling them many home truths in a kindly spirit. One said, 'we have said a lot that we ought not to have said; let's ask for his forgiveness.' They made him little presents and he recompensed them with doctrine. 'They believed in me, and went on.'

Months passed, and Peta reappeared, with the garment she had woven. She had passed another Lama, seated on a throne, sheltered by a parasol, clothed in rich silks, surrounded by monks blowing on conches, and collecting huge offerings. She besought him to come with her and enter the service of this Lama, then they would both be leading an endurable life. Above all, to be, at least, less indecently naked. He explained he was bound by orders to meditate for the rest of his life, thereby contributing to ensure the eternal felicity of all created beings in all time to come. They had long arguments and neither converted the other. While she was there, the aunt arrived. The uncle had died, and she was conscience-stricken to the last degree. The sister's behaviour and comment was much what one might expect from one as yet unconverted; but Milarépa was compassionate. The aunt departed to live the life of a hermit.

Towards the end of his life, Milarépa felt he had accomplished his mission so far as he was concerned, and returned to the life of men, collecting disciples around him, answering their questions, and teaching, and passing on as much as he could of the wisdom he had acquired; dying at the age of eighty-four.

His fame is as great now as nine hundred years ago; his influence the same—in his presence everyone felt the happier for the company of everyone else. Rejoicing was the kernel of his doctrine: his religion had fragrance. As to the intellectual part of his teaching, it is not really a practical matter to attempt to outline it, not yet; not until our vocabulary has been deepened and enlarged metaphysically. Our division of the human organism into body and mind is as crude and misleading

from the point of view of their thought as from that of their vocabulary, the chief effect of which, in practice as in theory, is that out of our dualism evolves an antagonism, whereas out of their quintuple or sextuple constituents evolves a harmony. The differences, in fact, can best be generally understood by means of examples of their effects. An essential, for instance, of our religious ideas is to conceive of religion as a social force: say, in relation to compassion. We tend to abolish punishments which cause grief to the spectator. Buddhist compassion has no such relation to sensibility. Tending to ignore the difference between the ego and the non-ego, its compassion tends to find its objective in whatever is subject to illusion. Whether a truer vision and better, or worse, results ensue from this or from that religion is, of course, outside our inquiry; all that has been said is merely well intended to the end of making Milarépa's life and personality as clear as possible. There is, in his Buddhism, a special trend towards forgiveness.

'The idea of nothingness begets compassion:

Compassion does away with the difference between oneself and others:

Attuning oneself with others enables others to come into their own.'

These are lines which occur in one of his chants. It should have been said that Milarépa is a great poet and must have been a great singer as well.

These are his last words:

'I thank you for the food which you have brought by way of offerings;

I have thanked you by developing your minds and preaching the Law.

As a way to follow after my death, Put aside all that egoism puts a gloss on, And which is harmful to any created being. Now that you have heard what I have to say, Do as I have done.' The aim of all their spiritual effort, to him, is to be the vision of the Buddha in themselves. Much stress is laid throughout on formulas. The weaker brethren would rely on these as on so much magic; the stronger as on precepts embodying the experience of wisdom gained, to be gradually comprehended and revalidated by reliving the life of the wise men of old, out of whose experience they came to be created. Milarépa himself, when his disciples speak of him as an incarnation, condemns it as heresy: all that he can claim is that to live as he has done is a means towards drawing near to attaining that state. That was his inner life. His outer life lay in the effect of his inner life on others, on disciples, who, as they said, do not feel equal to carrying out all that he has carried out, but, in listening to him, feel better able to go farther on those lines than they would otherwise have done.

CHAPTER X

PROFESSIONAL

Shall these dry bones live?

EZEKIEL.

THE reader will not expect a chapter on the 'professions' to be comprehensive One many to be comprehensive. One may assume that all professions are entitled to the same amount of attention, but the material for each one varies in quantity and quality. Diplomacy, for instance, probably provides both the most and the worst material. Temperament and habits that qualify a man for diplomacy involve a degree of reserve and disguise in the use of words that disqualify him as autobiographer. Medicine provides more than Law, especially from a professional point of view. And so on. Working within these limitations, it will be worth while to exemplify the variety of Autobiography by drawing on some and more or less out-of-the-way cases as regards Law, selecting other instances that stand out in some other professions for one reason or another; and end by giving more space to medicine. The omissions will, it is true, be more obvious, both in number and in kind, than in any other chapter; but omissions are the first necessity in such a survey as we are engaged on, if it is not to become a mere catalogue. The intention is to exemplify, and the obviousness of omissions needs to be taken as exemplifying the quantity and variety of what awaits the reader.

Academic professions are, however, only omitted altogether here because representatives of them find their place later, among students. Soldiers and sailors are frequent in both volumes already.

In beginning, however, with Ausonius, we start with a lawyer who was also both professor and civil servant. Toulouse, Bordeaux, Trier: fourth century A.D.; and almost all of that;

since he took after his father, who lived to be ninety. Steadygoing, ordinary, and, as a writer, dull, there is much to be found scattered about in his writings which combines to form a picture of his own course of life as well as an accurate, and otherwise non-existent, one of the provincial Roman professional life of his century. There is the 'Parentalia,' a sort of 'post-mortem' on Relations I Have Known; the 'Ephemeris' outlining the course of an average day; poems commemorating fellow-professors at Bordeaux; a description of a picture of Cupid Crucified—'some fair sinners nailing Cupid to a cross, not the type of sinner we are accustomed to, who sin on their own responsibility, but the older kind who absolve themselves and put the blame on the gods'; a little poem, too, about Bissula, a favourite slave, and much else. Every item throws light on himself and his life, within and without, and his environment; on what he and his did and thought and pretended, what they all valued and what they did not, how devout a Christian, e.g., he was in theory and how scandalized he was at anyone trying to put the doctrine into practice; and so on. The lower classes are as nearly as possible ignored.

Passing on some centuries we come upon two Italians, one a notary, the other a barrister; Cristofano di Galgano Guidini, of Siena, and Francesco d'Andrea, of Naples. Guidini's father died of plague in 1348, during the epidemic which provided Boccaccio with the setting for the 'Decameron.' The son had six children by his wife between 1380 and 1389. One child became a nun. All the other children and the wife died within a few months of each other, in 1390. That part of his record which has been printed concerns this marriage, because Guidini consulted the saintly Catherine of Siena about it. Guidini was thinking of entering a monastery, but his mother besought him not to abandon her, but to marry and remain in the secular world. He consults St Catherine, first, should he marry or not? secondly, if so, who is it to be? a widow, or the daughter of Francesco Venture, or a third whose name, at the time of writing, he has forgotten. St Catherine decides that the idea of abandoning his mother is a temptation of the devil: secondly, marry the widow. Guidini seems to have also consulted the Pope, and, indeed, almost everyone of importance. But he married the widow in the end. He also makes the remark that he is putting his doings into writing, but 'not all of them, as

he is putting his doings into writing, but 'not all of them, as many do, but only some of them.' That is, then, for us, the main interest of his record, namely—that in Italy in the fourteenth century, writing autobiographies was quite common.

Francesco d'Andrea was born in 1625, and writes in 1696. He was the most successful barrister of his time at Naples, the 'Neapolitan Cicero,' building on foundations that his father had laid, who, though of good family, began in poverty. The whole book is a peroration on his profession as the one and only career that is best worth entering on, and Naples as the place for it, stressing it very strongly that 'no city in the world' offers such opportunities, even to the poor and humble, of attaining to name and fame as Naples does, by way of his profession. The book is written for the benefit of his grandsons to show them what can and should be done, with many reminders that withwhat can and should be done, with many reminders that with-out due care they will undoubtedly relapse into poverty. On the margin of a contemporary MS. of his book is a note 'what would d'Andrea have said if he had been alive now and seen

his grandsons walking about the streets begging their bread?'
He himself became a little famous as early as ten years of age by repeating a whole sermon word for word. Unfortunately his father thought that nothing more was required for the law than a good memory and consequently put him into that profession at eleven years of age, cutting out all general education. But d'Andrea soon found out what a mistake that was and took But d'Andrea soon found out what a mistake that was and took every opportunity later of rectifying it. Certainly his eloquence has a very liberal tinge, and he brings out very strongly what an excellent centre Naples was in the seventeenth century, when many of the characteristics of modern thought were making their first appearance. For instance, we find him welcoming Descartes as a new author and saying how satisfactory he found him in contrast with the superficiality of current philosophy.

Much of the book is taken up with detail about other families who had worked their way up to success at Naples in the same profession, and there is practically nothing about his non-professional life. It leaves a pleasant impression of geniality,

enthusiasm, and dilligence and an open mind. He talks about the cases he was in and other advocates were in, and how they worked their way up to be in them.

Before leaving the seventeenth century it will be worth while referring to a soldier, Ulisse de Salis-Marschlins, who was born in 1595, and died 1674. He belonged to one of the Swiss professional-soldier families, and only took to writing in old age to pass the time when he was disabled and to make a record of his adventures for his children. It only reaches 1647, and yet runs to 240,000 words, the whole of which are devoted to incessant petty warfare. Most of this took place in Switzerland, but all in the French interests. The farthest he got away was to the siege of Rochelle. His memory for events and dates is merciless. Authentic and accurate, his account is indispensable for the detail of military life and history of the period. Courageous, able, and a gentleman personally, with standards of his own by which he abided, he had at times to look on at the behaviour of people like the Archbishop of Bordeaux at a siege, when the inhabitants of a town surrendered at discretion and were wantonly massacred by the soldiers—women, children and all—the Archbishop urging them on.

Returning to Law, it will seem doubly strange to find a place for Gandhi here and also to describe his autobiography as an out-of-the-way source. But if anyone will try to find in England a copy of the translation from the Gujarati original, he will soon realize the extent to which people are ready to accept information second-hand. The selections from this and others of Gandhi's writings compiled by C. F. Andrews is useful enough in its own way, and the best that could be done in the space, but no one would be more ready to admit its limitations than the compiler. As to Law, that is his profession; and it is with the Law that he has been concerned throughout his life. If he has become known as a religious leader, it is none of his doing, and the idea mainly arises from a misinterpretation of conditions peculiar to India. As to his religious title, that of Mahatma, it simply means 'great soul,' and he is not at all fond

of it; what he appreciated were those of 'bhai' (brother) by which he was universally known in South Africa, and 'bapu' (father) by which he came to be known in India subsequently. In religion he is an agnostic. When Gandhi speaks of his aim for thirty years as being 'to see God face to face' he identifies that with 'self-realization'; and when he uses the word 'God' he identifies that with 'Truth.' In the same way, he sets out to 'narrate my experiments in the spiritual field . . . from which I have derived such power as I possess for working in the political field': he entitles his book The Story of my Experiments with Truth and a cardinal point with him is that the 'essence of religion is morality.' All this is clear from his autobiography, but not from what it is customary to say about him in Europe.

It is also clear-and again, from that source alone-where his mind got its bent. It was from his mother; a person with plenty of common sense who talked a lot, welcomed information and was very particular about religious routine: when she made a vow, she kept it. Neither parent had any education, but his father was experienced in practical affairs, and much trusted. At school Gandhi was a conscientious pupil, but never did any reading outside school. Two plays impressed him so much at that time as to influence him throughout life; in both cases on account of the moral lessons they conveyed; and all his later life centred round two books, Tolstoi's The Kingdom of God is within You and Ruskin's Unto This Last. Of later personal influences the chief was a diamond merchant who kept a religious book handy and resumed reading whenever business permitted. Gandhi never saw him otherwise than calm; and considered him the nearest approach to a Guru (an inspired and inspiring teacher) that he ever had. He has always been searching for that Guru, and has never found one. The place remains vacant. I think there is a great deal of truth in the doctrine that true knowledge is impossible without a Guru. . . . One gets the Guru that one deserves.' Now considering the people with whom Gandhi came in contact, and all the Indian written and traditional inspiration that lay ready to hand, it is significant that the formative influences with him were those he describes

and no others: his parents, one business-man, and two European moralists. And, all the while, he had known and respected Gokhale, who had very much the same position in India as George Russell in Ireland; but to utilize such an influence to the full transcended Gandhi's powers.

It was, then, within such limitations that Gandhi has lived and worked. But there are his qualities to consider, too.

First, no autobiographer can be compared with Gandhi in respect of recording what he is ashamed of having done. Recording this is one of the chief tests that can be found to distinguish bad from good in the values of autobiographies. And by that test Gandhi is not merely first; but far and away first. Those who claim, or are reputed, to be more candid than others are, as a rule, primarily sensation-mongers whose main motive is vanity. With Gandhi it is a real thing: and 100 per cent. of it. It is part of his idea of his duty as 'experimenter.' Were he not a lawyer, he might come into this chapter as a scientific researchworker. A dispassionate, humble, spirit, using the utmost accuracy, forethought and minuteness, examining, analysing, claiming no finality, much less infallibility, searching for a basis for action in the present and a means of hope for the future—these are abiding efforts with him. He says so: and he acts up to it.

At the same time, he has an utterly unscientific side to him. Just as in politics he will give every sign of a truly legal crookedness and craft, so is his scientific spirit combined with

At the same time, he has an utterly unscientific side to him. Just as in politics he will give every sign of a truly legal crookedness and craft, so is his scientific spirit combined with the last degree of empiricism. In both there is seen a quick, shallow, practical mind at work in a complex, profound, unintelligible world. He is always ready to take action before he is prepared for it. In fact, he never equips himself. His experiments with his own health are typical: whims with no knowledge behind them, reinforced by vows regardless of common sense or consequences, but carried through without compromise or self-indulgence and with such a double-dose of his mother's common sense in the application of them, that he has lived twice as long as most Indians do. He was born in 1869: the auto-biography goes up to 1925 (after which date, he says, his life has become public property). Almost all Indians born 1869 were dead or dying by 1909. But Gandhi persisted in living.

He always persists. And persistence is just the quality that distinguishes the Law. Yes, Gandhi may well stand for the Law. And not by chance, either. Dynasties and religions may decline and fall in India; but litigation—never.

Now here may follow some more examples of Gandhi's 'experiments.'

When he was in England he decided he had better try to become an English gentleman, and immediately bought a top hat and a dress suit and sent over to India for a gold watch chain; and learned to tie his tie by himself. He took lessons in dancing, French, elocution and violin playing. And immediately he discovered that he was a failure at all these things (after three months), he decided 'I was a student and ought to go on with my studies. If my character makes a gentleman of me, so much the better. Otherwise I should forego the ambition.'

Other experiments were equally characterized by attending

Other experiments were equally characterized by attending to the nearest and most urgent need and going straight to essentials.

These included plague, leprosy, midwifery and doing his own laundry and haircutting. The more they mattered, the more successful they were. The haircutting was a complete failure. His friends asked him what was the matter with his hair—whether rats had been at it—when he appeared in Court: and his collars were just as much of a failure at first, but they got better afterwards. In both cases the reason was the same. He did not want to be dependent on laundryman or barber.

. . . As for sanitation, he was continually at war with his countrymen, whose extremes of cleanliness in some ways are balanced by other extremes. He says of an Indian Congress (in 1901) that if it had gone on more than three days there would have been an epidemic, and that the recollection of the smell still remains with him.

One habit that characterizes the book and the author is this evolution of principles out of deductions from experience and experiment. An example occurs in his taking to travelling third-class on Indian railways—one of the most revolting and painful of all his experiments, according to his own account. His deduction is that it would be a good idea for others who travel

first-class to do likewise. They would learn a lot; and it would lead to the third-class being improved.

Again, an insurance agent once tempted him to take out a life-policy for the sake of his family. But what with Indian custom and scruples of his own, also Indian, he came to the conclusion later that it was quite wrong to insure. 'In getting my life insured I had robbed my wife and children of their self-reliance. Why should they not be expected to take care of themselves? What happened to the families of the numberless poor in the world?' So he allowed the policy to lapse and treated the premiums paid as lost money, as he was convinced that God, who had created his wife and children, would take care of them. Moreover, whereas up to then he had been saving money and had always sent his savings to his brother, he now notified his brother not to expect any more, because all savings in future, if any, would be utilized for the benefit of the community (that is, in South Africa).

'I could not easily make my brother understand this.' These contributions of his had been earmarked, as the custom was, for the dependent members of the family.

Enormous sums of money went through his hands for public purposes. When he started to reduce expenses he was just as rigid about that and as exact as about everything else. 'I had learnt at the outset not to carry on public work with borrowed money. . . . Without properly kept accounts it is impossible to maintain truth in its pristine purity.'

It will be gathered from the foregoing that he has been as

It will be gathered from the foregoing that he has been as much of a trial to his own countrymen as to the British Government; far more so, in fact, for most of his life, during which he believed, he says, that British rule was on the whole beneficial to the ruled. He learnt the tune of the National Anthem and took part in all manifestations of loyalty. His doubt about British virtues, however, began early and was wholly due to the behaviour of British women in Hyde Park when he came over here as a well-behaved boy. One other factor in his development was his wife; they attained peace only after violent quarrels in which her 'matchless endurance' always gained her the victory. It was from her he learnt his lessons about the way

to get his own way. In any case it is individuals only whom he has been conscious of opposing, and his reliance on Tolstoi and Ruskin emphasize his debt to the New Testament. He recognizes that debt; adding that the Old Testament always sent him to sleep.

One further quotation will epitomize all that has been said of him as a man and a reformer, and likewise that type of critical realism which the spirit of the 'professions' at its best always tends to produce.

When Gandhi was running a model farm in South Africa in pursuance of the letter of *Unto This Last*, there were a lot of children to provide for. Hindu, Mussulman, Parsi and Christian boys, and some Hindu girls. They could not afford to bring teachers in, and besides, he didn't think it necessary. He set to work to find out by experience and experiment a new system; and that a better system than any known to him, incidentally sinking all caste and sectarian differences. There were some Tamil boys born in South Africa, knowing, therefore, very little Tamil, and that much only by conversation. All the Tamil Gandhi knew had been acquired in prison.

'However, I got along merrily because I never attempted to disguise my ignorance from my pupils. In all respects I showed myself to them exactly as I really was. Therefore, in spite of my colossal ignorance of the language, I never lost their love and respect. . . . Of text-books about which we hear so much, I never felt the lack. I do not even remember having made use of the books that were available. . . . I have always felt that the true text-book for the pupil is his teacher. I remember very little that my teachers taught me from books, but I have even now a clear recollection of the things they taught me independently of books. Children take in much more and with less labour through their ears than through their eyes.'

"... To develop the spirit is to build character, and to enable one to work towards a knowledge of God and self-realisation. And I held that this was an essential part of the training of the young, and that all training without culture of the spirit was of no use, and might even be harmful. I am familiar with the superstition that self-realisation is possible only in the fourth stage of life, i.e.,

sannyasa (renunciation). But it is a matter of common knowledge that those who defer preparation for this invaluable experience until the last stage of life, attain not self-realisation, but old age amounting to a second and pitiable childhood, living as a burden on this earth.'

Sir Edmund Hornby (born 1825) may represent consular and legal civil service; Levant, China and Japan up to 1872. He came of mixed English and Venetian descent, with much 'character' on both sides. His father had a strong objection to schools, and entrusted him to the care of various people, whose attentions gave little result, but whose personalities and environment gave much, e.g., at fifteen he went for two years to Germany, afterwards to France, and then had an apprenticeship of two years in Portugal and Spain with an uncle. He laments his ignorance and believes he would have benefited by the mental discipline and the information he would have received at school. Nevertheless, he started life with a fluent knowledge of five languages and though his scholarship always remained a bit primitive, he always brings to bear knowledge of his own and increases it. It is clear he would often have been better off with supplements to his knowledge of scholars' interests, but something else would have had to go if his time and energy had taken that direction, and it is hard to say whether the gain would have been more than the loss.

His chief asset was a love of his father; 'to please him I would have suffered much; to pain him was my greatest dread. I had also horror of debt, of resting under an obligation, of being thought a coward, or capable of a meanness.'

From 1841, then, he was his own master, and does not remember falling under any bad influence. His uncle at Lisbon had a Spanish wife who provided Hornby with a singularly charming and good influence until her death four years later. On her account he learnt Spanish in two months. Ladies always had much attraction for him, and always for the best. He then had an interval in London, and made an attempt to qualify for medicine; this interval included an acquaintance with Carlyle during his early married life. He got on with him personally

better than most, but made little use of the 'celebrities' he was introduced to very freely. He had much sensibility up to a point, and none beyond; having a great capacity for 'so far and no farther,' of going as far as his limitations would allow and yet consistently keeping within them. George Meredith's wife said he 'had a Manchester mind' and everything bears that out. 'There are only three poets I can appreciate, Pope, Dryden, and Oliver Goldsmith. Tennyson, Swinburne, and Co. I simply do not understand.' When he was over sixty he was reading Henty and Fenn with the same pleasure that he read Marryat in his teens.

in his teens.

He was fortunate in living before railways had become frequent in the places he lived in, and his incessant journeyings by other means were everlasting pleasure and profit to him. He recollects well, and also had a singularly even temper and capacity for getting on with those whom others found it difficult to get on with, and with whom it was necessary to get on. All his ideas of rightness were embodied in being upright and downright. When he was in Constantinople, administering a loan, and all around him bribery and corruption and misappropriation were accepted as the norm, it was open to him to make a small fortune out of it with perfect safety. As he writes he wonders how 'the idea of doing so never entered his head.' The way he actually did go on throughout is typified by the following. It was arranged that the British Government and the local contractors with whom the former had had dealings at the time of the Crimean War, should appoint one arbitrator each to settle claims and that the two arbitrators should choose an umpire. When the nominations were opened, it was found that both parties had nominated him.

What he often thought was, as he expresses it on one occasion, 'Virtue is certainly its own reward, but somehow I did not feel that it adequately rewarded me.' But there he stopped, and so always. His limitations come out when he sees what from our point of view is gross maladministration. His remedy is that the British should take it over, e.g., he presupposes an unlimited supply of Hornbys, even while he sadly sees that not only are they not being produced at home, but that their

opposites are, and that increasingly; and that all the trouble that is occasioned in our affairs abroad, and in others' affairs through us, is due to our exporting people who are unequal in character and intelligence to the occasions.

Plain-spoken, fair-dealing, clean-living, clear-thinking, and

a very good narrator of a busy life well spent.

Architects may be represented by a new variety, the Landscape Architect, in the person of Thomas H. Mawson.

His early life was spent in Lancashire and Yorkshire. At

twelve years of age he went to an uncle in Lancaster as officeboy in architect's work. At fourteen he joined his father, who was making a new homestead and fruit farm on the most unsuitable land he could find. The worry incidental to this killed the father in two years and left the mother with three boys, of whom this one was the eldest, and a daughter of eighteen. They decided to remove to London and he was sent in advance with his train fare and a sovereign, to open up opportunities. He first went to a landscape gardener who engaged him at 18s. a week. He soon found two openings for his brothers. The gardener went bankrupt, but he found more jobs and got on well with them, doing overtime at 6 a.m., and also in the evening, on his own account, in order to understand his work better; and making the most of coming in contact with people as well. By the time he was twenty-three, he had a partnership offered him, married on the strength of the offer, and during the honeymoon was informed it was 'off.' He immediately turned to find an opening for a family business in the Lake district and within five weeks the whole family were established at Windermere with a nursery and landscape business, which was the basis of all his subsequent success and which went on expanding throughout the rest of his life until all of them specialized in some department or other, working together, and he himself was travelling anything from 20,000 to 30,000 miles a year in connection with it, mostly abroad.

A hundred and twenty years earlier an ancestor of his had been Architect and Clerk of Works on an estate, and from that time onwards there were always ancestors engaged in skilled

handicraft and design. He himself by his twelfth year knew every old door-head, date-stone, sundial, and attractive gateway and window, for miles around his home. He was always attending to business, of recreation there was practically none, the more so as he was a very delicate child and was found to benefit from outdoor work. At seven years old he was taking part in all the garden work done and remarks: 'Turning over the soil gave me an appetite and a zest for life such as I had never experienced before.' (Another instance of the scent of the earth as affecting children?) He retained a clear recollection of the regulation of measurements and of the growth of the seed which laid the foundation both of technical training and of interest in growing things. He seems to have got the right side of everyone who set out to teach him and expresses his gratitude where most children would have found boredom. Everything led to something else and there was always movement going on,' such as a visit to a tulip-grower, or to a gardener's widow who lent him books on horticulture. It was these books that formed all his ideas about landscape gardening as a career. His few educational advantages and a comparatively hard struggle formed, in his opinion, the finest training possible for a boy of his temperament. He felt a sense of romance of the same kind as is associated with exploration and conquest, a wholesome attitude of mind ever leading to wider horizons and to an instinctive knowledge that head and heart must always be on the alert if ideas are to be achieved. Life to me from my early years was one of set purpose.' A good deal of his leisure as a boy was spent in sketching buildings in Lancashire. In London he says he found exactly what was needed for further development. Being by nature inclined rather to meditation than action, he was in a position where hard work was the first necessity, and it ended by becoming a habit. So too with botanical names. Though without a good memory originally he acquired a knack of assimilating botanical names until all that he wanted were always ready to hand. His father was a keen student of natural. history and stimulated his interest in all such ways, but as an organizer he derived everything from his mother. When things were at the most difficult period, that is, when the Windermere

business was in its earliest days, when all the neighbours prophesied failure, the family used to meet every day to discuss the future, and if there was any proposal put forward for abandoning the business, the mother put her foot down on it at once.

What Mawson recognized as dominating factors were, first, the early circumstances which compelled him to put the practical side of the work first, thereby bringing his artistic inclinations permanently under the control of practical considerations and cutting him off from that dilettantism which, it seems to him, stood in the way of many who had better capacities than his own. Secondly, he came at a good period, after a bad period had been passed through, when there had come to be a demand for better work and no one trained to do it; no one young at any rate. The third factor was the readiness to hand of wealthy and appreciative clients. Fourthly, his assistants; and fifthly, that his work brought him into contact with notable men, all of whom contributed something which was subsequently helpful. And then, in addition to the work for private clients there had been the more recent development of public work and public taste. He eventually wrote a book, The Art and Craft of Garden Making, which summed up his ideas and practice, especially in so far as these constituted a new departure; that is to say, organized co-operation between architecture and landscape-gardening. He looked forward to a time when there should be established a Chair for Landscape Architecture in some University in England. The amount of ground he covered was another factor in his development. He was in the position of continually considering widely different soils and situations, each set of conditions presenting a different problem from every other set of conditions, in the course of attending to which he discovered that a common love of gardens made a particularly good basis for friendships. Incidentally, commenting on one banker possessing a wonderful colour-sense in horticulture, he goes on to say that this gift is rare among men and common among women.

One of his latest and most characteristic attempts was to replan the Island of Lewis for Lord Leverhulme, which dealt with fishing, utilization of peat, farming and forestry, the development of osier beds, small holdings, fruit-growing, and the introduction of new fruits, herb-growing, bee-keeping, flax, and the exploitation of Lewis as a tourist resort. In later life his work as lecturer alone might well have constituted a full-time job.

The whole of one chapter is devoted to his work for men disabled in the war, which was another of the most promising of all his activities, combined as it was with the application of all his professional ideas and experience to their needs. But misapplication of the ideas by well-wishers, and opposition by government officials when the scheme was new, postponed and discredited all until little attained fruition.

The work in general seems to have been very profitable, but there were many cases, especially in Canada, where he was defrauded; and all the reorganization in Greece with which he was nominally entrusted, while it leads to one of the best expositions of the possibilities of his ideas, only led at the time to proving that of all his impossible clients the Greeks were the most heart-breaking. As regards difficult clients in general he says he was naturally lacking in that form of shrewdness which involves the distrust of one's fellow-men. Another trial of his patience lay in this, that the maturing of any given scheme of laying-out took years to evolve, and in many cases he was obliged to lose touch and not see final results at all.

He believes himself to have been very fortunate in his assistants, both with those in the office and those on the ground. But it would seem rather as if he himself had special capacities, equal to any other of his capacities, for choosing, training and keeping assistants. Continually travelling as he was and becoming more and more engaged in consultation and planning rather than execution, and that in work which took a long time to execute and to mature, he could not have obtained any marked degree of success unless he had been able to delegate the execution of plans. His foremen needed to be men of insight, initiative, ideas and imagination; a man dependent on memorizing or working by rote was useless to him. And this he found a great difficulty in the United States. When he had designed a plan there he could not get it carried out except by a foreman trained

in England. All his sons came into his business but none of his daughters; he had not thought it practicable to give them the training necessary. However, they set up a business of their own, the Thornton Art Industries in Lincolnshire, which has been very successful.

To turn now to the second division of the subject, that is to Medicine, and at the same time to a sufficiently large number of its representatives, to serve as a study of one aspect of the professional mind and career, there needs to be said at the outset that here too we must accept limitations. The first is that all the people mentioned are more or less eminent members of their profession. It betokens a standing difficulty with Autobiography, namely, that the rank and file are insufficiently represented. It may be said that these eminent physicians belonged to the rank and file themselves in their earlier days. True enough. But those who belong to the rank and file for good and all, and those who emerge from it, are generally two different types of minds and personalities. However, it must be part of the purpose of such a survey as this attempts to be to make manifest the imperfections of the present state of the subject; and here is an example. The second is that these same people mostly belong to two nationalities, British and German; the former as constituting the section of the subject most familiar to English readers, while the latter choice is due to a class of autobiographical material existent in German different from anything existent in any other language. This unique class of material consists of a series, Die Medizin der Gegenwart in Selbstdarstellungen. The series is one of eight organized and published by Felix Meiner, of Leipzig, designed to epitomize the best modern intellectual endeavour in the form of autobiographical sketches by those who have taken a leading part in it, 'Europas Geistes-pioniere,' a sort of twentieth century Walhalla. Philosophers, Jurists, Artists, Economists, Historians, the Book Trade, Religion, and Education, all have their place; each their own series. The whole personnel of each and every series might be drawn on for our purposes. If Die Medizin series is chosen, and only a few of its forty-seven individuals, for summarizing

here, and little attention given elsewhere to the remainder of the total of the publications, the fact must be admitted as one more item in the evidence as to the size of the subject as a whole. Die Medizin may well be the choice, since it was the first series to reach its eighth volume. The method is for each writer to deal with his own case, briefly—in pamphlet form—illuminated by a portrait and a bibliography; a method fully justified by results. In many—no doubt most—cases it has presented a record which is of the first importance for its subject and would otherwise never have been made. Moreover, above and beyond the presentation of each individual case, the method has synthetic and systematic merits, both in the presentation of each subject and in making the results so readily available for reference.

In parenthesis, a note may be made concerning Axel Munthe's Story of San Michele. Of any one book of a medical kind, it is the most attractive and the most valuable I know of. But as so many other people have discovered that much already, space had better be given to others instead.

To begin, then, with certain British specialists who got value out of their specializing.

Mary Scharlieb says very little about her early life. By page 17 she is in India, and married, and active philanthropically. One day a Mohammedan girl had so painful and dangerous a 'labour' that her husband sent for the English doctor. On hearing that he was coming the girl dragged herself to the door of the room, and lay down there; so that the doctor could not enter without crushing her, and her woman attendants approved of her action and would not remove her. And there the girl died. This was the cause of Mary Scharlieb attempting to start women's medical work in India. She won approval from the Madras Government, worked there at theory and practice; and finally came home to qualify further in 1878. It was only the previous year that Mrs. Garrett Anderson had succeeded in her struggle (since 1865) to be accepted for a qualifying examination; but much opposition remained to be overcome.

Hard work and success, here and in India, ended in a breakdown in health and return home, where she received all available appointments and established herself in Harley Street, 1887, maintaining herself, her children, and her parents: the only woman M.D. of London.

Much as most paragraphs contain, there is more to be read between the lines. On the other hand, the chapter on the War is, as is so usual, the weakest part of the book. Her capacity for swallowing government propaganda is only equalled by her love of recognition by royalty; another instance of what is commonly observable in the most efficient kind of autobiographers—simple-minded characteristics outside their work leaving the mind unhindered and unperplexed to go straight forward into direct and logical action as regards their main concerns, much encouraged by valueless compliments.

It was not until she had appendicitis at the age of fifty-seven that she realized what pain surgery caused; and during the first ten days after the operation she also learned:

what it is that patients do when they lie hour after hour, and day after day, neither reading, writing, knitting nor talking, silent and uncommunicative . . . they are simply hanging on to life, waiting for the storm to roll by. The condition is by no means one of unrelieved suffering, and certainly it is not one of mental depression. Every faculty is present and at work.

There are many passages in records of childhood which suggest that the above quotation has an application to 'laziness' in children.

Sir John Bland-Sutton writes of seventy-five years, beginning 1835. He was born two months before he was due, owing, his father said, to the same impatience that characterized him throughout life.

His father was doctor, naturalist, and horticulturist; living at Enfield when its surroundings were countrified. The son traces one first-lesson after another in anatomy, physiology, etc., to watching his father at work, and was always roving about, in spite of ill-health, observing birds and animals, agricultural processes, and smithy work. He was fortunate in his mother, too, who, as the eldest daughter of a large family whose

mother died young and whose father was a drunkard, had had a good training. But both effected more than they knew. When he got into mischief he was locked in his room, which led to his making a detailed acquaintance with the Bible. This opened up interests which led him to Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and so to Italy, Spain, Turkey, India and Mexico, just as his interests in animals took him to Uganda, Rhodesia, the Sudan and the Amazon. An interest in astrology, on the other hand, led to nothing at all, because going on with it involved mathematics. Neither did he ever feel at home with the formulas used in organic chemistry, which throughout life suggested to him a piece of honeycomb floating in water, tugged by tadpoles. He was out for success and an enjoyable life, and learned that if anyone hopes to win success he must stick to the form of knowledge which he acquires and retains easily.

He entered as a student at the Middlesex Hospital in 1878, and on winning the Class Prize that summer, chose Darwin's Origin of Species. The Dean made objections, thinking it was unwise of him to read such a book. So, too, in 1882, the Secretary told him he must either stop vivisection experiments, which he was making for the purpose of grafting nerves, or leave the hospital, because of their fear of subscriptions being stopped if it was known. At that time, too, students who were backward in anatomy went to a 'coach' whose method consisted of sketching bones on a blackboard, marking arteries, veins and nerves respectively with red, blue and yellow chalk. This coach boasted that his system would enable a cabman to pass the exam. with three months' work.

His experience as a surgeon covered the period in which most changes have occurred in it. He remembered a time when there was a brazier in a room next the operating theatre with firing irons in readiness for searing septic wounds. Gas was the illuminant, with candles for close work; hot wax consequently trickling freely into the wound. Administering anæsthetics was such a rough and ready proceeding that it was often rough-and-tumble as well. Once they had to fetch in a blacksmith to help restrain an unruly patient.

Before antiseptic methods lived down the early opposition to

them there was continual trouble with erysipelas in surgical cases. Up till 1886 all such cases, and also the septic and delirious, were removed to a room in the basement amidst the storerooms, the laundry, and the coal cellar; and were cared for by people of Mrs. Gamp's type. Once Bland-Sutton went down to visit a cabman with a broken leg and found him sitting up in bed under the impression he was still driving his cab. The nurse was drunk, and warned him that it wasn't safe to go near the bed. The cabman died that night. He adds that he hasn't seen a case of post-operative erysipelas for forty years. The ring bolts in the floor, bars on the walls, and tackle used for reducing dislocations were not taken away from the Middlesex Hospital until 1895. All the changes implied by the above-mentioned state of things, and all similar changes, had to be carried through in face of bitter opposition from medical authorities. A great part of his work consisted of re-organizing and adding to the buildings so as to provide workrooms for specializing assistants and for research work. He also spent a lot of his time from 1881 onwards at the Zoo, where he made researches into the anatomy of all sorts of animals in the dissecting room, which supplied knowledge unobtainable otherwise, bearing on human anatomy and its origins.

From twelve years old onwards he was a hard reader, but in spite of this and wide travel, and varied work requiring the highest skill, he still managed to belong to the Stone Age as regards verse writing:

There is nought to choose between you, Flea and fly, gnat and snail.

The millions yearly killed by you Make men and women quail.

Bits like this are continually occurring throughout the book. A passage in Greville MacDonald's reminiscences will illustrate the interconnection which exists between all these diverse chapters.

Like other children I hated the dark and all the invisible creatures, especially ghosts, that clutched at one in shadow-corners on

the creaky stairs. Somehow, Fear came to be associated with Sundays, which I hated, in spite of the roast mutton and apple pudding instead of cold boiled beef and rice for dinner. They meant 'going to Church,' a duty which might sometimes be evaded by pleading a headache, whether real or induced by fierce shaking of the head with a peculiar jerky rotation. Nevertheless, it was a joy to go with father and mother in a four-wheeled cab smelling deliciously of dirty stable-straw, to Vere Street Chapel, whose incumbent was the great Frederick Denison Maurice. Though only six years old I do not forget his tender voice, often tremulous with emotion; nor the chain-suspended sound-board over the pulpit, which I would gaze at in the hope that it might fall, like my beloved Jack-in-the-box, and put an end to the sermon. But the luck was all against me; for I actually remembered the text of one of these sermons. Thereafter the fear of blaspheming the Holy Ghost dominated my life. I do not think either father or mother ever talked to us of that dread Being; yet something may have been picked up in church to set the ghastly Fear stalking, even before that Vere Street text suggested to me how I best could commit the unpardonable sin. Anyhow, from that day onwards, I began to visualize, whenever I was in the dark, a white-sheeted, Holy Being, always tempting me, compelling me, to blaspheme Him: and simply that I might perish everlastingly. How exactly I must do it I didn't know-unless it was to apply to Him the forbidden word that I had once thought Nurse deserved. So, every night, as soon as I was in bed and the gas-light out, I was seized by the frightful need. I would repeat again and ever again, fast and furious, this all-sufficing denunciation, 'The Holy Ghost's a beast; the Holy Ghost's a beast.' On and on it went like a train, which I, its passenger, was unable to leave. At last, in sheer fatigue, the non-stop, hated words would cease; and then, with face buried in my pillow, I would hide from the irate Being, to weep and weep, hopelessly, piteously-for hours together, it now seems-until sleep came in angelic solace. Night after night, month after month, thus it went on, for I do not remember how long. I never dared to confess my sin, or ask help even from my mother; though either she or my father would instantly have exorcised the insane possession. Indeed, even in my manhood's close intimacy with my father, I never spoke to him of my once pitiful plight, dreading lest the awful yet tragico-comic irreverence should shock him. But the experience has left me with a strong conviction

that young children should have religion found for them in fairy-tales, Saints'-tales, and the simple Bible stories.

The foregoing was written when the writer was sixty-eight (in 1932); the father mentioned is the George MacDonald who used to be well-known as a novelist and moral healer. The son eulogizes his home and parents with great fervour, but, as is not uncommon with those who do so, the detail he relates is hard to reconcile with the eulogies. He never felt at home with the communal prayer his father favoured. He could only employ prayer in isolation; or, at most, with its cruder features mitigated by liturgy or ritual. This feeling persisted in spite of his father's 'appeals.' Again, no influence in his life, he says, was comparable with his mother's. Yet he was sent to school by this mother wearing the shabbiest clothes in the class, his hair long, always with indigestion caused by hasty mid-day meals; crying over homework and backaches combined; always at the bottom of his class, though the oldest in it, until a few explanations from a friend put all that right; colds and sore throats 'accepted as normal.' When he was caned, he never said a word to his mother about it. And when, in later life, she was afflicted with dangerous throat-trouble and consulted him, 'I, in instant charity, deceived her.' And yet his home life was a success in its way. When alone in London, very poor, and surrounded by all the usual beastlinesses, his habits kept him up to the mark, allied, of course, with his ambitions and with those instincts which persist in youngsters unless broken down by adults. He became deaf at ten years old. Deafness increased as he grew older. The loneliness incidental to it became a reason for writing these reminiscences. But, observant as he was, and quick at memorizing, and imaginative, he found in these three qualities a means whereby he could hold his own, and more, in competition. Of the uses of imagination he remarks that it enables one to face the unpleasant facts of life better than does a 'practical' intellect. It creates a unity, he says, into which everything can fit.

MacDonald became a student at King's College Hospital, and worked as one of Lister's assistants when the latter came

thither to introduce his methods. He records the state of affairs then normal.

Every surgical wound became septic. . . Indeed, we were taught that inflammation, presumably because invariably present, was essential to healing.

The reputed greatest living surgeon, von Nussbaum of Munich, admitted in 1874, the year before Lister visited Munich, that eighty per cent. of his operations proved fatal. 'Hospital-gangrene used to gnaw at every wound.' He remembers, and quotes instances of, the ridicule, the abuse (especially from the Lancet) the opposition of every kind, and degree of meanness, which Lister had to put up with, and quotes an attack on Lister as late as 1918 (by Bernard Shaw). His own recollections of Lister, in contrast with other people and previous methods, was that of his humanity as compared with brutal callousness. He recalls that Lister worked under very different conditions from those of to-day, when much that Lister had to guard against when operating is automatically prevented from occurring by previous preparation. MacDonald himself never lost a life in the course of 20,000 operations.

course of 20,000 operations.

His other recollections of his confrères are very frank about their charlatanism, intrigues, jealousy, and bitter opposition to reform.

He became a throat-specialist. As a deaf consulting-physician, as a surgeon dependent on guesswork for any remarks that had to pass during an operation, equally handicapped as regards all the social self-advertisement which, according to him, is so great a factor in building up a reputation—he overcame all these hindrances that deafness set in his way. He notes that it interfered less between him and his child-patients than with adults. At the same time, he had so many assets that cannot be acquired by mere training. His humanity was bound up with a sentimentality, a pawkiness, which formed a valid substitute for the thickest skin. The two sides to him come out in the fact that he could barely endure to look on at an operation and yet never felt the possibility of losing his nerve while

engaged in one. In the same way he could lecture to Salvation Army derelicts and keep them quiet for an hour when other lecturers created uproar, with ejections, in ten minutes. He was 'showing them what love and service and beauty meant': lectures on which one of the staff complimented him, adding that they were 'quite all right if one of us is at hand to tell them afterwards what you mean.' And when he became an enthusiastic supporter of Irish political aspirations and went over to get material for a book on the subject, he was headed off from meeting De Valera, and comments that Mrs. J. R. Green was 'almost as notable an historian as her husband.' In the same way, he is extravagant in praise of certain female friends, but married a nurse in order to be taken care of.

This seems to me a judicial account of a typical book; but perhaps it chiefly demonstrates the difficulty an Englishman has in understanding Scottish character.

Let us return to an Englishman about whom there is no such difficulty, Sir Herbert Barker, who is almost wholly concerned with his work as manipulative surgeon. Various other interests, capable of indefinite development, especially those bordering on health in general, public affairs, etc., had to remain in the bud, because of the quantity of his work and the controversies which surrounded it. As a writer, indeed, he would be better if less controversial, if much detail that he admits to the text had been omitted or used in an appendix.

Born in 1869, his prospects as a boy were excellent; a brilliant and successful father, anxious to provide the son with the utmost advantages in the way of a start on a legal career; a model mother; and so on. But at fifteen both died within a few months of each other; of school he retained only a vivid fear of his headmaster, a detestation of mathematics, and a liking for chemistry. At eighteen his health seemed so precarious that a voyage to Canada, and work on a farm, was decided on. He returned much better. For seven years previously, not strong, and not inclined towards intellectual work, he had shown a marked liking for medical subjects, and for doctoring people; massaging, alleviating pain, reading medical books, and, espe-

cially, studying joints and the mechanical action of the body. On the voyage to Canada, a dislocation occurred, with which the only medical available help could not deal; Barker tried, and with the help of what seemed to him no more than common sense, succeeded fully at once. It was this success that turned him into a 'bone-setter.'

He had a cousin, John Atkinson, engaged in that business in London, who offered to train him, and by 1889 Barker had started on his own account in Manchester. A long period of waiting ended by an athlete being brought to him with a damaged ankle, treatment for which had been unsuccessful. He succeeded; and his business mounted up and up on sports' injuries. He moved to London, but could not get going there. Poverty and scarlet-fever ended that phase. He started again in Glasgow and got on well; moved once more to London (1905). and went from success to success so far as his practice and number of patients and increase of experience and reputation were concerned: his manipulative surgery cured cases which the ordinary medical training did not enable doctors to cure. In his first nineteen years alone he claims to have cured 27,000 cases which doctors had dismissed as incurable. Very many medical men, including all ranks and degrees of eminence, approved of his methods and success; but the medical press and the General Medical Council continued to denounce him as an impostor and expelled from the profession one doctor who assisted him as anæsthetist, denouncing the doctor's assistance as 'infamous' conduct. Some of the most powerful journals, scores of influential people, Parliament itself, were powerless to produce alteration in this state of affairs; and it was not until the War, with its hundreds of cases urgent and deserving, both from a national as well as from an individual point of view, brought the case to a head, that any advance was made. Even the Law Courts had been exploited to endeavour to bring about his ruin by means of libels too costly for him to take to Courts of Appeal; libels, indeed, which would have ruined a less determined man. And even under war conditions this advance was slow and difficult. During fifteen of these years he suffered from spinal trouble which left him in continual pain

and induced headaches also to an extent which often crippled him. All medical treatment was used in vain. The case was one which he alone could cure; and he was the only person who could not reach the parts affected. One doctor remarked, 'You see, he can't cure himself.'

His wife was a great asset to him in fortifying his aims and resolve; his ignorance of the worst side of human nature and incapacity for realizing it in another, with its consequent hopefulness of changes for the better being imminent when, with the people he had to deal with, to whom etiquette and vested interest took precedence of all other considerations and justified all methods of attack, no change was possible.

In conclusion, then, we may turn to the German series concerning 'Present-day Medicine.' A few more words may be added on the general characteristics of the series, its advantages and disadvantages, and a few more on the common factors operating amongst the twelve who are here chosen to represent the forty-seven medical men who appear in this particular series. That much said, we can go on to see what more can be added of each, both individually and professionally; as has been the case with those other men and women already referred to in this chapter.

It is very natural that so clearly defined a method as is followed in this German series, and in the other similar ones which have been issued under the same auspices, should have clearly-defined limitations. These are inevitable if the equally clear benefits of systematization are to be obtained and it is equally desirable that they should be indicated here if the subject is to be adequately dealt with in relation to Autobiography in general. It must likewise be made clear that the advantages of such a system are well worth having at the price of such inconveniences.

In the first place, then, the venture being, as it is, a national one for the benefit of German readers, the personnel chosen is predominantly German. And even when foreigners are invited to contribute, as is frequently the case, the editorial point of view remains German; and the foreigners chosen mostly come from neighbouring countries. In the case of this medical series,

the publisher has been fortunate in his choice of the general editor, professor Dr. L. R. Grote, and the criticism is only mentioned because, if the method were to attain its fullest efficiency, it would naturally need to be carried out internationally. Ultimately, of course, such a series will have to be judged on

Ultimately, of course, such a series will have to be judged on its success in selecting those who prove to be signposts, rather than milestones, on the road to a better world, but we are only concerned with the relation between its individual selections and Autobiography. Its advantages, especially in a chapter on professions, include a synthetic picture of kindred efforts under the control of certain common factors. The individuals tend to have been born within a few years of one another, to have lived through similar eventualities, to have come under the influence of the same events, of similar environment, and even of the same people, and to have had to struggle for similar aims against similar adverse circumstances; and finally to have attained about the same mature age when they write. In such a series, therefore, the indebtedness, the limitations, the achievements, of the same two generations recur and recur, and reconstruct the setting which gives these generations their place in history.

Setting which gives these generations their place in history.

On the other hand, when philosophers know beforehand that they are going to write in a philosophic series, and doctors in a medical series, and so on, there must accrue a tendency to become controversial rather than expansive, to write as defenders of specialities rather than as exponents of the 'humanities,' as successful academicians writing for their fellows rather than as failures to failures. Certainly, most of the contributors do grow up on the first page; many, for all the evidence produced to the contrary, seem to have sprung from spontaneous generation or straight from the brain of Zeus, to have lived technical lives in inhuman vacuums, and to have missed all those opportunities which other autobiographers have utilized to their own advantages and to ours. Especially is this liable to be the case with such highly specialized careers as these men have indulged in. And rarely are they to be found leaving their own countries. When they do leave, it is as strangers going to a strange country; visitors glad when they can get back home. What languages they learned they learned because they had to

learn them. I have endeavoured to escape from these limitations by choosing contributors who display most of human characteristics, who exemplify the human side of medical effort, as also to escape from too Central-European a point of view by choosing a proportion of non-German contributors larger than is typical of the series in itself. It may be that I have carried these safeguards farther than is necessary. But a mere bibliographer-critic cannot expect himself to form an opinion worth holding on such highly technical matters as are here involved. He can do no more than select on a 'safety-first' principle; and where an editor of one nationality chooses a contributor of another nationality, the non-expert may feel safer with the latter choice. Another disadvantage is that the space allowed does not admit of anything like a full-length portrait.

To begin, then. Here follow the names, nationalities, and specialities of the thirteen chosen.

Chasin1:4: . . .

		Specialities:
Charles Richet	French	Physiology, somnambulism, serum-therapy, anaphylaxy.
Nicolaas Philip Tendeloo	Dutch	Bacteriology, biochemistry, causation, terminology.
Johannes von Kries	Swiss	Physiology, philosophy, natural science.
Hermann Sahli	Swiss	Discovery: apparatus, medicine, treatments.
Karl Petren	Swedish	Clinical research; physiology, neurology, diabetes, metabo- lism.
Adolf Lorenz	Austrian	Anatomy, surgery, orthopædics.
Knud Faber	Danish	Clinical pathology, bacteri- ology, tuberculosis.
Sigmund Freud	Austrian Jew	Psychology.
August Forel	Swiss	Psychiatry, hypnosis, sex.
Carl Posner	German	Microscopy; zoological anatomy, urology.
Hans Much	_	Tuberculosis, immunity.
Heinrich Braun	-	Anatomy, surgery.
Friedrich Martins	_	Pathology.

Certain factors which are common to several of the above and which are worth noting as such are:
Except for Much (1880) all were born between 1848 and

1860.

Braun, Forel, Freud, Martins, Petren and Posner all mention Darwin as a major influence in their lives.

Martins, Much, Petren and Tendeloo, were all sons of

country parsons.

Except for Braun, whose people were well-off, and Lorenz, who came from a poor home, all belonged to thrifty middleclass homes.

All were writers; either on technical subjects only, or with a wider range. Freud and Lorenz can now be read in English. Inheritance is a factor in their careers in every case, either

by influence or pre-disposition.

Turning to the individuals as individuals and taking them in

Turning to the individuals as individuals and taking them in alphabetical order, this is what they have to say:

Braun lost his parents early. He came of a long line of ancestors who had been gradually increasing in prosperity by manufacture. The boy was brought up by relations in a more or less patrician style and spoilt to an extent which rendered him autocratic. He developed a liking for being alone; especially in the forests. During his nine years at school in Dresden he did well in chemistry, physics, and mathematics; but objected to history and 'dead' languages. In holiday-time he studied zoology. He was influenced by Goethe as well as Darwin; and later, by the 'Dichter-Forscher,' R. Francé. He acquired early a belief that a sound mentality can only be built up on a a belief that a sound mentality can only be built up on a synthesis of natural science and intellectuality which gives first place to a reverence for life and a consciousness of its inscrutability. The materialism which he found growing up around him in later years and to which concessions had to be made, he treated as an ephemeral fashion. He hesitated as to whether he should not attend primarily to music, and declined to take any part in the ordinary student-life. He did, in fact, both compose and paint. He felt that in order to comprehend, it was necessary to create; and had a natural bent for the creative. The conventional was never good enough for Braun. Nothing

contented him but that which had new life in it. In him a superabundant vitality, backed up by persistence, steadiness and will-power, led him always forward and constructively, e.g., he did not consider anyone a leader who looks upon himself as irreplaceable and limits himself to acting instead of going on to define aims and showing the way to attain them. A leader, to him, was one who can educate those around him up to acting for themselves.

He began as a surgeon and lecturer at Leipzig and spent most of his years as head of the 'Krankenstift' at Zwickau. Some of his experiments he carried out on himself. It is mainly due to his discoveries in anæsthesia that the painless extraction of teeth has become possible; and it was due to him that the open treatment of wounds, *i.e.*, without bandaging, was reintroduced. Manuals, reform in the training of nurses, in the advanced education of doctors, in the construction and organization of hospitals, were all undertaken by him. To be sure of results in the last-named, he turned architect.

Faber's father was a schoolmaster with many interests. Two of the four sons became doctors, two engineers; and this one reflects the father's influence by devoting a large proportion of his energies to teaching, to Natural Science, and to research into the origin and historical development of the definition of diseases. This led him to become a reformer of a kind; to insist that in recording symptoms more attention needed to be given to correlating these descriptions with investigation of causation and to study the symptoms in their relations with Natural Science. Another outcome was insistence on the harm done by limiting consideration to disturbances of functions and their consequences without going on to ascertain how far certain states tend to set up a state of disease.

Forel was the son of a clever, observant, rather narrow, farmer and his unpractical, conscientious, altruistic wife, in whose family mental disease was pronounced. The boy took after both, and, in maturity, was conscious of the two inheritances contending for predominance in his brain. At seven years

of age he was so far taking after his father as to be specializing in observing ants, and by eleven had decided to make a life-study of them. Unable, as a child, to hold his own against other boys, he developed a masterful personality as soon as adolescence set in. It was then that he was attracted to the study of the brain. 'Ants and the brain' was a dual religion with him for the rest of his life. At eighteen he was following up this new interest at Zürich University, and already specializing in psychiatry. At twenty-four he won a prize with a book on ants and at thirty-one became head of a mental hospital and professor of psychiatry at Zürich. At the mental hospital it was uphill work, reorganizing a demoralized staff, but inexhaustible energy and will-power won the day there and enabled him to carry on simultaneous campaigns against prevailing social evils, alcoholism, prostitution, war, and others. Research and ethics indicated the aims for him, personality provided the driving power: and once he started, there was no stopping him.

Freud never was a physician, nor wished to be. Curiosity was his sole motive. As a Jew at the University of Vienna he found himself not only belonging to a minority but under the ban of a compact majority. He considers this laid the foundation of a certain increased independence of judgment; and certainly it stimulated a pugnacity which has led to all his work being conducted in an atmosphere of hostility and controversy. He laid himself open to attack, too, inasmuch as, for all that he was a Jew, his mentality seems to have been that of German language, whose indeterminateness lends itself to deception and self-deception in the hands of the weaker, or more wilful, brethren. He says himself that he and his followers were given to generalize dogmatically with a freedom and comprehensiveness which their material did not justify. He became used to a low standard of criticism at the outset. The chief 'authority' on the subject of neuro-pathology when he began study was a text-book which contained detailed instructions for the treatment of all the symptoms of neurotic disease. Freud could only come to one conclusion about this book. It was not only a case of a technical vocabulary assuming an authority which it had

no claim to. It was a deliberate fraud from beginning to end. Therefore he saw nothing wrong in popularizing his systems by describing the life of the infant as dominated by sexual impulses, whereas all that he observed and referred to was a general idea of pleasure and affection. Freud, then, according to his own showing, started his intellectual life under the influence of Darwin and the possibilities Darwin revealed of a marvellous advance in human comprehension of the world we live in, and then proceeded to discard, in his own life-work, every principle that gave Darwin the value he possessed. As he looks back, after a serious illness late in life, he is candid concerning his own failings as a scientific worker, recognizing especially how slow he was to grow, how swift to preach: that he had spent his life continually deceiving himself and others; and that, when all was said, there was nothing to show for it, except that he had thrown out many suggestions and that something might come of them. But whether much or little, was more than he could say.

In spite of all this recognition of defects, he continues to use terms of violence, such as 'compulsion,' 'resistance,' 'urging,' for inducing mental processes which depend on voluntariness for their success, or authenticity, or reality. These methods even continue to apply when an inarticulate patient is being stimulated to put into words states of mind which, if existent in any degree, exist either subconsciously, or hypothetically. They continue, too, to procure an artificial emotional relationship between patient and analyst which is intended to develop into a passionate sensuality or aversion. Whether this constitutes medicine or crime, healing or a new disease, is for his disciples and others to determine. All that I am concerned to summarize is what Freud says about himself.

Von Kries grew up in the country amidst many brothers and sisters, and went on to Zürich University to be stimulated by contact with many Russian students, idealist and socialist. He never had any special predilection for medicine, other than the physiological aspect of it; but inclined more and more to combine his technical studies with philosophy. It was not with

him, as with so many, that he felt a need to settle doubts and acquire some fixed formulas which should save him the trouble of thinking in future, but to help his mentality to grow according to its potentialities. He was, in fact, invited to teach philosophy; but refused in order to leave himself time and freedom to study.

Lorenz began as a choirboy in a convent school, and thought himself lucky at that; it only came about because the abbot happened to be his uncle. He prepared himself in secret for entering the high school, and, after abandoning his first idea of going into the church, earned a living as teacher so as to enable himself to go to Vienna University. All these years, and several to follow, were years of humiliation and hardship and poverty. In the end the anatomist discovered he had gifts as a dissector and obtained the post of demonstrator for him. In time he was offered promotion to be prosector; but refused the offer, although it would have meant an assured income for the future. By now he had become dazzled by the personality and capacity of a professor who lived with magnificent lavishness. The impressiveness of it endured throughout Lorenz's life. It was one of those instances of a single new personality becoming the dominant force of another's future. The same thing happened to Much and Petren in the same degree; and to some of the others in lesser degrees. It may be said of these personal influences that they are by no means those of personalities whose dispositions and capabilities are identical with the characteristics of those whom they influence, but rather that they harmonize with the pictures and ideals that the latter have formed, perhaps unconsciously, of the way they would like to live.

Lorenz ended by living in that style himself, but, to begin with, became a surgeon, as the first step on the way. While still an assistant at operations he incurred poisoning with effects that disabled him from continuing with surgery. He thought of suicide; but in the end returned to orthopædics, and found full scope in it. He was a born doctor in his energy and desire to diminish suffering; and a born scientist in his readiness to drop

an invention of his own as soon as a better method had been devised. But, once convinced of the excellence of a method, he was ready to further it against all opposition.

Curvature of the spine, tubercular arthritis, congenital dislocation of the hip, received particular attention from him; and he became reconciled to the limitations enforced on him by his accident by the knowledge of the number of small girls who, through him and his discoveries, had been enabled to take their places in life after all in spite of these early handicaps. He ended by effecting the separation of orthopædics from surgery and the establishment of it as a separate branch of the profession. It was a characteristic of him that distinctions of class and race never made any impression on him; and that the enormous sums of money given away by and through him in order to set straight the finances of his poorer patients and their families left him in the end a poor man.

Martins had a career unlike those of any of the others. Home and school were equally uncongenial; so much so that he acquired a dislike for everything that either brought to his notice. Medicine and natural science acquired their hold over him by virtue of their being the two subjects known to him which were ignored by both school and home; just as Darwin acquired an interest for him because he was never referred to otherwise than as an evil-minded person. This training of the character by contraries grew to be a handicap to him throughout life; added to, he thinks, by his having only a very ordinary mind. Nevertheless, his experience was that the possession of out-of-the-way gifts was dear at any price, unless accompanied by a capacity for self-criticism. Virchow, he found, had both. Martins became an army doctor, and found himself in danger of forgetting all he had learnt. He was rescued by his desire to learn; so he says, but the predisposition to take a greater interest in theory than in practice, which followed him throughout life, seems to account for his main occupation. This consisted of applying the principles of academic research to therapy; greatly to the discomfort and annoyance of those doctors who saw no reason to spend time in applying them.

Much also aroused opposition; and no wonder. It must make life difficult for any normal person to have someone with Much's brain- and will-power about, expecting them to screw their efforts up to the same pitch. When Much was a schoolboy, he hated Latin. He found that it was necessary; he set himself to become top in it, and did so. This led him, thus early, to discover that, given will-power, the most unattractive achievements are possible. He went on to discover that his father, a many-sided scholar, could not afford any of the careers for his son that the son preferred. Except one, medicine: a minor preference. He turned to medicine. At the University he seemed to be living a sociable-idle life but came out top in the exams. He finished his studies with the impression that medicine could not be described as a real science, nor was likely to reveal any of the ultimate realities of which he was in search. But here again the personal factor comes in. In his case Behring was the person, whose personal and intellectual qualities reconciled Much to study tuberculosis under him. In the end they disagreed, and Much reverted to philosophy as his main preoccupation. Nevertheless, he continued to be a physician, convinced as he was that anything, once undertaken, had a claim to be completed. He specialized in tuberculosis in children, but ended by becoming an apostle of immunity as the last word in medicine. The chief department of medicine—ultimately, he believed, the only department—was that of stimulating immunity by means of a general power of resistance to disease and diseases. Every method of remedy, he contends, is valid only in so far as it renders the patient immune. Air, water, rays, electricity, massage, etc., only so become valid remedies. A corollary of this idea worked out as being that the immediate task of medicine consisted in defining where our knowledge ends at present and a systemization of what knowledge we find, after stocktaking, that we have really got.

Much was a lyric poet at twelve years of age. He evolved into a novelist, a writer on Buddhism and German mysticism; remaining to the end a disciple of Plato, inasmuch as he was ever following out the latter's doctrine that the main object of

thinking was to discover the unity which underlies the world's diversities.

Petren finds he benefited from his ancestry and his home. The ancestry was varied. One ancestor was a professor of mathematics; others were gifted in sentimental and imaginative ways. At home there were many brothers and sisters; enabling him, he perceives, to avoid that premature artificial maturity which threatens the youngster who is encircled by adult influence. However, he provided himself with plenty of adult influence. Between fourteen and fifteen he was busy reading Laplace, Kant, Darwin and Haeckel. These never lost their influence. In 1885, when, at sixteen, he started work at Lund University, his mind had balance and decision enough to enable him to go straight on, free from uncertainties. Petren, too, experienced the benefit of personality beside him; in this case the physiologist, who, in addition to brilliance, possessed an unwearying persistence in inquiry which was equally impressive. Certainly Petren became a remarkable example of the same quality himself. In 1894 he decided to concentrate on clinical medicine. No opportunities were available. During this enforced waiting he undertook research in pathological anatomy in relation to the nervous system, working entirely alone, and making whatever sacrifices proved necessary. He went abroad to further his researches, and, in the end, regularly turned general practitioner in summer-time, at bathing places, since work of that description provided him with a stimulating variety. He went on to become professor at Upsala and, later still, at Lund; undertaking reform of clinical instruction, of nursing, and the prevention of tuberculosis; and spent many years in co-operating in municipal welfare-work. One of his books was written in joint authorship with Faber.

Posner was another of those who were personally influenced by Virchow. But there could hardly have been any eminent medical man of that period in Berlin with whom Posner's father did not bring the boy into touch. When, therefore, he left school, medicine was the only thought in his mind. At Bonn he became particularly attracted by zoological anatomy and the

possibilities of the microscope. The influence that Darwin had upon his development is apparent again in the fact of his leaving for Leipzig because there he was to find special facilities for research on Darwin's lines. He wished, indeed, to specialize in such research, but practical considerations prevented this. In particular, his acquaintanceship with the leading figures in the medical-literary world diverted him into taking part in medical journalism. The pathology of the kidneys, too, became a subject of special interest to him, and methods whereby the use of colouring-matter could be utilized to facilitate observation not practicable otherwise. This led to him acting as deputy, by chance, to a urologist, and that at the time when the invention of the cystoscope had just put the surgery and diagnosis of the subject on a new footing. He turned to specialize in this new method, both as lecturer and as researcher, endeavouring to correlate its possibilities with general medical questions as well. All this work, again, led to attention to sexual questions, but from a biological point of view, not from a psychological one; and constitutional rather than organic. Thus, though his specializing in urology was, at the outset, accidental, it was led up to by the utilization of innumerable opportunities and from it he was led to ever wider and wider studies. He began, and always remained, primarily a scientist; but one who never ceased to attend to remedial possibilities. This breadth and depth likewise ensued from the connection which his father had maintained with the public life of the medical world, a connection which the son developed, as editor of periodicals and reports, by attendance at congresses, and by sociability.

Richet was very similar to Posner socially; only in Paris instead of Berlin. His father, too, was surgeon, teacher, scientist; and in touch with the greatest possible number of kindred minds. He possessed, in addition, a charming mother who was the daughter of a distinguished jurist and philosopher; one who was given to making himself heard when questions of public right and wrong were at stake. This grandfather likewise lived long enough to influence the boy directly. When it came to choose his way of life, then, the choice was a complicated

question. Science, literature, psychology, were equally hard to convert into secondary issues for the rest of his life: but, without a word spoken on either side, allegiance to his father decided him in favour of medicine. The other predispositions inclined him rather to physiology than towards anatomy; that was all. He always remained one who, like von Kries, amidst immediate considerations are attending to the world at the back of phenomena, and concerned himself with ultimate relations and truths. He feels indebted to his teachers for leaving him as free as they did to go his own way. This way began by being one of attention to somnambulism. Next came a book about the physiology of muscles and nerves; then inquiry into the possibilities of utilizing the blood of vaccinated animals as a means of prevention of infection (serum-therapy). When he was forty, Richet performed the first therapeutic serum-injection on record. Twenty-three years later-1913-he received the Nobel prize for the discovery of anaphylaxy. Before 'vitamines' were christened, he had been employing knowledge of the essence of the discovery of his 'zomotherapy.'

Throughout he continued to live several other lives, as psychologist, as historian, dramatist, bibliographer; and particularly as a zealous pacifist. He ended by staggering a medical audience by his courage in maintaining that there are other means of perception than those of the senses.

Hermann Sahli is not included amongst those who come from country parsonages, but the essentials are there in him. His mother was the daughter of such a home, and her father was well-known as an expert in lichen. The daughter acquired an interest in botany from her father strongly enough to transmit it to her son. The latter was engaged on physical and chemical experiments when he was ten. He was exceptional all round. Music and mathematics appealed equally to him; a rare combination, and in comparison with his fellow-doctors, it is just as unusual to find him appreciating the utility of the 'dead' languages as a means of inducing logical thought.

The sole reason, in fact, for his engaging in medicine was that the lectures at Bern were devised synthetically to lead in

that direction. The more he attended to it the more it fascinated him; until, at the end of his life, he could say that he was wholly given up to it, that he had no other purpose in life. Ambitions never entered into his head, and his chief troubles were connected with those unessential matters which tacked themselves on to medicine, unessentials which seemed to him to hinder, and sometimes to counteract, its brilliant gains. He, too, was one of the few who work in countries not their own to deepen and broaden their capacities. And his was an extraordinary variety of achievement in discovery and creative invention; intestines, heart, lungs, blood-vessels, modes of infection, anæmia, methods of diagnosis, and verification; and many new apparatuses and medicines and treatments. He seemed to possess a magic formula for finding what is wanted and how to attain it in so many diverse departments, which really arose from endowment with diverse qualities, with a sense of facts equal to Braun's, with an inner impulse to link them up with their true causes, and capacity in thinking to co-ordinate seemingly unconnected ideas and their interrelations. Observer and technician and scientist in one, with a profundity all his own and a capacity for continually absorbing fresh knowledge, without being clogged by it.

When he is speaking of his manual concerning clinical examinations he gives evidence of a similar capacity for synthesis and, when any single achievement is concerned, he apparently developed the requisite will-power; which seems to be related to ambition, but was not.

He himself believed that he would have been content in any department of science. No one, according to him, can study without discovering that his subject is attractive. His ideal is that medicine should become an exact science. He speaks out against the convention of scribbling articles, etc., which serve no purpose except to disguise the true state of the case, and against the evils of a drug trade which is dominated by advertisers. He carried his disagreement with specializing farther than the profession was prepared to go, considering the impossibility of anyone now keeping abreast of current new knowledge and

at the same time acquiring knowledge of his own for the benefit of others.

Tendeloo would rather have been an inventor of new mechanisms, a musician, or a student of physics. It was problematic with him whether he was going to pass examinations that he was able to pass, because he was never inclined to work when the examination was becoming due. Neither did he take to 'cramming.' But he would always work when nobody wanted him to do so. And he tended to combine natural science with abstract questions; a combination that puzzled others in its rarity. He was also extra good at sport, and sociable idleness. However, when he realized he must do something he thought that being an army doctor would do as well as anything. But he never became one; he took up practice as a general practitioner instead at Rotterdam. After eight years of this he converted himself into a bacteriologist at a hospital. In the end he was appointed professor of pathological anatomy at Leiden, specializing in diseases of the lungs. Never at any time did he become one of those to whom the accumulation of isolated specimens of knowledge is all in all: causation was what appealed to Tendeloo; especially bio-chemical causation and what constitutes the essence of illness. He came more and more to the conclusion that illness is occasioned by a combination of circumstances rather than by a particular debility due to local poison. The practical issues for him as he grew older and reconsidered things was to attempt to clear up the weak points in medical thought and terminology, to express fundamental ideas in clearer form, and to shake medical self-confidence in its own statements.

CHAPTER XI

THE WRONG TURNING

Yet all man's life is but ailing and dim, And rest upon earth comes never. But if any far-off state there be, Dearer than life to mortality, The hand of the Dark hath hold thereof, And mist is under and mist above. And so we are sick for Life, and cling On earth to this nameless and shining thing, For other life is a fountain sealed, And the deeps below us are unrevealed, And we drift, on legends, for ever.

'HIPPOLYTUS' of Euripides (Gilbert Murray).

THE scope of this chapter has already been referred to in the Preface. It may be found to the preface of the property of the preface of the property of the preface of the the Preface. It may be further defined by saying that its personages are among those who, deliberately or unwittingly, have departed from what may be assumed to be the normal desire to lead a healthy, active, long, and beloved life. But decisions like theirs by no means assume that the chapter must needs be a gloomy one. Is not the mystery that Euripides speaks of-as quoted above-in some degree common to all? And while one might as well take a chapter-heading from Gorki's autobiography instead, namely, 'It is the common aim of all devils to help humanity in its quest for misfortunes,' it is only reasonable to add from the same source, 'Fate is no hindrance to happiness.' Some of these books are very sad ones. But so are some of all other kinds, and oftentimes when the author is unconscious of being so. And some are quite the reverse. In any case, all have their encouraging aspects and cheerful moments.

Even Albert Froidevaux, now. Born in 1888 into a watch-making family in the Swiss Jura mountains—a family whose

father thought that children could not be forced to rough it too much—his childhood was full of terrific punishments for trifles, of the depths of poverty, and of incessant work. At eighteen he ran away and joined the Foreign Legion. At Tonkin he took his 'wrong turning.' He ran a poisonous bamboo-tip under a finger-nail. Gangrene. The gangrene travels and travels; always reappearing. Forty-seven operations. Fingers are cut off, then hands, legs, arms. Continually in agony; and always in fear. Yet he dictates it all (in 1925) cheerfully.

The same cannot be said of Arthur Drews. Yet his name has been well-known in Germany, which he never, it would seem, left but once, when, at the age of twenty-four (1889), he visited Italy. He found then that he had not had training enough to enable him to appreciate artistic treasures, although he had been spending time at Munich: and Roman Catholicism disgusted him. He became a teacher of philosophy, had few friends, no children, no outside interests, lived a diligent, unwanted, misdirected life, uninspired and uninspiring; and is a type of those of whom, both within Germany and beyond, the supply is greater than the demand. Even his student-days had been disappointing. Philosophy as taught at Munich and Berlin consisted of a mass of names and dates which prevented each other from being grasped. Kant was then so much in the ascendant that to study philosophy meant to study Kant. Drews found Kant unreadable and unintelligible. This is, indeed, a surprisingly usual remark to find in autobiographies of Kant's countrymen who were students at that period. His only profitable hours of study were those during which he was studying by himself. Schopenhauer rescued him from this impasse by his earnest, uncompromising, clearly-defined attitude. But Schopenhauer provided an alternative when no alternative was permitted by the lecturers: and Schopenhauer's doctrines were themselves too destructive to suffice. Von Hartmann, however, and his 'Philosophie des Unbewussten,' did suffice. It solved all his doubts and difficulties and provided for his intellectual future: but for no other future. Drews made the acquaintance of von Hartmann, by then a hopeless invalid, and undertook the task of

letting the world know how great a leader von Hartmann was. But he was unable even to interest anyone in his defensive and offensive arguments, and, when he applied for a post, gave the impression that he was too outspoken to become a desirable colleague. He came of a stubborn peasant stock in Holstein; and also seems to be one of those who need to be told what others come to understand by intuition or observation. Von Hartmann himself warned him that he must acquire a little hypocrisy, and should have attended the seminar of some professor to whom, in time and with tact, he should have presented his MSS. for advice and gratefully accepted whatever corrections the professor made. Whereas Drews had been publishing books which put everyone to rights when there was no demand for it on their part, and then expected posts to be offered him in recognition of services rendered. An awkward position for a in recognition of services rendered. An awkward position for a newly-married man whose bride based all her hopes on her husband becoming preëminent as a scholar. He could find nothing better than to become teacher at a technical high school. He never did find anything better. Badly handicapped by rheumatism, he found few listeners; philosophy was not an examination subject and few could afford to spend time on an unprofitable subject. Also, in so far as his listeners were keen, unprofitable subject. Also, in so far as his listeners were keen, so far did they tend to go on to a University. He continued, however, to lecture. He lectured on Hegel, Christianity and Wagner, demonstrating to all whom it might concern that the philosophy of the 'Ring' came from Feuerbach rather than Schopenhauer. When he was over thirty, he still found it possible to think of philosophy as consisting of recent German contradictions of Descartes: a fairyland without fairies. He did himself much harm by continuing to champion von Hartmann, who was regarded as a dilettante whom no one need take seriously; and likewise by attacking Nietzsche as an amateur phrasemaker. And just as he made no attempt to discover whether contemporary German academic thought had any inferiorities to any other thought of any other place or date, so, too, did he to any other thought of any other place or date, so, too, did he make no attempt to discover what either the world in general, or the German non-academic world, wished for, or could assimilate, or would put up with, or were fit for, in the way of

religion. Or whether superstition does not meet human needs better than religion.

In 1906 von Hartmann died. He received no recognition during his lifetime from any University: nor at his funeral. From how many errors, thinks Drews, would knowledge of his thought save us in these later times. He issued a pamphlet concerning von Hartmann in the following year, dedicated to German students of philosophy. They took no notice of it.

When Drews was forty-two, however, he came to be

When Drews was forty-two, however, he came to be attracted by Sir James Frazer's *Golden Bough* which led him on to inquiries which ended in his issuing a pamphlet denying the historical existence of Jesus. This pamphlet came just at the right moment to attract attention. Newspapers were full of it. The Kaiser advertised it. Counter-demonstrations took place—with the same result. Religious conferences on the subject became a fashion.

Once the war was over, he continued with an attack on recent philosophy, home and foreign, in which 'gibberish,' 'out of touch with reality,' 'incapacity,' 'a horrible alien vocabulary leading to nowhere,' 'no philosophy any longer, only philosophers engaged in internecine strife' were terms which characterized the book, while he looked on with disapproval at the lengths to which the anti-religious movement, which he had promoted, was going. He was left alone, as at every period of his life, looking forward, as his only consolation, to a new religion ultimately arising on the ruins of the old, free from the crude and dangerous errors of to-day. As he looks back, he cannot feel otherwise than bitter. During the Monarchy he was unpopular with the authorities. When the Republic arrived he was too old. And now (1923) there is too much misery and poverty to allow any hope in the visible future.

Arthur Machen left home, under necessity and without confidence, at the age of twenty-two; his father being an unsuccessful clergyman, and his mother an invalid. They were very poor; and he was without training. He never gained confidence in himself or found anyone to have confidence in him. He wrote much and translated much; but his work never seems

to have risen above unfulfilled promise. He seems to have made a practice of beginning books on the promise of a striking idea, which never worked out to an adequate fulfilment, any more than he did. He must have lived on the verge of contact with hundreds able and willing to assist anyone in any stage of development, without getting benefit from them, or knowledge of them. What talent and tendencies he had were towards the fantastic, which would have been stimulated by travel; but he never succeeded in making acquaintance with anything farther away than a little of France in all these years, in spite of money in hand at times through legacies. In this record of his life, too, he finds difficulty in keeping to the point throughout a paragraph.

His happiest time was when acting with the Benson Company, which Machen entered when he was thirty-eight. Thereafter he had twenty years' experience of journalism at its worst; at Carmelite House; and let that sickening course run its full length, until he felt a real happiness at sixty in being dismissed and having no prospect but to beg his bread.

and having no prospect but to beg his bread.

He seems to have been free of physical illness, but in continual struggle with depression and despair, attracting no one, and being attracted by no one; the fantastic and grotesque seem to have had a real fascination for him, but to have led nowhere. He translated Casanova and the Heptameron, but only as hack work, without any particular interest in them or qualifications. He had learnt no French to speak of at Hereford Cathedral school, where headmaster and boys agreed that learning foreign languages was a sort of silly game; what he did learn came from reading Gil Blas. He never seems to have even aimed at any sort of scholarship, or at any sort of criticism except that of not taking pretentiousness at its own valuations. He never had any home, except as a boy, and it was not till aften ten years of enthusiasm for all that Rabelais stood for that he began to realize that his spiritual home was where he lived as a boy, Caerleon-on-Usk, and the little river Soar rather than the Touraine of the 'Contes Drolatiques' and the Loire and Rabelais. Writing at the age of sixty (1923) he looks back to fifty years before to Caerleon as to a shining little white city

of dreamland, with its white road and winding river; and himself wandering through the deep-cut lanes, and the woods, and lovely by-paths, up on to the hills, in any weather, looking out over the countryside, wandering and dreaming, loafing and mooning: coming to the conclusion he ought not to remain one more burden on the home and father, and doing nothing about it until he was twenty-one. And then the endless struggle against 'the bitter conviction of my own incapacity.' Rarely did anything come to encourage him; his one great success was the purging of the first floor of No. 12 Soho Street, of fleas. Using fly-papers, he captured 3,000 in five weeks: one night, coming home from seeing 'A Pair of Spectacles' at the Garrick, he found 120 caught. As he looked back it did not seem to him that the poverty and loneliness had been the greatest sufferings in his life, but rather the employment at Carmelite House. His case seemed to him like that of 'a man who had been captured by a malignant tribe of anthropoid apes or Yahoos and was by them tormented and unspeakably degraded; and that there was this additional shame and horror, that my degradation and misery were witnessed by rational creatures like myself.'

One year (1899) he passed differently from other years. He had fallen into the depths of despair, and experimented on himself according to certain prescriptions in one of the occult works he more or less specialized in. He does not say in what the experiment consisted. He felt as if he were going to die, and broke off the experiment, afraid. But it had gone far enough and successfully enough for him to find the whole world changed for him. Everything at once seemed to become harmonious and pleasant, even the traffic-noises seemed harmonies instead of unbearable and senseless discords. Even the most ordinary act of touch—the mere placing of one's hand on the table—became a vivid pleasure. The regular headaches he had been troubled with ceased; and when, later, one seemed to be threatening, he touched his forehead with the tip of a little finger, and the ache passed off at once. And that kind of headache never troubled him at any future time. It was on that experience of his that he based his story *The Great Return*. Many years later he read in Adamnan of St Columba's monks

having similar experiences. An inner content seemed to pervade the outer surface, and senses and spirit seemed to mingle. He perceived possibilities about ways of living that hitherto would have seemed fairy-tales. A diary he had kept of one of his worst periods he tore up, since the point of view that had been his in days gone by had ceased to have meaning. Strangers would come and speak to him about things they and he had in common. The phase passed off in about fifteen months. It is not clear why he did not try to repeat the experiment. But then, he did nothing thoroughly.

Nine Hamnett, on the other hand, had plenty of high spirits and self-confidence. She came of a middle-class family. She and her family were terrible trials to each other. Her whole object in life, from that time on, seems to have focused itself on not belonging to the middle-classes. She never succeeded. She adopted the usual expedient. She became an 'artist.' But her ideas of Art remained middle-class, consisting of not wanting to go to sleep at nights or to wake up in the morning; on living on by and for alcohol, and honing to die of it, in preferring on, by, and for, alcohol, and hoping to die of it; in preferring dirt to cleanliness, sexually and domestically; and the assumption that Art can only exist in certain parishes in Paris, namely, those from which the 'sale bourgeois' exile themselves, whereas—has it not been known to flourish in the provinces in France, in the caves of the Tarn valley, not to mention such other out-ofthe-way spots as Spain, China, and Chipping Campden? In short, she used the profession as a means towards living a disorderly life out of unwillingness to take the trouble to live an orderly one; not a vocation, but a devolution. Even as an occupation, it implied no more than inducing the benevolent-uncritical to part with spare money in exchange for a drawing, without necessarily thinking, then or later, that they had received value for their cash.

The book is one of the shop-window autobiographies peculiar to women; crammed with dates and names and places regardless of probability and decency. It is nothing for her to remember in 1932 what trousers, coat and tie a man wore one day in 1911 provided the man's name is well-known now.

Underlying this case, and most of the cases in this chapter, in a common factor—loss of self-control. And the remainder of the cases—those where self-control is apparent enough, but in which some sense or other is wanting—throw light on the first-named cases. Five senses form a bigger team than one brain can drive. Not, of course, that five senses are sufficient to perceive and enjoy all that is waiting to be perceived and enjoyed, any more than the letters of the alphabets are numerous enough to express it all; but simply, five are more than we can manage. In attending to those that immediately follow, those blind or deaf, or both, it will be seen that happiness is not hindered by deprivation of senses so much as loss of control over them. It will be hindered incidentally by their living in a world of five-sense people, amidst the customs that the possession of five senses sets up, but not by the loss itself.

BLIND AND DEAF

Helen Keller will make all this clear. Born in June 1880, she became blind and deaf through an illness in February, 1882. She had one spring, one summer, one autumn, nineteen months, during which she could use all five senses. For the rest of her life, darkness and silence. She writes of forty-seven such years. Her early life was spent in Alabama. She could remember glimpses of broad green fields, a luminous sky, trees and flowers. She had begun to walk and talk. The word she was most familiar with was 'water,' the first syllable of which she could manage to repeat for a while after her calamity fell upon her. Except for that syllable she was dumb for the time being also. During this interval she could feel her way along the garden hedges, and find flowers by her recollection of their scents. She learnt to communicate with others a little by signs, and spent much of her time with the animals on her father's farm. Many incidents that happened during this interval she continued to remember; but on the whole it was a silent, aimless, dayless life, as if spent in a white fog; a blank without past, present, or future: loving no one; bodily sensations acute, but unrelated to one another. A dream.

More than five years passed so; until 5 April, 1887, when

a teacher came, Anne Sullivan, who had lost her sight, too, in childhood, but had recovered it. She was a girl still, 1,500 miles from home, still handicapped by her sight, with no previous experience in teaching, and without training beyond what she had observed her doctor do. The two were perfectly matched, the teacher and the pupil; friendship and co-operation continued without a break. But Anne Sullivan had a price to pay for her devotion. Disregarding all warnings, she continued to tax her own defective eyesight until she could no longer read without the aid of a powerful lens. No such partnership, so far as is known, had ever occurred before. But now that it has occurred and the results are on record, there is hope and knowledge available for all such cases as Helen Keller's: where before was none. Such cases used to be classed legally with idiots.

Anne Sullivan gave her the idea of spelling by hand and then, by putting the child's hand under the pump to feel the water flow, she linked up spelling with the one word 'water' which still remained with her, enabling her to realize what a name was. The child's own eagerness led her on and on towards ascertaining more and more names. Anything that came to hand would do. The interest never flagged. To begin with the process went on out-of-doors. Sunshine, earth, rain; flowers, plants, animals-and how the growth of the last three was due to the first three. And so on, leading to landscapes and history, ideas and people: to events, museums, science, to books and what was in them. Never a question as to whether the child remembered what had been achieved the day before, and no need of one. Genius, sympathy, tact, all seizing the right moment for the right new departure, with a vividness in description that ensured no forgetfulness. Not that all this was easy. Two or three years were needed for the child to pick up those idioms and expressions which are current in the simplest daily round and which children learn before they are five from constant repetition and imitation. Many were the failures in spelling out the word 'think' combined with touching the forehead before the combined meaning dawned on her-her first conscious perception of an abstract idea. She could then ascertain that she had never before done any thinking of the kind, because she had never before contracted her forehead in the act of thinking. Their method with geography was easy enough, and happiness too; digging miniature river-beds and making dams in them; raising maps in clay with mountains in them. And so on to zoology and botany; and the antediluvian world. The artificial divisions of the earth did present some difficulties, and mathematics more and worse ones. Climbing, riding, bathing, tobogganing, rowing, all had their places. In rowing Helen Keller could keep her direction by noting whether the scents from the river-bank came from near or far.

By the end of the second month she was able to follow a story in print and from that time on devoured all print within reach of her finger-tips. At first she read on without comprehending one word in ten, but steady improvement extended to Latin, French, German and Greek; to success at College within the normal period, writing books, lecturing in every state in the Union and also abroad, to acting, and even to an active part in philanthropic movements, and the correspondence in three languages which all these involved.

Such things would not have been possible without Anne Sullivan; but little that the latter contributed could have taken effect without Helen Keller's own determination and enterprise. Amidst the initial difficulties of learning to talk, when they always seemed to be beginning afresh and she was only seven, her resolve to learn 'never wavered.' At no time did failure ever deter either from fresh experiments. One day she crawled into the St Lawrence river to find out what a river was like. Logs were floating down at that point. 'Keeping my body out of reach of the logs and clinging to the rocks, . . . the current turned me over and over like a leaf, but I managed to touch some of the logs as they shot past, and the sense of adventure was delightful.'

Rarely did experience sadden her. Radcliffe College was the worst. She remembered visiting a house where the 'library' consisted of book-titles printed on dummy 'bindings.' The College reminded her of that 'library.' Her hopes were so high: the drab reality so drab. It also reminded her of what she heard about others' rushes through Europe on summer holidays. Not

only did her handicaps force her to be in a hurry; but everyone else hurried. Hitherto the ordinary course of her life had left her time to meditate, whereas the aim at College seemed to be to learn how to avoid thought. Only one lecturer instilled life into his subject. Even the great writers seemed to become mummified. To absorb the variety prescribed prevented its value being absorbed, and as for the examinations, they left her boiling over with 'revolutionary schemes to abolish the divine right of professors to ask questions without the consent of the questioned.'

No doubt some will wish to know something of her finances. After the father died (when she was sixteen) a wealthy man provided for her and Anne Sullivan for several years and promised a bequest in his will. He forgot the promise. Another benefactor came to the rescue, but halved his allowance when Anne Sullivan married. Things went from bad to worse until Carnegie did all that was needed. In later years her own efforts brought her some income, and a girl-secretary did far more than secretarial work for her. What she spent on herself must have been very small compared to the amounts she collected for others. Many others tried to assist her in one way or another, but only those succeeded who did not try to manage her affairs for her.

Among books, those of Keats, Wordsworth, Browning, Shelley, Whitman, Conrad, Hardy and Olive Schreiner remained her favourites, and books like de Kruif's *Microbe Hunters* had a special appeal, too. People like Mencken, and Sinclair Lewis, she felt no kinship with. She liked being enthusiastic and on the look-out for miracles, even though disappointment awaited her in consequence: they did not.

But what went deepest was her love of everything outdoors. 'God has put much of his work in raised print.' She had much practice in keeping still; wild life used to collect round her; and she perceived much that the restless are blind to, mostly by touch, by movement affecting twigs, etc. Running water conveyed much to her, and so did her sense of smell.

It is in relation to such matters that the uses of her writings rise highest. Touch, taste, smell, vibration. By making the most

of these she had a fuller life than most who can see and hear. Vibration was the most limited. Yet it brought her the soft voices of Nature, flutter, ripple, hum, rustle, and buzz; and set her thinking how quietly Nature constructs and how noisy is man's constructiveness. And much character was revealed to her by footsteps. Although sensitive to a piano from a distance, she became still more so when in contact with it. Violins conveyed more than pianos. She could distinguish the various instruments of an orchestra from one another by keeping her fingers on a 'radio.' She never got as far as distinguishing one composition from another, yet she could distinguish tune from tune by placing her hand on the singer's throat and cheek. Touch came first with her. It seemed to be to her what sight and hearing combined are to us. All that moved her was as a hand touching her in the dark. She felt as Job did, as if a hand had made her. By it she gave herself experience of the cat's purr and mew and spit, the dog's bark, yelp, and snore, of cows, horses, and monkeys through the distinctive noises of each, of the lion's roar and the tiger's snarl. She visited all the menageries she could and got the animals to 'talk' into her hand: except the tiger—with him she 'listened' by putting her hands on the bars of his cage. She found that those who have sight do not realize the tangibility of things; of trees, rocks, gradients, straightness, curves, of coolness, solidity, and exquisiteness, for instance; and all the potentialities that imagination can extract therefrom. And tactual sense to her was not merely an affair of the fingertips: she experienced it as existing all over the body by way of temperatures, surfaces and vibrations. How much do people miss, she meditated, when they look at things with their hands in their pockets.

'The only lightless dark is the night of ignorance and insensibility.' So it seemed to her. In her dreams she was no different from others; had full freedom of movement, for instance, although she had never been for a walk of more than a quarter of a mile by herself and that much only in touching a wire hand-rail arranged for her. Many scientific tests were made to ascertain how far her remaining senses departed from the normal. The upshot was that they were neither better nor

worse; only by abnormal utilization did they come to be more efficient. The utilization of her sense of smell yielded many advantages. Hours before a storm approaches, she is aware of it so: by the same means she knows of the approach of the evening and the character of country she is passing through. More conception of what sight and hearing means is obtainable by her from smell than from touch, but the impressions so obtained are more fugitive. For example, contact with a tree will imprint the tree on the memory, but the smell of a tree is perceptible from a distance. The occupations of people are distinguishable to her from their scent, and these personal odours are so distinct as to be recognizable after long absences. A single meeting is enough to establish such a scent-memory. She has not a dog's capacity to follow up a trail by scent, but age, vitality and sex are all perceptible to her. All children, she found, smell the same up to about seven years' old. She came to know what districts of San Francisco she was in by smell. 'Fifth Avenue' had its own smell which she never failed to recognize. If she passed a church she knew whether is was Protestant or Catholic. The breweries of Duluth she identified miles away. The aromas of California would fill a book, 'As many smells as there are philosophies.' Her sense of smell seems to have been to her much what a sense of music is to a musician. Once she lost it for a few days, and loneliness grew and grew until she recovered it. From that loss she inferred what it means to lose sight; but also that to lose a sense is not to lose any intellectual capacity. Speaking of loneliness—unfamiliar places seem to have affected her more acutely in that way than they affect most persons; perhaps in the same kind and degree that others experience at sea; the missing of many minute features, cart-ruts, soils and grasses, meant so much to her.

And what—on the whole—does it mean to be blind? Enforced idleness is the worst part of it: lack of liberty next worst. Desiring to be free and useful, the blind cannot go about the simplest things alone. Even their books are chosen for them—generally serious ones. But if there is a choice, the blind will leave these on the shelf and choose the cheerful ones. On the other hand, the blind child is free of that fear of the dark that

a seeing child has, and, as permission is freely given to reprint articles from magazines, their magazines maintain a higher standard than the average. And what makes the difference between person and person lies not so much in what senses they have or lack, but in the use they make of them; in the imagination and courage they bring to bear in seeking wisdom beyond sense-control. The blind can face the unknown and grapple with it—what more can the seeing do? 'Vision depends not on how much we can see, but on how much we can feel.' And whatever senses remain can not only become the more acute in proportion to their fewness, but their reflex action on each other becomes the greater until there grows up what Helen Keller describes as a soul-sense, which sees, hears and feels, all in one.

All the foregoing built itself up not only by virtue of an individual experience, but also inasmuch as Helen Keller became a blind leader of the blind. The phrase used to be a pitiful one. Thanks to her and Anne Sullivan, it is so no longer. Up to 1904, no widely-organized effort existed on behalf of the blind: no census, no survey, no centre, no research, no equipment, no standardized printing-type. Instruction, if any, was oral. The adult blind were idle and necessitous. They were burdens on their families, and they felt they were. Causation of blindness in newly-born children by venereal disease could not even be discussed in the U.S.A. But once an article on the subject by her was accepted, thenceforward discussion became free. In 1929 the day nursery of the Massachusetts School for the Blind, which once had had a long waiting-list of sightless babies, was almost empty. In 1921 the American Foundation for the Blind came into being: by 1924 it became permanently endowed. A single uniform system of Braille type has been adopted. And all the while, the more she did and got done, the more demands on her increased; and she without a servant, working herself to a standstill. And much more to do; the blind being still turned away from workshops in the belief that they could not become efficient, forced into the streets as musicians; and blind musicians deepen the prejudice against the blind.

Even so, she has known students receive training in music costing hundreds of pounds and leaving school full of hope and vision, and finding themselves back at home without a musical instrument, or money, or support—one man who was up to virtuoso-standard engaged in tuning pianos—consequence, his hands spoilt for good and all through carrying his bag of tools: one girl, a fine singer, folding circulars. And so with other forms of training.

That is Helen Keller's experience, bright and dark, and actual. Taha Hussein's equally so. His first recollections are of a canal being the end of the world to him: others could jump across, he could not see across. Yet not till later did he realize he could not see; realization came when he heard his brothers speaking of things he could not see. The blindness came about through neglected ophthalmia; a barber was called in to remedy it and completed the ruin. Born in 1889, Hussein became wholly blind by 1902. Yet it was then he was starting work at the University of Al Azhar. He has become a scholar among scholars, thanks in part to the assistance given him by his wife. He writes to let his little daughter understand, when she grows up, the miseries of life in the poorest of Egyptian homes as he knew it, and as she will never know it. Blindness was not all. Even as a student he spent years existing on one kind of food, the coarsest bread, with stones and straw in it, dipped in black honey. His account of the ordinary course of life and death, including a cholera epidemic, amidst surroundings in which no one imagined other remedies than magic and incantations, and of the rise of a scholar from such surroundings, make his book an outstanding one. And then there is the detail of blindness in poverty, how the most vivid afficient same from travelless. ness-in-poverty: how the most vivid affliction came from trouble with food when all were herded together, the not being able to eat as others ate, and feeling clumsy and conspicuous, and ending by going without altogether. He was so cut off from games, too. But all these troubles led to intenser concentration on listening to stories and on learning by heart. And so, on and up.

François Malaval, too—was he ever sad in his ninety-two years of blindness? A seventeenth century Provençal, blind from his ninth month, he does not write of events, but of thoughts—'the word of God is a light, and who ever tires of seeing light?'—those thoughts which made up life for him during all those years, and ended by making life different for others, bringing to those who could see a happiness which sight could not bring them. And then there were the boys whom he educated, boys who, in the course of reading to him and helping him, became expert librarians.

Lord Sanderson also—he had a sister eight years older than himself; both were blind. His younger sister and brother both had excellent sight. It was a matter of the dates of their births. had excellent sight. It was a matter of the dates of their births. He was born in 1868, with infantile ophthalmia; the oculist to whom he was taken said there was nothing wrong with his eyes. And, in fact, though the centres of his eyes could see nothing, he could see an astonishing amount out of the corners. He grew up very good at games—within limits. He always won his services at lawn-tennis, though no other points. He was a successful bowler at cricket, bowling at the batsman, since he could not see the wicket; batting was less successful, because he had to his at the pitch of the ball judging the pitch because he had to hit at the pitch of the ball, judging the pitch by the sound. At cards, he could see his own and could be told what others were playing. Riding, rowing, cycling, stiltwalking, shooting, gymnastics—none came amiss. He seems to have been naturally musical and able to learn any instrument have been naturally musical and able to learn any instrument quickly, except the piano, developing a lasting unfriendliness towards that through having been taught 'scales.' But he thinks there was too much outdoors about his training, since the blind can hold their own only indoors, and mentally. How far his father had a thought-out system at the back of his decisions, he never knew; but he always persisted in refusing to recognize the boy's blindness: 'rather short-sighted,' he would say, and go on bringing him up as if he were no different from other boys. Certainly, it had the effect of making him far more adventurous and lighthearted than he would otherwise have been. As a boy, he seldom realized his disadvantages, and had a happy childhood: everyone around him took his or her cue from the father and ignored the handicap. There was plenty of money in the family. The music never had a chance because neither parent was musical, nor considered music suitable for a boy; and although he went to school at ten and did well at history, he was not given opportunities of making acquaintance with books until he made such opportunities for himself. Reading by himself was out of the question. The only type he could read was a type rarely employed except in Bibles. Though the father was governor of a Society for the Blind, he does not seem to have known anything of what could be done even at that date: the son did not know of the existence of Braille till he was twenty-one, and had by then become so used to listening and dictating that he never used Braille till he was forty-five, nor a typewriter till he was thirty-five.

But, even as a boy, he used to listen with pleasure when his elders talked economics, and it was his chief debt to Oxford that that interest was developed there. When he returned there in 1905, he found Ruskin Hall (founded 1899) struggling along in an entertaining way and in 1907 was asked to join the staff as tutor and lecturer in Economics. His wife was approached, too; the proposal really went much farther than it seemed to go. It was hoped that both would make the College their chief interest. They did.

Lord Sanderson was never able to discover why he was considered a fit candidate. He knew nothing of Trade Unionism or the Co-operative Movement. His reading in Economics had been conventional; not a line of Marx, very little of any Socialist doctrine and that little had passed unheeded; nor had he spoken much with any working-man other than gardeners, coachmen and gamekeepers. It was quite a recent experience to him, at thirty-nine, to have spoken to a Socialist, or even a Liberal.

From 1916–1923 he was principal of Ruskin College. Overwork put an end to his physical capacity to carry on. But the other capacities and interests awoken in the course of the work did nothing but grow. They would be exceptional in the case of anyone who could see. Travel to Africa and Australia expanded

them. To these activities, as to all concerning the history of Ruskin College, it would be out of place to refer here in detail. But in general, there is this to be said. His book is one by a blind man in which there is less said and implied about blindness than most would say of ill-health. Blindness just gets crowded out by efficient work and friendliness. If it remained a mystery to him why he was deemed a fit candidate for appointment to Ruskin College, it will not be so to any of his readers. He instinctively saw the limitations of others without uncharitableness and his own without bitterness. The earnest, direct, simple-and-single-minded way of writing that he has, admirably clear, reminds one of what he says about his father, a 'typical Victorian' and 'feudal.' All the best of Victorianism and feudalism comes out in the book, including the adaptability of those bests to all that is best in the world that we live in. Even when, in Africa, speaking to a negro audience, his chairman began by saying that, no doubt, being blind, the speaker would find it easier than most speakers to talk to them, since he could not see their colour, he himself could still keep on the best terms with them. Now and then he would make one more effort to improve his sight. But it went on deteriorating until he could do no more than distinguish light from dark. And in the end he concluded that 'after all, there are many worse things in the world than blindness, and I had got on pretty well as I was. So I said, "Damn my eyes," and decided to let them go hang.'

But this book really goes much farther than that. It leaves the impression that, if everybody behaved personally as the author must have done, instinctively and invariably, to other human beings, the fearfulness not only of blindness but also of all fearful problems in human life, except death, would disappear.

However, Lord Sanderson had plenty of money. The full pressure of these losses is only felt in poverty. Pauline Leader was spared nothing. All her early life passed in two rooms inhabited by a growing family and in the market; drudgery, quarrels, promiscuity always making themselves felt in some objectionable way, as did market-stinks. And then, at twelve

years old, there came the illness which left her deaf. Her mother worked as meat-salesman until she ruptured herself, and thereafter let lodgings, a tremendous output of energy which, coupled with hardships and incessant childbearing, made a wreck of her at thirty-eight. The father did nothing; nothing but back up the mother's ceaseless dragooning of the family with merciless whippings. Pauline was still being whipped at seventeen, when she ran away to the nearest town, New York. She was fat, too. No one, she says, mentions the miseries of a fat child. Grown-ups learn something about diet, exercise, etc., all a fat child can do is to remain fat, and put up with remarks about it.

When she became deaf, it was only by degrees that she realized it. Still more gradual was the realization of its implications; more gradual still the realization of them by others. As soon as she could get out of bed she went and pressed a key on the old piano that had been her only treasure. She seemed to hear a sound; but discovered that she herself had imagined it. In time she found she could hear the lowest notes with her body, but then she attracted attention she did not want if she played the piano and pressed herself tight against it. She seemed to hear footfalls, too; but these sounds, too, she 'heard' with her body. All the mouths of people around her were like fishes' mouths: opening and shutting, but she had to supply the sounds: and what sounds? She did not know.

What most brought her deafness home to her was seeing the band and remembering what she used to hear, and hearing nothing. And yet, never before had she heard so much music as she did when deaf. By reason of being cut off from the outside world she listened to the world within: she could lie in bed and hear music inside her such as she had never heard before; violins and organs principally. And, much as she had always loved words and phrases, and reading, now her notebook and pencil came to mean more and more to her. And she found she could 'hear' her own voice if she kept her fingers on her throat. She tried to attend school as before. Everyone was hostile or unsympathetic; always the same attitude, that she was no longer good for anything. No allowances made: no

attempt to help. And all this during recent years. In the end she was told to stop away; perhaps the more readily because she was a Jewess. At home they hid her hat and coat to prevent her going out: in their eyes, too, she was a freak, not to be trusted out alone. So she ran away. Much detail does she give of her attempts to earn her living; competing with men at seventy-five at cut prices, and so on. Here and there, now and then, she would find people to behave decently to her—for a while.

MENTALLY DEFICIENT

Suppose we now go on to cases of mental deficiency? Here are eight. Two from the U.S.A., C. W. Beers and W. E. Leonard; four English, Lois Vidal, John Clare, J. L. Pole, Arthur Symons; one from Sweden, August Strindberg; one from France, Gérard de Nerval. Evidence by all of these is available in English. Four of them, Strindberg, Clare, Gérard de Nerval, Symons are skilled writers. One, Strindberg, is giving evidence without knowing it, so to speak; that is, without considering himself as a mental case. John Clare is the only one of the eight who became a recognized chronic case and he has not left any narrative of that period of his life; only the indirect evidence of those poems of his which were written during that period is available. The other six speak of periods of various lengths which they spent as 'mental cases' combined with more or less recollection of the rest of their lives.

All these are grouped together, just as are doctors in the

All these are grouped together, just as are doctors in the preceding chapter, in order that common factors in kindred cases may emerge, thereby illustrating the collective and synthetic possibilities of the study of Autobiography, as well as the diversity of individual ways of living. When stating these common factors, it may read as if generalizations of fact are being laid down. It will have been evident throughout, I hope, that, so far from attempting any such dogmatisms, I am merely acting as editor rather than author; unearthing circumstantial evidence rather than defining facts, and exploring and prospecting rather than believing myself to be discovering. Nevertheless, it will be as well, perhaps, to draw attention to the

necessary limitations implied in this particular case. To begin with, not enough material is being used to support any generalizing whatever. Secondly, those eight that are referred to differ too much in date, place, and circumstances, to provide such material, even if their number were sufficient. Thirdly, even if material which overcame these handicaps were to be found and utilized, it would still be hopelessly defective for want of evidence from chronic cases. So far as I know, no systematic attempt to obtain such narratives has ever been made, though there is no reason to suppose that such an attempt would not be successful; doubly successful while it was in progress, since it would provide occupation for many intelligent and capable people whose burden is enforced idleness and aimlessness and, in so far as it was carried out, might provide information which could be used to relieve suffering and to decrease national expenses. Another comment that needs to be made is that I do not look for these common factors. I wait for them to turn up. When they do appear to turn up, I mention them in the hope that some one or other beginning the study of the subject in question may be saved a little time or trouble and, further, that readers in general, struggling through this maze, may have a few connecting threads wherewith to rationalize their wonderings, and, who knows? perhaps preserve them from becoming 'mental cases' themselves—and me from being blamed for it. Such a common factor emerges in the instances under consideration, namely, the existence of predisposing causes, in default of which the sufferers would probably not have become liable to lose their self-control.

C. W. Beers writes with the intention of contributing towards reform. Born in 1876, he writes in 1906 with special reference to 1902-4, but giving much information about his earlier years. Up to 1894 everything followed an uneventful, ordinary course, but in June that year a brother had what was thought to be an epileptic fit. It proved in the end to be an effect of a tumour on the brain, caused by a fall in childhood which had been forgotten, but C. W. Beers became possessed with a fear of epilepsy on his own account. If it could happen to anyone, why not to him? First the possibility occurred to

him; then a conviction that it would be so: then that it was so. In November 1895 he broke down while reciting. He was at Yale University by now. Thenceforward recitation always proved difficult for him. What underlay the difficulty spread without his realizing the fact. In 1897 he graduated and took up clerical work without being aware he was in need of a long rest. In March 1900 he caught influenza. By June he was neurasthenic to a pitch which blurred his vision, unsteadied his writing, and at times left him voiceless. By the 18th he had come to believe he was epileptic and incurable, threw himself out of the window on the 23rd, landing on his heels, and injuring the feet, back and head.

After a month in the hospital, he was unbalanced enough to be removed to a mental home, and eventually to an asylum (11 June, 1901). On 30 August, 1902, recovery began and he was discharged 10 September, 1903. On 5 January, 1905, he was induced to return for treatment for a month.

The chief difficulty in dealing with his case arose from his belief that he was a criminal, and the ignorance of all others that he had this belief. He thought that, as an 'attempted suicide' he was liable to be brought to trial, and the pain he was in from his injuries warped his mental processes. For the first five months the pain caused by his feet was intense, and he believed he would never be able to walk again. He likewise believed that the papers had been full of his case, that he had disgraced his family and his University. He wished to delay his recovery, since the quicker his recovery, the sooner the trial. At first, in fact, he thought he was in the hands of the police instead of being cared for medically. Everyone, he supposed, was in league against him. As he had lost count of time, he supposed all newspapers to be a fortnight old when brought to him, and did not discover this error until his recovery began. What further complicated matters was that he could recognize no one. Once he was taken home as an experiment: he was wondering how the man at the head of the table could imitate his father's voice so cleverly. Nobody suspected that this aberration existed. Thunder and rain seemed artificial and contrived in enmity against him. Letters he treated as forgeries. His

senses became perverted: taste, touch, sight, smell, all; and these losses led to many inconveniences. None of the food having its usual flavour, it seemed to him poisoned. Odours of burning human flesh and other pestilential fumes assailed his nose. Nightmares occurred so regularly that he began to expect them. Handwriting seemed to be staring him in the face on the sheets of his bed. Sight was the first sense to right itself: then smell, taste next; he had been taking two to three hours over a meal.

The immediate cause of his recovery was the idea, put into his head by a fellow-patient, that the man who came to see him and made out he was a brother really was a brother. Beers therefore wrote a letter to his brother asking that the next time this man came to see him he should bring this letter with him to identify himself. That done, his whole collection of misconceptions corrected themselves instantaneously. He even felt the process happen in his head. He had difficulty in telling his newfound brother everything. After two years' silence, the vocal cords would not work for more than a few minutes on end. However, he managed to say as much in two hours as took his brother two days to relate at home.

Unfortunately, the suddenness of the adjustment reacted violently, over-stimulating not only the activity of disused functions, but carrying him away into extremes of impatience. Had his activity been canalized and assisted, progress would have been rapid; but such action seems to have been beyond the intelligence and custom of most of the staff. The more sane he became, the more insane he appeared. And the more he was thwarted the more he ceased to be a patient and turned into a victim who longed for revenge, an apostle who burned for reform, and an agent-provocateur taking notes. This stage ended when he realized that his remedy consisted in his not giving occasion for ill-treatment nor championing the causes of other victims. From that date till his discharge—about a year—he was a convalescent employing his time studying from inside the asylum-system in the U.S.A. as it was in 1903. At times he was an investigator imitating particular types of insanity in order to gain information.

During this period he used to make drawings—for the first time in his life. Directly he returned to the world of business this new acquirement left him.

What his observations taught him was as follows. Except in so far as he and his comrades were rendered miserable by ill-treatment or consciousness of loss of liberty, they were happier than the average sane person. He himself tended to be more inclined towards optimism than at any other time of his life, in so far as he was free from the indignation natural to the super-sensitive when they see suffering deliberately inflicted on the helpless. He also found a general tendency among all to regain sanity as long as hindrances were not put in their way. His memory improved. It had been bad in youth: it became

His memory improved. It had been bad in youth: it became good. This he finds commonly happens among such patients; their daily life being simpler, and its features more recurrent, than under normal conditions. The same, he says, with their logic: their assumptions may be less logical, but their deductions are more so. Also, that the insane are always partly sane, and never stubborn: stubbornness is a quality of sanity. The deprivation of his own clothes, and the restoration of them to him, had considerable effect on his powers of recovery. Many of the staff were unfit for their work, stirring up trouble by their unfitness and thereby occasioning repression by violence; murder being not infrequent.

It is clear that he had exceptional opportunities for ascertaining the state of affairs and that his reasons for writing are humanitarian and of international interest, the more so since he believes the cost of prevention of insanity to be lower than the cost of maintenance of the insane, and the cost of ill-treatment higher than the cost of good treatment. Also, that a necessary preliminary of reform is to obtain a sane statement of insane experience.

Does he supply this? Partly, and partly not. In the first place, it refers to one district, two years and one witness. In the second, it is not sane enough; his language is wild at times. And much of the treatment which he conceives to be the special misfortune of the insane is in fact shared by the sane. Both may be equally contrary to the 'rights of Man,' but is not that the

affair of those who invented those 'rights' and of their disciples? Moreover, he maintains, by implication or explicitly, that the insane are entitled to be attended to by competent, intelligent, and sympathetic physicians and attendants. Now, considering how inadequate is the supply of these three qualities, why should the insane expect a monopoly of such people, or more than a proportion of them to be withdrawn from the service of the world at large? How many more of the service of the world at large? How many more of the service of the world at large? service of the world at large? How many more of the sane would not become insane under those conditions? Within such limits. Beers serves his aims well. He remains to look into what he says of his earlier life. It turns out to have been barren to the last degree. He was given all the disadvantages of civilization and none of the advantages. On entering the High School he joined two societies, not out of interest in their aims but in order to come to be manager of something. His career at Yale had no object beyond qualifying for making money. His reading as a boy had consisted of the daily papers, the worst news first. When he lost control of his mind, all his imaginations connected themselves with crimes and ended in his depicting himself as criminal or victim. He acquired no care for literature until he came across George Eliot and Addison, when under restraint, and he believes that if he had come to know similar books earlier and had been able to re-read them during this period, he would have been saved the impressions he derived from them that passages had been inserted in them by his 'persecutors' in reference to his own case. The reading habit, once formed, extended to everything he could lay hands on, and led to the wish to write a book himself. Another example of the kind of impression formed in early life and asserting itself when he was defenceless, was one from the 'Chamber of Horrors' in the Eden Museum at New York of a gorilla holding in its arms the bleeding body of a woman.

W. E. Leonard happens to have been not only a neighbour of Beers (Massachusetts) but also born in the same year (1876), and with the same barrenness in boyhood. On the other hand, his record covers fifty-one years, during at least thirty of which he may be described as a 'mental case,' even though not actually

under restraint. He is not fully aware of this, and at no period does he seem to be more afflicted than at the time of writing. He speaks of his one trip outside the U.S.A.—the customary itinerary in Europe—as 'of little moment in comparison with the hardihood of brave men in lonely peril on polar ice or Sahara sands'; and speaks of 'our sun-parlor being greater than Geneva or the Hague. And, across the street, in and about the Club, is all civilization'; the town-library contained, he tells us, three thousand volumes amongst which were included Taine and Ben Jonson, and attached to it was a circle of ladies who subscribed for *Harper's* and *Scribner's*. It is true that the deacon excluded all books on Evolution, but that mattered the less inasmuch as a hundred villages in the State were preserving 'the best of man's imagination and thought.' Leonard himself was the mainspring of all this, since, he says, perhaps only once before in the history of Western civilization, namely, in Abelard's time—had it happened that the love of learning had become a more absorbing passion than in him.

Confusion and verbiage are so rampant in his book that it is difficult to be precise about his movements, but it is clear that he went in for an academic career and taught and read freely. As a teacher, he was blamed for over-exciting his pupils; his writing, he says, remained an illegible scrawl; he never learned to use a typewriter; he was so habitually untidy in appearance as to hinder his promotion. His own natural and acquired unfitness for daily life is witnessed to by the fact that at the age of fifty he is willing to write 1,000 pages on his having once wetted his breeches at school. He did, in fact, write fifty and prints twenty-five. He prints the whole 'cast' of his parody of *Hamlet*, with the hero as Omlet and Ophelia as Oatmelia, and so on. He was surprised that the nervous overstrain of which he was unconscious tended to decrease when he went for a holiday in the country, and attributes the whole of it to a fright received from a railway-engine when he was two.

He started reading 'psycho-analysis' to benefit his first wife, who inherited a tendency to insanity and eventually killed herself. He continued the reading as exhaustively as possible and piled up a 'huge collection' of analyses during eight years.

Altogether, his investigations of his hindrances became 'as complex, ingenious, and as venturous as expeditions to Egypt or the Gobi Desert' or the experiments 'then being carried on in the laboratories of Wisconsin University' (whatever they may have been). It is an extreme instance of that obsession which seems to afflict human beings alone among animals, the comparing of each specimen of their kind with other specimens, each one in turn distracted by the belief that he is but a rough sketch when his neighbour is the finished article. Yet Leonard, too, illustrates the proposition that one finds sanity everywhere, as in a passage about the U.S.A. University student who is commended for earning a living while he studies. Never, he says, has he known such a one who did not thereby deprive himself of something which he was there to receive and the University to bestow. If public opinion runs counter to this, it is, he maintains, because the college-work has first lost the depth and scope of the ideals which created it by reason of its taking for granted that money-making is a man's first concern.

One feature that distinguishes Leonard's book is that it introduces us to no one whom we could wish to know. That Altogether, his investigations of his hindrances became 'as com-

introduces us to no one whom we could wish to know. That is a criticism which very rarely chances to occur with an auto-

is a criticism which very rarely chances to occur with an autobiography. It certainly does not occur with the next on the list, Lois Vidal. She has a sad enough story to tell, yet the book remains a singularly attractive one.

Her father was a vicar six miles from Haileybury, who spent his last ten years (1901–11) in the 'Bethlehem' Hospital. The immediate cause of his mental breakdown seems to have been the early deaths of two of the eight children and signs of dementia in a third. Physically, they were a strong family, good at games: the father had been so too in early life. The mother's vitality was tremendous. She lived to be eighty-one, after a life whose last quarter of a century would have put an end to most people any year. She spent her sixty-seventh year at the 'front' during the war, and was equal to twenty-mile walks when she came home. In 1924 she was still equal to Continental travel. Her first fifty years, however, had been most happy ones, and Lois (born 1889) could look back on her own first twelve years as to a home and environment, to companionship and country-

side, which stood by her through all her troubles and ultimately pulled her out of them. She had some spinal trouble as a child, but in 1907, after her first breakdown, could still weigh thirteen stone. Throughout the book runs evidence of abundant vitality which a mania for cigarettes may have unsteadied but did not otherwise impair; in fact, most of her troubles seem to did not otherwise impair; in fact, most of her troubles seem to have arisen from boiling over in a world in which it is better to simmer. This vitality lent itself to over-stimulation at home and at school; to so cordial a response to so many interests and influences that she was always doing more than she was fit for. She was another of those who inherit, or acquire, a loathing for mathematics. This aversion repeats itself with such extraordinary frequency among autobiographers as even to suggest that arithmetic would find its place in education better incidentally to other work, especially to handicraft, than as a separate subject. In her case, after spending hours of overtime wrestling with sums she would find them following her to bed wrestling with sums, she would find them following her to bed and reappearing in nightmares. And then, at seventeen, preliminary to working up for a scholarship at Oxford, whither they had moved, she undertook to teach for a year at a Lycée in Paris. After three months of misery she had to be brought home. Instead of resting she went in for two months of energetic amusement, seeing visions, incessantly singing, talking, and reciting, which culminated in a degree of sleeplessness and nervous exhaustion which led to her being taken to the 'Bethlehem,' too. There she remained six months, energetic as ever in her attention to novel conditions and new friends until the in ner attention to novel conditions and new friends until the over-stimulation burnt itself out and a lifelessness took the place of undisciplined emotion. To give her a new start a place was found for her at a gardening-school. There everything bored and disgusted her until she asked to return to 'Bethlehem,' where she spent another three months, beginning in the convalescent ward and ending among the 'Refractories,' incurring an amount of discipline which inclined her to get away just when, she says, she most needed the restraint. Back again at the 'school' she mishelyed until she returned to 'Bethlehem' the 'school,' she misbehaved until she returned to 'Bethlehem' and thence, against the doctor's advice, home. She was twentyone.

The next breakdown was staved off till 1921; a reaction, then, from hectic war-work, reinforced by her own and her family's efforts to screw her up to that extra degree of improvement which was all that was needed to restore her to being a useful and contented citizen. She returned to 'Bethlehem' for two years more. From 1924 onwards she became, in effect, a 'mental case' at large, until, in 1931, she made her last application to re-enter 'Bethlehem,' but adopted instead the suggestion that a Salvation Army Home would suit her case better. Being forty-two by this time, she found herself among young 'rough stuff' who thought she was old enough to know better, and whose horse-play was trying; subject, moreover, to a routine too tough for her, a 'havering, diffident, dispirited, well-intentioned misfit.' And so on to a 'House of Mercy' near Castle Hedingham, amidst whose gentle and genial influence, free and lenient, and the more efficient for being so, she reached a turning point.

It is this final period of 1924-31 which most concerns us, i.e., from her thirty-fifth to her forty-second year; coupled, of course, with what she has to say about conditions when she was under restraint, and about what led up to those conditions. From 1914-1924 few of us could be considered as responsible for our actions, could we? And, in her case, it was only during this period that her more violent aberrations, namely, sleeping anywhere and with anybody, and living from hand to mouth, took effect. But what has the chief claim on our attention are those factors, in her and outside her, which told in the opposite direction, making for happiness.

As is the case with all these summaries, so with Lois Vidal, the summary is not intended to be an epitome; not, that implies, a text-book substitute for the original, but a summary aiming at distilling essential qualities so as to enable the reader to learn whether the book summarized belongs to a kind that appeals to him. Especially so must this be the case when the book runs, as this one does, to 200,000 words, all bursting with detail.

To begin with, a few references need to be made to how she paid her way, since that becomes an increasingly urgent question with those who take this 'wrong turning.' The answer is that

she generally didn't pay her way; others did it for her. She got more and more into the habit of looking out for charity, even if it amounted to no more than threepence from a pair of lorry-drivers. She made a habit of going into restaurants penniless and ordering food, on trust that she would find a man to pay for it. A life on these terms involved disappointment at times, and even discomfort; but never distress. Other books provide similar evidence as to the amount of money that is waiting to be given away in England, but it is doubtful if any one such book provides more evidence than hers does. At the same time, she was always looking for work, and finding it with all the more frequency because of the quickness with which she lost each new job. Anything that lasted over three weeks she would reckon as having been permanent! She was always believing she was getting on well when she really was getting on badly: most jobs ended in a row or in dismissal on some transparent pretext. She seems to have been caught up in an interaction of sleeplessness and stimulants until she more and more failed to realize the impression she was making on people, just as she was perpetually in need of rest and incapable of resting. Her way of life was indicated by enormous 'mateyness.' Among the mass of her detail which has a wider implication than as concerns her own individuality, two characteristics are specially worth mentioning. One, that when she felt herself weakening, she tended to read rubbish, whereas she was a wide and valuable reader normally. She discovered this to be a piece of automatic protective machinery in her nature: she could not live up to literature at these times and so hid herself 'in the funk-hole of tripe.' The other characteristic is that though she was deft when she was not daft, the most noticeable effect of bad spells was to hamper the co-ordination of hand and brain.

From 'Bethlehem' she seems to have received no benefit but enforced rest. Nothing constructive was done for a patient's body or mind and if he or she showed signs of having a soul, it was noted as religious mania. Poor food and no variety; little air and that stale; cold, over-decorated, rooms; no exercise but promenades between walls, and pat-ball; undesirable neighbours whom one could not get away from, low-grade nurses,

endless 'shop'-gossip-all these and much else tended to lower the patients' sense of values and undermine any sense of responsibility. 'An amazing backwater' and the best of its kind, so far as she knew, until she reached her last two refuges, the Salvation Army 'House of Correction,' and the later House of Mercy. Both went to work with similar aims, and if the former was less suited to her, and more suited to a rougher class, it was mostly a question of traditions which led them in different directions where religion was concerned. In both she found the same cheerful serenity at work, 'dedicated lives,' intent on the rescue of the uncared-for, and the mending of the broken. Ignorant of life, perhaps, but unfailing in friendliness; provided with a background and a method and a purpose, and thereby instilling steadiness, clearness, cleanness into those who came to them draggled and muddled in mind, at odds with the world and themselves, and never hitherto having had a chance to see and act otherwise.

That Lois Vidal found her turning-point where traditional religion was the medium stands out as the last link in a process that had never been interrupted otherwise than in appearance. Half-way through this period the influence of the church and priests of the 'Cowley Fathers' reasserts itself. Both had been familiar to her in youth and never forgotten. There alone did she find understanding of what underlay her disorganization, the death of her favourite brother in the war; and an understanding of remedies, too; even though it was too soon for her to continue to apply them.

She was, in fact, always on the verge of steadying herself, and the advent of an intelligently steady person told on her. Once it was a general servant with whom she worked and of whom she leaves one of those character-sketches which are the hall-mark of the best autobiographies. Another time it was an almoner who had at her finger-tips all sorts of information useful to Lois Vidal but was content to let the information remain there until a demand for it showed itself. At another it was an old friend, Pericles, of whose outlook she was reminded by an inscription on a war-memorial:—

'For you it now remains to rival what they have done, and

knowing the secret of happiness to be freedom and the secret of freedom a brave heart. . .'

At another it was the spirit of those men who made Winchester Cathedral. There, for the first time, she grew able to take stock of her past; to contrast the cheapness of its cheapness with the permanence of what is permanent. No sudden conversion, no sudden reform happened, but she was never as irresponsible again, sobered, more alive to the sense of values she once had treasured, more proof against those which had supplanted them.

Nothing like above can be said of J. L. Pole, who died in a mental home in 1928. It is only worth mentioning as an extreme case, unequal to any effective effort; nasty, trivial, shallow, irreclaimable.

J. L. Clare, on the other hand, is all charm, whether it is in the 'Sketch' he wrote of his early years up to 1821, or in the poems which record his reflections and observations. His work is mainly pastoral but, unlike most pastoral poets, Clare had a farmer's, a labourer's, and a naturalist's knowledge of country life which provides his verse with detail instead of conventionalized sentimental generalities, detail that makes it alive and supplies much concerning his time and district which would be lost but for his capacity and diligence. Had he not been a pauper or had he received some timely help, he might well have escaped spending his latter years as insane. But so it was. From that point of view, his last 170 poems, written in Northampton Asylum, 1842–64, are of value for our present purpose. His whole output amounts to over one thousand poems in fifty-five years, which shows a decrease in his average during this latter period, but this decrease may be due to increasing age as much as to any other cause. He continues to repeat variations on the same themes as before; there is no decrease in value. The technique seems, if anything, more assured, the melody more unfailing, the command of variety of metre more marked, the detail equally observant.

August Strindberg's *Confessions of a Fool*, covers 1875–1887. It does not belong to that part of his work which bears witness to his genius. He casts aside restraint and sense of proportion, sense of humour and willingness to see two sides of a question. It is about his sufferings as a husband; but the sufferings are obviously artificial. His wife's hold on him was wholly sensual: no other kind of wife, it is clear, would he have had any use for, then. Yet he expresses himself as entitled to all those womanly qualities that are prescribed by convention and literature, and to those in perfection, whether such kinds and degrees were compatible with daily life with him or not. He takes his comment on himself from his desires, and on his wife from the dictionary: definition of every incident in terms of moral superlatives. If favourable ones do not fit, then unfavourable ones must not only be applied, but apply. What his wife was really like half-a-century ago we cannot expect ourselves to decide, but we can come to our own conclusions when he speaks about her pet-dog. She kept it for three years; his sufferings from it endured, he says, three times three hundred and sixty-five days of twenty-four hours each, and he is surprised he did not die of the strain. He, too, like Leonard, took a Continental holiday and returned strong, brown and healthy, after three weeks of 'incredible hardships'—in Switzerland. His 'Legends' is a contribution rather to the study of Pseudo-Insanity. What is real in it is real with the realities of alcohol.

Let us conclude with two accounts of 'mental cases' whose descriptions equal any that one can expect to discover; those of Arthur Symons and Gérard de Nerval.

Symon's Confessions can be read not only in conjunction with his Prelude to Life, but also with his short story Christian Trevalga, remarkable in its intimate understanding of how a mind can fail.

His was a boyhood in England late in the last century, amid an atmosphere of fervent Nonconformity; the father, depressed and depressing, an unimaginative neurasthenic, distracted by headaches; the mother sensitive enough to every aspect of life, feeling the sunshine before it came, always delicate, always happy, passing from sleep to wakefulness, wakefulness to sleep, instantaneously; remembering her dreams clearly and narrating them clearly, tranquilly and vividly content with God and the Bible, with household work as with meditation and activity: passing to and fro between them all without a second's interval.

And then, the boy, alien to both; without any feeling that his parents, so to speak, counted: aware of a charm in all that his mother was and did; and yet intimacy did not exist between them. At school, too, he looked on the masters as so many machines, not essentially different from the blackboard; had few friends and remained indifferent to those few. Scarcely conscious of sacrifices that were made for him, other human beings meant no more to him than the chairs they sat on. In brief, he had 'no very clear consciousness of anything external' to himself. While he loved the open country and did not tire, he remained unobservant of detail to be seen there. He never could recognize the differences between bird and bird, or one crop and another; nor between flower and flower, much as he cared about flowers as massed colour.

Besides these privations positive troubles waylaid him. He gives as vivid a recollection of nightmares as anyone; and as for his father:

'We might sit together for an hour, and it never occurred to either of us to speak. So when he spoke to me of my soul, which he did seriously, sadly, with an undertone of reproach, my whole nature rose up against him. If to be good was to be like him, I did not wish to be good.'

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'And so the thought of hell was often in my mind, for the most part very much in the background, but always ready to come forward at any external suggestion. Once or twice it came to me with such vividness that I rolled over on the ground in a paroxysm of agony, trying to pray God that I might not be sent to hell, but unable to fix my mind on the words of the prayer. I felt the eternal flames taking hold on me, and some foretaste of their endlessness seemed to enter into my being. I never once had the least sensation of heaven, or any desire for it. Never at any time did it seem to me probable that I should get there.'

'Sometimes there were revival services at the church, and I was never quite at my ease until they were over. I was afraid of some appeal to my emotions, which for the moment I should not be able to resist. I knew that it would mean nothing, but I did not want to give in, even for a moment. I felt that I might have to resist, with more than my customary indifference, and I did not like to admit to myself that any active resistance could be necessary. I knelt, as a stormy prayer shook the people about me into tears, rigid, forcing myself to think of something else. I saw the preacher move about the church, speaking to one after another, and I saw one after another get up and walk to the communion rail, in sign of conversion. I wondered that they could do it, whatever they felt; I wondered what they felt; I dreaded lest the preacher should come up to me with some irresistible power, and beckon me up to that rail. If he did come, I knelt motionless, with my face on my hands, not answering his questions, not seeming to take the slightest notice of him; but my heart was trembling, and I did not know what was going to happen; I felt nothing but that horrible uneasiness, but I feared it might leave me helpless, at the man's mercy, or at God's perhaps.'

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'When I told my parents that I could go to church no longer, I had no definite reason to allege, except that the matter did not interest me. I did not doubt the truth of the Christian religion; I neither affirmed nor denied; it was something, to me, beside the question. I could argue about dogma; I defended a liberal interpretation of doctrines; I insisted that there were certain questions which we were bound to leave open. But I was not alienated from Christianity by intellectual difficulties; it had never taken hold of me, and I gave up nothing but a pretence in giving up the sign of outward respect for it. My parents were deeply grieved, but, then as always, they respected my liberty.'

He hated thinking and yet was always thinking, forever reverting to two ideas, the uncertainty of life, and the consequences of death. But some liberation was at hand, from the tedium of poverty, the ordinariness of events and the constrictions of theology.

He reached Dartmoor; and at a house there came across Don Quixote: landscape and book made equally profound

appeals to him. A master at school discovered interests the two had in common and introduced him to 'Lavengro'; which suggested to him—people like the characters in the book, perhaps such existed; he would search for them. And at sixteen another world revealed itself, the world of music. He had been taught 'scales' and 'exercises' and had tried to learn; but with little success. One day the German master sat down to play Chopin's Funeral March for his own satisfaction. That meant something to the boy, much, everything. He learnt the March, and no more exercises. In a little while he could read at sight, and, when not reading a book, was reading music at the piano. Accurate technique he never acquired, but intimacy and affection never failed thenceforth between him and the piano; it seemed alive to his touch and able to speak as a friend. Something similar had happened during his first day at school. He was ten and had never learned to read. This first day showed that these letters with which the other boys were struggling were no barrier to him. Certain other attainments came as quickly; others never: French and Latin easily, German never: 'there were no pegs in my memory for the words to hang upon, as there were for all the words of the Romance languages.' Geography, too, remained out of reach. Subsequently he journeyed through much of Europe and picked up Geography by eye, but book-geography and maps meant nothing to him ever.

Yet it was not until he went to London that he found him-

Yet it was not until he went to London that he found himself. The 'Prelude' ends with his first five years in London. Not a day of those five years failed to provide him with conscious delight in being there. Always outdoors whenever possible, especially in the Strand, noting every face and movement until his eyes ached and his brain tired, like a dog he once saw snapping at the bubbles in a stream as they raced past. 'Life ran past me continually and I tried to make all its bubbles my own.' He felt London to be his home, and that he had never had a home before.

Then, an interval, till 1908.

He was at Ferrara. The heat was intense; and Symons the worse for overstrain and indulgence in moods and misadventures which, as he says, education discourages and experience

represses. His control deserted him enough to induce two soldiers to take him to his hotel, get papers signed by the manager, and imprison him; using chains and great violence. He was rescued directly, almost by accident, by friends, and given the utmost care. His belief was that a week of such treatment as he received from the soldiers would have prevented recovery. It is an exceptional record of effects of alternative treatments within a few days. He was brought home, and describes his insane condition with the clearest recollection of it. Eventually a specialist prescribed a private asylum, with bars and shutters and a grating key that locked him in at night. He was deprived of clothes each night and left in total darkness till next morning. He could not sleep, and walked around on bare feet, counting his steps. He never fully recovered from this treatment. The worst part was the confinement which thwarted all interests. Except at rare intervals he forgot all he had seen and learnt. For some months he did not recognize his wife, who took a room close by and came to sit with him every day, and read to him. Sometimes he would rush away from her, feeling then like a man washed overboard. His sexuality worked itself up under this confinement into a ferment of perversions. His chief safeguard was a memory of his position in the world of letters, and, as he grew better, writing, painting and music became outlets which benefited him further. Ultimate recovery seems to have descended on him suddenly.

Gérard de Nerval (born 1808) also provides some account of his early years as well as of his later misfortunes. The former, Sylvie, consists mainly of an account of three simultaneous loveaffairs but reveals a super-sensitive mind which spent more time in Paris than was good for it, and was also born out of due time, since, had he lived now, Gérard would have become a leading authority on folk-lore. He realized its value, and that of the songs and legends of the Valois in particular, in so entirely modern a way that he added to Sylvie an appendix on the subject. He himself thought he would have been spared his worst troubles had he lived at another period, less revolutionary than his own. However, there were other causes at work. He was as self-centred a man as could well be; he was given to

wandering about the streets in Paris until he was exhausted; his special study was the bizarre and the occult, and his mind was occupied with these subjects both immediately before his lapses and throughout their duration to the exclusion of practically all else; and, preceding these states of mind, the question of survival after death was the one that most preoccupied him. And then, there is a link between Sylvie and his loss of control that might have accounted for the latter all by itself. The 'Aurélia' who is the third figure in Sylvie came to preoccupy him beyond all other influences, and died not long before his mind gave way.

This breakdown extended over ten years in all; and the first year of his freedom from it, the year in which he writes his account of it, was the last of his life. But it was during those ten years that all his best work as a writer was done. The first symptom took the form of bidding good-bye to a friend in Paris with the declared intention of walking towards a Star in the East wherein he was to be reunited with all those for whom he had cared most. He entered and left five mental homes in all, but seems to have been always on the borderland, as, for instance, when he could not find a certain grave in a cemetery because 'the cemetery arrangements had been altered.' On the other hand, it seems to have been only during the hours of darkness that his self-control gave way. The daytime in mental homes he would pass peacefully making friends with the other inmates, and once did much towards restoring the balance of one of them by taking him out of himself with the singing of these folk-songs of the Valois.

Light and colour, indeed, are the features of the visions he narrates: visions which provided him with all the happiness he knew during these ten years, and caused him to regret leaving a 'mental home,' so much of a 'paradise' had it become to him, thanks to the freedom with which he could indulge in them there. Never, moreover, did his health seem better than when under restraint; energy and faculties seemed reinforced. Extraordinary, certainly, is the clarity with which he narrates. He interprets insanity in the terms of sanity. The realization that a change had taken place, combined with ability to recollect

normality, to contrast and analyse both simultaneously, both at the time and when normality reappeared, make the process involved seem no more than, so to speak, switching the mind to different 'wave-lengths.' He himself thinks that similar experiences underlie ancient accounts of 'descents into Hell.'

In his account we are made witnesses of the constituents of visible and invisible worlds disintegrating and re-integrating, evolving and transposing in a metaphysic of which we have not got the vocabulary. It is not spoilt or sophisticated by any sentimentalizing, or theory-building, or 'psychology'; simply a most lucid story of intense suffering, relieved by visions.

Here, then, ends our attention to those who may be reckoned as insane. One case of such as have been 'possessed' by devils should, it will be agreed, be added. Such a one was Jeanne des Anges, a nun of Loudun; born 1602, writing 1642, dying 1661. Her account was printed by two doctors, formerly pupils of Charcot, in 1886. These two editors were painstaking and in some ways well-qualified. Nevertheless, their edition has many weak points. Few, indeed, are the posthumous autobiographies with a sexual content of which this could not be said, and this is just one out of many such that need to be taken into account but used with discretion. There is this difference in the case of Jeanne des Anges. Violently controversial as it was in personal ways at the time, its subject-matter is no less so now; and all its terminology has changed. A different method must therefore be used in summarizing, namely, the case first restated in brief according to its salient characteristics, as the writer expounds it, just as is done with all others in the book; and then more comment than usual added in order to elucidate it.

Jeanne belonged to the order of the Ursulines, and writes 'under obedience' at the command of the Mother Superior of the Order. She came of a wealthy family of good social position, led a thoughtless life, joined the Order in 1623, and remained three years in its convent at Poitiers. She behaved exceedingly badly; paying no attention to God and finding no hours longer than those set apart for prayers. She made use of any pretexts for evading her duties in order to spend time in reading and so build up a reputation as a well-educated girl, fit for any society.

Conceited, underhand, hypocritical, she specialized in adapting her conversation to her company, so as to gain their confidence and respect, in order the more easily to get her own way. Fear of damnation frequently overtook her, and remorse, and desires to do differently; but all in vain. She would seek forgetfulness in amusements or freedom in 'confession'; but there, too, in vain.

In 1626 the Order decided to institute a new 'foundation' at Loudun. Contrary as it was to custom for nuns to express a wish to move elsewhere, Jeanne strove all she could, by fair means and foul, to be chosen. She did, indeed, persuade herself that she thought a fresh start practicable, but, in fact, once there, the same habits persisted, with fresh additions. The priest-in-charge was the sole person she speaks of during these twenty years as having a good influence over her; but that, too, was in vain. And when the superior of this convent was withdrawn and Jeanne nominated in her stead, the latter was unwilling to take the post, knowing herself to be unfit, for one thing; and afraid, for another, that she would find herself less free. However, she had played her part too well, and she was appointed.

She made an effort to keep up appearances and succeeded for a while; but soon drifted, out of boredom, into indulging herself more and more in long conversations with visitors at the 'grille.' The amount of diversion that could be contrived by this means she describes as most dangerous, adding that if the nuns had not been well-intentioned girls she would probably have endangered their salvation. She felt some inclination at times for the love of God; but considered it as but one aspect of her desire for affection and regard, and a minor aspect at that.

Now we reach the tenth year of her convent-life and the thirty-first of her age. And now appears Urbain Grandier, vicar. This wretch, she says, made a compact with the Devil, whereby the latter might send demons into eight nuns at this convent to 'possess' them and to destroy their prospects of salvation. Within a fortnight everyone of the eight was afflicted, either by 'possession' or 'obsession.' She had not thought it possible for anyone to be thus afflicted save by consent; but now she found that it might happen to the most innocent and saintly. For herself, she had left the way clear for the demons to enter

by reason of her own perversity, enmeshed as she was in a daily round of shortcomings and wicked ways, mystified as to how to find means to remain resolute-to remain so; she was really so at odd times, but not for long. And she changed her confessor frequently, so that no one person should know much of what went on in her mind. For the first three months her mind was in a continual flux: she has no recollection of the detail of that period, although the Church was contending with the demons day and night by means of exorcisms. Then there came a reaction into comparative peacefulness for six months, and then, little by little, they regained their hold, her own halfheartedness being the medium whereby their desires became infused into hers. She was not conscious of being 'possessed' and was indignant when told she was. One effect was that she acquired a dislike for all that pertained to divine service. She abandoned prayers, and for two years never voluntarily came near the Sacraments; and, as regards all her obligations, did not do more than conform. She seemed forever on the brink of plunging into sin, but yet turning away at the last moment. The vicar was persisting in employing the demons to inflame the nuns with erotic desire for him, and each nun felt these desires, albeit hiding the awareness from each other. In the end, she asserts, he went so far as 'to come into the house, and into our rooms, at night, inciting us to sin.' When he was not present, she felt on fire with these desires; but when he came, she felt an aversion from him.

Jeanne now became able to specify the names and qualities of the demons: Seven in all.

- I Asmodée. The chief. Function, to be continually putting disreputable thoughts into her head; too immodest to put into words. Would appear to her, taking monstrous shapes; and when she, thanks to God's Grace, refused to take pleasure in them, would beat her until she was bruised all over.
- 2 Leviathan. Not violent. Inclined her to restore order in the convent, but with the last degree of arrogance towards others. Also to avarice, not a natural failing of hers normally.

3 Béhémot.

The agent to ensure indifference towards the worship of God. Produced a spiritual insensibility and a hardness of heart more than mind can conceive; and inclined her to hinder the others from their devotions too. Salvation she ceased to take any interest in; would break out into blasphemies, tear her veils to pieces and the others' veils too, stamp upon them, eat the pieces, cursing the day she entered into 'religion.' Of all the demons, the one who most insensibly took possession of her, to whom her weakest qualities permitted most easy access, and who found everything best prepared for him.

4 Isacaaron.

Impurity again. But habitually violent, much more so than Asmodée. Always going to extremes, and blindfolding the reason.

5 Balaam.

More subtle; appealed to the imagination, and then left his suggestions to work out of themselves.

6 Grésil) 7 Aman (Characteristics not clear to her observation, the more so as both were the first to be expelled.

The case had now become public property to such an extent that an agent of Cardinal Richelieu appeared, appointed an exorcist who drove Asmodée, Aman and Grésil out of her body within seven weeks, their exits leaving three wounds in her body below the heart. This was done in the presence of 6,000 people. The exorcist continued exorcising from May to September, but then died. Most clerics were frightened to undertake the charge, and three months passed with nothing more done.

She felt her capacity for resistance decreasing, and a certain fascination in noticing their operations in her body, which is one of the assets by which the demons set most store: as likewise by the liberty of remaining the longer time within the human body, and thereby familiarizing themselves with the workings of the human spirit, and assuring themselves of a greater degree of persuasiveness. The greater grief to her, inasmuch as she was becoming aware of increasing co-operation between her and the demons. She felt them obtaining more and more control of all her faculties, internal and external.

For example, one day a priest decided to celebrate the Mass with some differences in procedures from the ordinary; she became very annoyed, and thereby facilitated the entry of the demon who, starting from that assistance, wrested control of her head from her and forced her to spit out the sacrament into the priest's face. This was always her experience; if she resisted at the outset, the demons were vanquished. If she did not, they took their opportunity, entered, made good their hold, and then could not be prevented from going, little by little, from bad to worse, and forcing her to act as their agent.

Isacaaron, by such means, evolved such horrible assaults on her chastity that he induced her to believe that she was with child; and all the signs of pregnancy were forthcoming. This was all the more uncertain to her inasmuch as, having passed most nights in the garden, she could well credit that some magic agent or other might have seduced her without her knowledge. (It may be noted that Pauline Leader, referred to a few pages back, had a similar experience a few years ago.) His temptations lasted six months without intermission; often taking visible form, sometimes of one animal, sometimes of another, and occasionally that of a man.

A Jesuit, named Surin, was assigned to her, but though she recognized good qualities in him, he never won her confidence. He was aware of this, but attributed it to the demon.

The want of someone to whom she could talk freely made the temptations all the worse, until she decided to kill herself. She first decided to use drugs, and obtained them. But the thought of damning the soul of the supposed unbaptized baby inside her made her throw the drugs away. The 2nd of January, 1635, then, she took a big knife and some water, intending to open her side, take out the baby, baptize it, strangle it, and die herself. She got as far as making an incision, when she felt knocked down with great violence, the knife wrested from her, herself flung at the foot of the crucifix, and heard a voice saying: 'What are you thinking of? Give up your wicked intention and take refuge with your Saviour, and turn to Him, for He is ready to receive you.' And an arm unfastened itself from the Cross and stretched out towards her. She was overcome

with a real contrition, wept and prayed, and felt the knife being handed back to her, with more advice, and encouragement for the future, on condition of penitence and effort in the future.

No sooner had the voice ceased, than she heard cries and howls all round about her from the demons: 'If we don't take care, we shall lose her' and so on.

From that time she led a new life; with many backslidings, still, but on the whole reformed. She even began to suspect that the pregnancy was not real. But the demons were very persistent. One example out of many she gives: Surin and Richelieu's agent seemed both to be in her room, and the light brilliant, and both trying to persuade her to give them a free hand and to do exactly what they prescribed; and she reluctant and eventually refusing. The light disappeared (or rather, the brilliance of it) and all the people present too, and there were noises and movements and a stench and snatches at her, all lasting to six a.m.

At the intercession of a bishop the Holy Virgin constrained the evil spirit who had undertaken to make her appear pregnant to reveal, under exorcisms, his wicked procedures; and to liberate her (by vomiting) from all the congealed blood which he had amassed in her body. This took place in the presence of the bishop, doctors, and a crowd of other people; and thereafter she remained free of her pains, while the external evidence of her pregnancy disappeared at the same time.

At Easter that year she spent twelve days assailed by acute temptation, the evil spirits inflaming her with the grossest visualizations and most evil thoughts, especially prejudicing her against those whose business it was to aid her. Surin perceived this, but she was loth to admit it, because it seemed to her that he was part cause of her troubles. At times, indeed, when he came, he could not utter a word, so deeply was he affected. One method of his was to have her bound down on a table, holding the sacrament to her breast, and whispering prayers for her to repeat. All these precautions she thought useless, on the ground that spirits were powerless to harm a mind that did not itself provide the demons with weapons to use and that all

these disturbances were occasioned by her temperament. She was astonished to find that Surin had long been of the same opinion. Nevertheless, he prescribed prayer, confession, and scourging. Prayer she did find, in fact, to be of use and, at last, a pleasure. Confession lasted six weeks, at the end of which she found herself able to analyse what was going on within her, and better able to control herself. But the attacks did not cease. One demon attacked her in the shape of a lion, pursued her into the summer-house, with eyes blazing like candles, and remained with one paw resting on her chest, gazing at her. Another took the form of a dragon, fire darting from eyes and nostrils, beating her and dragging her along the ground. Apart from such violence, she grew more and more sure that a demon and herself were one and the same thing.

Leviathan, the chief now of the demons who troubled her, utilized her desire to ingratiate herself with others, her satisfaction with her own good qualities, and her ambitions. These last-named were boundless. It often occurred to her that her Order did not offer scope for her gifts, and thought of quitting it in order to give herself better opportunities: always under pretext of advancing the glory of God, and the salvation of souls. One day Surin left the room where she was praying without her being aware of it; the demon took advantage of this to take on Surin's shape and encourage her instead of reproving her. When she realized what was going on, and renounced his temptations, he beat her so severely that she thought she was going to die. Demons usurping the shape of Surin were in the habit of beating her.

As to Isacaaron, one of the means that assisted him was her habit of using a feather-bed. She discovered that she had greater power of resisting, if she slept on bare boards. She did this for a whole year. But these temptations of foul thinking did not cease, since she speaks of them as continuing, and of using a scourge against them as well, always keeping it at hand, and making use of it three to seven times every day during this year. She was more often bleeding than not, sometimes cut to the bone. And yet, she says, the fires of concupiscence which this cursed spirit caused her to feel were beyond anything she could

put into words. Seven or eight times they forced her to throw herself on to lighted charcoal where she would remain for half-an-hour at a stretch until one side of her body was grilled. On other occasions she passed part of the night naked in the snow; threw herself into thorn-bushes or rolled in nettle-beds.

Balaam worked by stimulating her gaiety even to buffoonery, hindering her devotions grievously thereby. The scourge was of great avail against this fault; but, 'one cannot keep on with the scourge all day.' She appealed much to St Joseph on this score, knowing him to be an avowed special enemy of this demon. One day Balaam seized an opportunity which a specially unguarded moment of hers provided him with, and took the upper hand of her with such effect that she could no longer restrain him from forcing her to eat and drink to excess, and sing many drinking-songs. She added an iron girdle with points digging into her flesh, wore it for six months, night and day, until it was a troublesome matter to extract them; and, three times a week, a hair-shirt as well. By these means she succeeded; and was free; but not permanently.

Eating and drinking were pleasures to her to an extent which caused her to think mortification must be applied to them too; she would sprinkle absinthe and gall on her food to take away the pleasure of eating and for a whole year abstained from all fruits and salads because they were particularly agreeable to her.

Now she speaks of Behemoth, who inclined her to blaspheme and to conceive such an aversion for the religious life that she would turn against the other nuns and beat them. She would have fits like these lasting a week; and exorcisms would only make her worse, after a four or five hours' trial. She worked herself up to such a pitch that she fell into the kind of trance in which consciousness can be clearly preserved; the other nuns becoming very dissatisfied with her, and sceptical, and making all sorts of remarks to her face which hurt her feelings exceedingly. Surin, too, was blamed, but in November he conducted three public exorcisms which ended in Leviathan being expelled, and in an extension of his permit to deal with the case.

Now begins the drama of the marks which appeared upon her and made her famous. First, demons' names appeared on her hands. Exorcism substituted the name of 'Joseph' in November, 1635: 'Jesus' and 'Marie' were added early in 1636. And it was revealed to her that the remaining demons would only be expelled at certain shrines.

The authorities objected to the journeys thereby involved and appointed a new confessor who thought public exorcisms edifying and proceeded with them regardless of her health; in fact, he brought her to death's door, from which she made such a sudden full recovery that the doctor refused to have any more to do with the case. And still the 'signs' persisted and were increased in number: fading gradually, it is true, but ever being renewed. In 1638 she was authorized to go to a shrine at Annécy; but went by way of Paris, being received with honours and devotion at every stopping place. A quarter of the book is taken up with this journey. Crowds surrounded her; miracles were worked. Richelieu and the King took great interest in her, and the Queen was greatly helped in her confinement at the time by wearing Jeanne's chemise. She was ready to expose her hand to any test, except that of surgery.

Now must be added what the editors say, namely, that Grandier, the vicar whom Jeanne accuses of being the instigator of all these terrors, is known to have had an extraordinary attraction for women, and to have used and abused it; and, moreover, that Jeanne learned about him in the course of those long gossipings at the 'grille,' of which she herself speaks, and invited him to become confessor to her convent. He refused; and Jeanne, so the editors say, planned this story of bewitchment in revenge. Grandier had many enemies and they all joined in. It was discovered that he was author of an anonymous pamphlet hostile to Richelieu; that is why Richelieu's agent appeared at Loudun, and that, the editors say, is why Grandier was burned alive for witchcraft. Jeanne does not mention his fate; but then she often refers for confirmation of what she says, and fuller details, to the legal depositions taken in connection with the exorcisms, etc.; attested documents which the editors have consulted and describe as unprintable.

Both Jeanne and her editors introduce technical bias unconsciously; the one by using theological terms, and the others by using the medical ones current in their epoch. These terminologies make it too difficult to believe Jeanne, and too easy to believe the doctors. The latter consider her as wholly fraudulent, as did the doctors of Loudun at the time. It seems too summary a method to dismiss her so. How far she was exploited, how far she exploited herself, how far she was diseased, surely cannot be assessed more exactly than by saying that these three factors were at work, and that their interrelations varied day by day. When she was most suspected on good grounds, namely, when she seemed to be dying and became well straightaway, she remarks that her whole life from the age of six shot through her mind. That seems to be evidence that her state was critical. It is curious that the doctor-editors make no comment on her general health. In spite of all the extremes she went to, overeating until she was sick, depriving herself of necessaries, and so on, she does not seem to have had any ordinary complaints but headaches; and says that the cuts which she inflicted with scourges healed up quickly.

she inflicted with scourges healed up quickly.

The prime fact is that she had no vocation for the religious life, and could not utilize anything of it but its superstitions. Neither had she any opportunity to see these superstitions as such in her early life. Even when, in later life, she was apparently exploiting credulity by manufactured signs in cold blood, she still knew no other life. The world she lived in was one which everyone assumed to be governed by two supernatural agents, one moral, the other anti-moral, each with a staff of his own, in conflict with each other, but with victory ultimately assured to the moral agent who thereby became the arbiter of the fate of every human being. Except for a short period, she never knew a person whom she could trust or respect, and then it was only an elderly and dying man. It was not till after his death that the trouble began, intensified by the cumulative eroticism inevitable in a woman of high vitality and intelligence denied all congenial occupation and with an inherent tendency, perhaps, in that direction. Except for the Virgin Mary she never mentions any saint or demon but male ones.

For any improvement in her state at any period, she had no other means recommended than the moral or the theological, both of which were simply dull to her. Neither she, nor anyone else, ever seems to have thought of finding some occupation for her which she could like. And when Grandier had been disposed of and the demons no longer served their purpose, the Jesuits saw their opportunity and determined that all this neuroticism should not run to waste when it could be diverted into 'miracles' with the help of a little knowledge of the effect of certain plant-juices on the skin. On the whole, then, her record seems primarily that of the impact of narrow social and intellectual conventions on a highly-strung girl, ministering to none of her needs, perverting all her capacities, isolating her from all healthy influences and decent people, mercilessly exploiting her miseries for their own ends. Yes, Jeanne certainly does seem to have been possessed by demons.

WHAT IS A 'WRONG TURNING'?

Readers whose memories go as far back as 1930 will remember the case of R101, the airship that left England on a long-distance flight before it was quite finished and took a 'wrong-turning' (downwards) before it had got beyond Beauvais: and perished, with all in it. The following year was published a book entitled Smaranda, which, in form, was the diary of one General Y, who had 'passed away serenely, believing in a future life . . . a sudden, suicidal plunge . . . and on the whole it was just as well he died.' The book was, in fact, autobiographical, a diary only in form, and the author was Lord Thomson of Cardington, who was the enthusiast responsible for the R101, and who perished in it. Yet the 'sudden plunge' does not refer to the disaster, but to the break with his past, when he parted with his career in the army and all his Conservative friends and associations, and joined the Labour Party. The reader can choose for himself which constitutes the 'wrong turning.' The book is all about a right one. It is a fragment, but a fragment from which much can be reconstructed, a record of a friendship, and, incidentally only, of the pains and pleasures of an adventurous and sensitive spirit in a marvellous and mismanaged world, in which this one friendship outweighed all that wanted outweighing. Pleasure, to him, consisted in the

exercise of the faculties. He exercised his so brilliantly, as Ramsay MacDonald outlines in a preface which will serve as memorial enough for himself as well, that it causes one to regret that Lord Thomson did not leave a more direct and fuller account of what he did with them, with all his various births, deaths, and re-births. But there, that is all there is. And what little there is unsettles one, as do most of these books which centre round a 'wrong turning,' as to what is really a wrong one. If it is made the most of, it changes into a by-pass into the right one. Just as, with insanity, the farther one goes into it the more does sanity appear as a privilege of the very young and the very old, and the harder it becomes to discriminate between insanity and middle-age.

Three other types at least have a claim to inclusion here, namely, spies, victims of the Russian revolution, and unsuccessful revolutionaries. But spies naturally leave behind them too many suspicions of the authenticity of what they write. The literature of espionage, then, may be put aside with a reference to a survey of the subject by Ambrogio Bollati in the Nuova Antologia of 1 August, 1934. And as to the victims of the Russian revolution, it so happens that there are scores of good books, anyone whereof will do; but most readers will have come across one or other of them. Let us close, then, with the revolutionaries. Whatever they gained, or believed would be gained in time, they certainly do not gain any of those desirable conditions of life which were set out at the beginning of this chapter. They decide that the sacrifice is worth it, and there is an end of the question for them. Here are three, Sheng-Cheng, of China, Vera Figner and Michael Bakunin, of Russia, of whom the sacrifice was greatest, because they had the most to lose.

Sheng-Cheng belonged to one of the so-called hundred

Sheng-Cheng belonged to one of the so-called hundred 'original' families of China, but abandoned all for Communism. His is an unsatisfactory book; it is to be hoped he will write another in ten years' time. It is true that between 1899, when he was born, and 1927, he became a soldier for five years (from the age of ten to fifteen), a manual worker in many shops and factories, a student at Padua, and Montpellier, and a lecturer in the University of Paris. But we only learn of these

last-named activities through the preface, not from his own work. His own account ends at the age of twenty, when he left China for Europe, and suffers from including much of which he had only hearsay knowledge, from rhetoric, and 'publicity'-stuff: but as descriptive of life as a child in ultra-conservative China, and of violent transition to civil-war on the Communist side, it has value.

TWO RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONARIES

Vera Figner also belonged to the aristocracy, to a group in Kazan, active on the liberal side, whose phrase 'thinking realist' expresses their habits. School, it is true, was as barren as possible; a typical extreme of text-book methods for training upperclass children in the conventions of their class. No pupil was permitted to read on her own account. At seventeen she struck strangers as a beautiful doll, although her father realized even then that if she undertook a task she would see it through. Directly she left school her mother started training her mentally. She married at eighteen (1870), then studied medicine at Zürich and Bern, in all probability being one of those Russian students who made Zürich so stimulating to von Kries, as mentioned already. She joined the revolutionaries in 1876, and took the leading part in organizing the assassination of the Tsar Alexander II in 1881. In 1883 she was betrayed and arrested; tried the following year and imprisoned in Schlüsselberg till 1904. There the book ends; but she did not write it till she was seventy-five. She seems to have had physical peculiarities as well as character which marked her out for leadership. When she took part in a hunger-strike in prison she was affected differently from the others. During the nine days it lasted she did not suffer from hunger, but just lay in her bed and read plays, and was not conscious of effort or endurance. But when

it was over she reacted violently, screaming and sobbing.

Perhaps the leading influence in her life was a line in a poem she read at the age of fifteen, to the effect that a person's thoughts and actions should agree. But the group into which she was born was no merely puritanic one; their common aims included the best of subsequent European reforms and much

that has not yet materialized. These ideas and people awakened in her a dissatisfaction with an aimless routine existence, all the more so as she felt deeply grateful for all she had inherited in wealth, position and opportunities. Desire to create blessings for others less fortunate, to pass on as much as possible of what she had inherited, grew and grew in her. In the neighbouring village of Suslova, dirt, ignorance, poverty and disease were waiting to be abolished; and the farther one looked beyond, the more one saw. She did not wait to take her medical degree. As soon as she was possessed of the knowledge Zürich and Bern had to bestow, she went back home to apply it. She had already come to believe that medicine was no more than a palliative for evils so deep-rooted that nothing but social and political changes could eradicate them. But, to begin with, she qualified as a midwife and chose the province of Samara in common with others who belonged to a residue of divers revolutionary organizations. Such organizations had been popular with the intelligentsia; each one of them clustering round one or other method of leading the people whither the people had no wish to be led. These organizations were always in process of breaking-up, or being broken up. Both processes were in full swing in 1876. In Samara she found herself with twelve villages to care for medically. For the first time in her life she was far from anyone she knew, and from educated people, face to face with peasants in whose presence she felt alien and helpless, and whose conditions of living she had no more than heard of. At each stopping-place she would find thirty to forty patients awaiting her, screaming for assistance against diseases of long standing, sores, wounds, syphilis, and accustomed to conditions of filth and feeding that were a disease in themselves. At the close of each day she would drop exhausted on the bed of straw prepared for her, without a word about the propaganda she had come to deliver. She left this district because she had warnings that the police were on her track, and joined her sister in a combined educational and medical programme which aroused bitter opposition from all reactionary forces, and convinced her that the people were in such a state that they could do nothing, that everything needed to be done for them, that revolution

must take place in every locality, i.e., that landlords and police must first be terrorized if peasants were to be assured of justice. But the first step, she was sure, must be the assassination of the Tsar. It was war: force against force. It implied methods, associates, and tendencies which brutalized all decent partizans. An army of spies was created on each side, drawn from all ranks and classes, including young children. A moral pestilence set in; compassion became a failing, hesitation treachery: human society divided into executioners and victims: in such a society there ceased to be innocent persons, worst when it manifested itself in suspicions against the innocent and in creating secret inner circles. She herself was betrayed by a comrade whom she had always regarded as above suspicion and who only said, when confronted with her, 'you didn't expect this, did you?'

The romance of the movement was the mainstay of recruiting. The weaker the nervous system of the recruit, the greater the appeal of the romance. Both sides admired exhibitions of the sacrifices entailed. And had the demands made on them been less, they would not have sufficed to stir emotions up to the point of sinking every petty and personal consideration. But in turning out revolutionaries on these lines, they turned down reformers. Those who were qualified for patient constructive work in the present in the hope of preparing and ensuring an improved future, had to be passed over in favour of those who burned for premature demonstrations against traditional iniquities, who belonged to those who are always ready to listen to treason and think in a straight line, the gist of which is that where there is rebellion there is hope. But their utter inefficiency in all practical matters, combined with their dissensions and backslidings, converted themselves into the chief obstacle to the success of their aims.

Such was the medium she chose for her activities, as she sees it. Thereafter there was no activity beyond mere existence. During the twenty months of preliminary imprisonment her voice went. She did not think of the expedient of reading aloud, and, through disuse, her deep voice changed to a thin and uncertain one, and the effort to speak at all was so great that

she found it difficult to rouse herself to meet her mother for the twenty minutes' conversation they were allowed once a fortnight, separated by two gratings a yard apart. The difficulty was the greater because it took so long after each interview to regain the state of apathy which was her chief means of self-defence.

At Schlüsselberg, no communications with the outside world; not even messages were received or sent. The prisoners were known only by numbers, not names. The cells were constructed and painted to resemble coffins. Not a clock; nothing to mark the time but the changing of the guard. The prisoners were strangers to each other. The building was a mystery to them, and the surroundings unknown. The eternal deathly stillness produced an effect of bewilderment and unreality. Nothing happened except thought and dreams. The capacity for dreaming was stimulated into dreams so brilliant that they alone seemed living; and life a dream. But dreams of torture were equally vivid. Everything familiar disappeared, every contact with all that they cared for. Only the consciousness of failure remained; of being abandoned, disowned, betrayed; of all the effort being premature and mistaken; of violence being itself a mistake; of the necessity of that gradualness which they had discarded because it was dull. Not that she had any regrets, not even considering the exchange of beautiful, or even tolerable, clothing for peasants' shoes, rags to wrap round the legs, a filthy old moth-eaten skirt, a prison-coat saturated with someone else's sweat; no comb nor brush. She had chosen her way and done her best. It was not in her to regret the loss of all that she used to possess, nor of what she otherwise might be doing: only one thing saddened her, that she and her mother were never to hear of each other again. While she was active, her

mother dropped into the background of her mind: now thoughts of her mother occupied the first place.

Of her forty fellow-prisoners, thirteen killed themselves during the first few years. Some were released; but many of these found life impracticable. Their reserves of vitality had dried up, and they too killed themselves. She was kept alive and sane by determination not to be beaten.

And little by little conditions improved. The remaining prisoners learnt to communicate with each other by tapping on the walls. Permission was granted to take their exercise in the prison-yard in pairs. In the third year they were given writing-materials and allowed to exchange what they wrote. Once a newspaper came in somehow and went the round of everyone. Sometimes books would be permitted; sometimes not. One governor obtained the use of a lending library for them, and scientific material; and instituted workshops and a forge. During his years of office, the prison-yard, the yard in which Lenin's brother had been shot, was turned into a garden by the prisoners, and so much work was done, geological and botanical, that for four years they were able to make contributions of value to the national travelling-museum. This was their universe—the prison-yard and the bit of sky above it: and they made the most of it, these fifteen who still remained in 1901 plus a few others who had come in more recently. In 1889 Vera Figner had taken part in a disturbance and had been sent to the penal cell at night. Then, for once, she had seen the stars.

While Michael Bakunin was in prison in Russia in 1857, he received a message from the Tsar asking for a statement of his case, not as a criminal, but as if in 'confession,' in the religious sense of the word. He did as he was asked. The MS. was discovered by the Bolsheviks in 1921, and published. In stating his aims and successes and failures, and their causes, Bakunin keeps strictly to the point and therefore omits much that autobiographers usually put in. His 'confession' then is a different variant of autobiography from any hitherto mentioned. But he includes much by allusion and more by implication: and deals with essentials most vividly.

His position was a peculiar one. The Tsar was bound to play many parts. How was Bakunin to know that the Father-Confessor would not fade away and the Autocrat-Judge take his place? Would the 'confession' ever reach him? Did the request even come from the Tsar, and was it not a device to obtain evidence from him which would be used against himself and others? At the best, would a confession be more than the

manifesto of one extremist addressed to an extremist on the opposite side?

Bakunin took the request at its face value and wrote accordingly. It may be that the depression consequent on an imprisonment which had already lasted two years, coupled with a perception of the futility of the conspiracies he had already taken part in, rendered him careless of consequences, and that his only idea was that he might as well say what he thought; it might reach the Tsar, he might read it, and some of it might bear fruit. He may even have felt a genuine confidence such as only a Russian subject could feel, and welcomed an opportunity to give the Tsar information which the latter, in his turn, might welcome, an opportunity which might be the only one of the kind, not only for reformers but also for the Tsar. Human and single-minded as Bakunin clearly was, he may have thought of the Tsar as a human being too, approachable necessarily only with due form and reverence, but accessible to a plain tale as from man to man. A brother-revolutionary might regard such a 'confession' as treachery; an official as crime; a diplomatist as folly: Bakunin thought otherwise. He may have hoped for results. None came.

But, just as there were the other sides to the Tsar, so were there other sides to Bakunin. His manifesto is as subtle as it is candid: ingenious as a game of chess, for all its outspokenness: wary, and as literary as it is passionately sincere: as clever as it is naïve. In it a prisoner, a man of the world, a Russian, a European, a Don Quixote, a demagogue, an apostle, and a student, are all speaking simultaneously; and all these 'complexes' do not prevent him from being most amusing when he writes about Germans.

After a youth spent in training for the army, and a period actually in it, he persuaded his father to let him go to Germany to study, and abandoned himself entirely to the study of metaphysics, which in time produced its own cure. Nothing but life was going to satisfy him; and it was now he realized that. Thenceforward he wandered about Europe, associating with every kind of revolutionary.

By 1848 all his previous activities had impressed him with

the fact that Russia had first claim on him, whether he would or no; so much so that no other field of activity ultimately would remain for him; he must come to believe in revolution in Russia; believe in it himself and induce others to believe in it. He came to be filled with illusions on the subject, and injected them into others. He became a charlatan in spite of himself.

'Friendless and moneyless, alone with my ideas, lost amid a crowd, and that a foreign crowd, I had but one associate . . . faith; and I said to myself that faith removes mountains, scales the unscaleable, achieves impossibilities, destroys whatever bars the way; faith, naked faith, is one half of victory; and when determination is added to it, it creates its own medium, inspires men, magnetises, unites, forces a single soul upon innumerable individuals and welds them into a single force.'

There were, however, many periods of depression when he reflected:

'I was little acquainted with Russia; I have spent eight years abroad and, when I did live in Russia, I was so entirely preoccupied with German philosophy that I took no notice of what was going on around me. Moreover, without special assistance from the government, it is next door to impossible to study Russia, even for anyone who will take the trouble to do so; and to study the masses, the peasants, is, it seems to me, difficult for the government itself.'

A passage which is a good example of his double-edged arguments. It goes on:

'When I was abroad and beginning to give attention to Russia, I sought to piece together earlier impressions acquired unconsciously; and, adding thereto various reports which came my way, moulded all such evidence on the Procrustean bed of my democratic visions, and so brought into existence an imaginary Russia which was ripe for Revolution.'

All was so unreal that there never came to be any propaganda, much less any conspiracy, but there were nevertheless the intentions, which he states in lurid terms, and which, if the Tsar

were sitting in judgment on him (instead of listening as confessor) would suffice to condemn him, he says, to the severest punishment known to law. But, in his present position, he takes this admission merely as a starting-point whence to set out to explain how such ideas can arise in a man's head:

'I will speak before You as before God Himself, whom one cannot deceive, neither by flattery nor by lying. Your Majesty, I beseech you to allow me to forget that I am in the presence of the great and terrible Tsar before whom millions of human beings tremble, and in whose presence no one dares to conceive, much less to formulate, a contrary opinion.'

Analysing, then, the causation of his ideas, and shifting, without a word, from his previous standpoint that he had never had the means of forming opinions about Russia, he states the case of Russia:

'Moving from country to country, one notes much that is wrong, oppressive, and unjust everywhere; but more, perhaps, in Russia than elsewhere. Not that the people, in Russia, are worse than in western Europe; on the contrary, I think that Russians are better, more sensitive, broader-minded, than the Westerner. But, in western Europe, there exists a remedy against iniquities, publicity, public opinion; freedom, in fact; which ennobles and uplifts every human being. That remedy does not exist in Russia. Western Europe sometimes seems worse, but only because all evils come to light and little is glossed over. In Russia, on the contrary, all evils work inwards, and prey on the very framework of the structure of society. What dominates Russia is fear, and fear is destructive to all life, all intelligence, all spirituality. Living in Russia is a hard and grievous business for anyone who loves straightforwardness; for anyone who loves his fellowman; for anyone who values, equally and for everyone, the self-respect and the independence of the immortal soul; for everyone, in short, who rebels, not only when he himself is the victim, but also when his neighbours are. Social life, in Russia, is a series of mutual persecutions; the superior wrongs the inferior; the latter submits, not daring to complain, but, in his turn, wrongs his inferior, who likewise submits, and pays himself back at the expense of the next lowest. But the greatest

sufferings are those endured by the masses, by the wretched Russian peasantry, who, lowest of all in the social scale, have no one to tyrannise over and are being tyrannised over by all; according to the Russian proverb: "It's only the lazy man who doesn't beat us."

Theft, he says, is so rife that it is practically impossible for an official not to be a thief. Everyone around him steals, and anyone who stands out against it, even if it be no more than abstaining from theft personally, becomes a marked man, regarded as uncivilized, unsocial, and a free-thinker.

In considering the virtues as well as the sufferings of the peasantry, he is always led on to meditate on the illimitable possibilities of such people if only they were given freedom and rights of ownership, and were taught to read and write.

'And I have been putting the question to myself, why has not the present government, autocratic, wholly uncontrolled, as to power, either by law, or by circumstances, or from abroad, or by the existence of any rival power, devoted its omnipotence to the liberation and instruction of the Russian people, and to improvement in its environment? And, linked up with this preliminary and fundamental question, many other questions occur to me. But instead of replying, as any subject of your Imperial Majesty is bound to do:

"It is not for me to argue on such questions; the Emperor and the officials in charge know the facts of the case, and I have nothing to do but to acquiesce"... instead, even, of that other answer which would have been just as much in place and which might have led up to the former one, "The Government sees things in perspective and as a whole, whereas I, I cannot see all the hindrances, all the difficulties, circumstances and conditions of politics as they are, internal and external; I, accordingly, cannot decide when such and such a definite step should be taken." Instead of such answers, I have been saying, thinking, and writing, shamelessly and disloyally, "The Government does not set the Russian people free primarily because, while its powers are unrestricted and its law-making possibilities unlimited, it is in reality constrained by a mass of eventualities, invisibly bound by the corruptness of the administration and the egoism of the nobility. And still more inasmuch as it does not really want freedom, nor instruction, nor improvement

in condition for the Russian people, since it considers the latter simply as a mechanism without a soul, a mechanism intended to compass conquests in Europe."

'I likewise asked myself: "What would these conquests profit Russia? If she subdued half the world, would Russia be the happier, freer, richer? Would she even be stronger. . . .?"

'Your Majesty! I am far from having endeavoured to soften my sentences! I have exhibited to You, in all their nakedness, the questions which at that time left me no rest, putting my trust in Your gracious forbearance, anxious to explain to Your Imperial Majesty how, as I proceeded, or rather, stumbled along, from question to question and from deduction to deduction, I have managed more or less to convince myself of the necessity and of the rightness of the Russian revolution.'

He then goes into detail as to his programme, involving, yet not deciding, the question as to whether this formed his past only, or his present; but certainly making it clear that his programme was just as full of the idea of conquest as any Imperialism, while leaving the subject of how Russia was to be governed after the overthrowing of all existing authority to the wiser heads of the future, provided they did not venture to entrust it to a Parliament. A dictatorship there must be; but he would not be a candidate. He has, he says, never possessed the monstrous vices of a Parton or a Miraheau; need of action was strous vices of a Danton or a Mirabeau; need of action was indeed a motif with him, but he was always being distracted by a thirst for the fantastic, for adventures extraordinary and unparalleled, for undertakings which opened on to limitless horizons and the end of which no man could foresee.

The dominant forces in his character have been the need for action, so much so that he would have been at home, he thinks, in a border struggle against North American Indians, and that,

if only he had been brought up to be a sailor, with the sea to fight against, he would still have been a respectable man.

And then, there was always his quixotism, which led him into immediate contest, often baseless enough, he admits, and misdirected, whenever he perceived an injustice, much more an

oppression; much more, still, when the sufferer was not himself.

Amid the surroundings enforced on him his only thought was to destroy. Building up again was a matter for the future; and for others.

And:

'I reasoned on the following lines; revolution is necessary; therefore it is possible.'

CHAPTER XII

COUNTRY LIFE

Four ducks on a pond A grass bank beyond, A blue sky of spring, White clouds on the wing; What a little thing To remember for years— To remember with tears.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THIS chapter has no other unity, no other reason for its existence, than the ordinary desire, after being indoors, to get out into the fresh air for a change. And to see and feel the countryside as a child sees and feels it is to renew acquaintance with it twice over. Of recent years many a grown-up person in England has set out to revive these early experiences in field and farm and lane, amongst woods or hills, as best a grown-up person can. Many have been mentioned already. Of the remainder, so far as I have read, three seem to me to succeed beyond others in experiencing, remembering, reconsidering, and recording; in having been the kind of child that is best worth being, and in becoming the kind of adult in whom that kind of child most clearly and articulately survives.

These three are:

Alison Uttley, John Drinkwater, and Herbert Read.

Susan, the 'The Country Child' of Alison Uttley, does not say what part of our country her country lies in: and quite right, too. But the features of her countryside, the different horizons at different times, those other characteristics of her surroundings that most catch her eye or impress her sensitiveness, and the tales told her of the past, these form the staple of the book. Susan was an only child, without companions of her

own age, except at distances and at school, itself four miles away.

Lonely and hard, often dangerous, the life reflects so much that the tendencies and aims of the present time obliterate as much as possible, but which characterize the lives of most of the children who have ever lived: and of those of the present day, too, who live outside the little magic circle in which contemporary theory is operative. With all its obvious deprivations and risks, it contained a satisfaction for the instincts that constituted as good a provision for the future as for the present. Not that such a thought is ever represented as looming in the mind of the child. Throughout the book, there is no concern with the future. In form, it goes through a year, with lookbacks when something occurs to stir up recollections. Nothing is more significant in it than Susan's relations with her parents. The future misunderstandings and disappointments of later life were, so to speak, being insured against by habitual misunderstandings between child and parents: they were just misunderstandings, not antagonisms; they had much in common with the weather, it being equally uncertain in both cases whether things, at a given time, were going to turn out as well as could be desired or as badly as could be feared. Another feature of the book, equally characteristic, is the occurrence of words which do not belong to B.B.C. English; such as, 'to go a-guisering,' i.e., in costume at carol-time; 'Anthony' for a little pig; and 'Suckey Mull' for a new-born calf; 'speld' (a paper 'spill'), 'cottered,' 'chunter,' 'blorted' and 'trinklements,' Susan has an idiom of her own, too, as well as words, to match her personality and experiences. For examples:

Children at school said that anyone who told a lie might be struck dead like Ananias; one child even knew someone who died that way. You might die in your sleep, too, and Susan was quite glad to awake alive.

Each morning she prepared for the worst. She left the house for school feeling she might never see her parents again; little conscience-voices continually warned her. She kissed them 'Goodbye' with such deep affection they were quite touched by her devotion, and she cried 'God bless you' so fervently, like a pastor blessing his congregation, running back up the hill to say it if she forgot, that Mrs. Garland felt her prayers had not been in vain.

Every morning she was thankful to see them again, to find the house not destroyed by earthquake or fire, the dog still in his kennel, the cows in the fields. Equally thankful, too, she was that she had not been spirited away in the wood on the way home.

Life was uncertain, strange and unreal, but she had so many secret friends she could not be sad. In the house the clock and dresser shared so many of her joys. The high-backed chair in the corner with the carved face in the back and the blue and white check cushions, was so glad when she sat on it. The four-legged stool on which generations of servant boys had sat, its seat worn by many corduroy trousers, the big oak cupboard, the Chinese jugs, and the teapot with an old woman on the top, even the hole in the floor recognized her and spoke.

But the clock was the most human of all. . . .

Cowslips have whims and fancies on the hillsides. They love and they detest, they pick and choose their dwelling-place. They do not come up year after year in a wealth of yellow, like their neighbours the primroses, whose buds Susan knew would always lie in their nest of deeply veined green leaves among last year's oak and beech under the hedges. They grow in clusters in family groups on the exposed hills, moving and migrating, a patch here one year, and gone the next to a sunnier spot.

Some years they sprinkle the meadows with heavy gold, and at other times they hardly come up, their flowers are small and reluctant, as if they wished just to peep out, and then to return to the warm earth.

But this was a good year, and Becky and Mrs. Garland picked rapidly, filling their baskets and pouring the yellow flood into the clothes-baskets. Susan worked slowly, whispering to the flowers, searching for larger and larger ones, condoling with little ones, and leaving two together lest one should be lonely.

She thought of the trees she loved, the ancient yews, guarding the house, which she had never ventured to climb, for they were sacred and poison, and not to be trifled with. There were the ash trees, knee-deep in buttercups, delicate, unearthly, soft-moving, and the friendly beech trees with swings in their low boughs, and the hard-working apple trees in the orchard, which carried the clothes-lines full of fluttering white sheets, and held their blossom

for the bees in spring, and were laden with green and yellow fruit in the autumn.

She thought of the fierce unfriendly trees in the wood, whispering and muttering. The ash trees there were cold and cruel, the elms were deformed, the oaks full of sinister things, secret, dark. Even the beeches concealed eyes and long-nailed fingers behind their trunks.

Then she wondered about animals talking. She could make everything understand, but not always could she get her answer. Animals' talk was silent, it came from their eyes, but the talk of things, of rooms and trees and fields came when she was very, very quiet and listened until they seemed to come alive. She was very happy to have these friends.

So the potatoes were still waiting. She fetched clean water from the trough and stood over the slop-stone. Potato-peeling was no fun when people were near, but when she was alone she talked to each one. She heard the little potato voices calling, 'Me next, me next,' as they pushed to get into her hands, to have their brown coats removed. To-day neither she nor the potatoes spoke, but she gave them a nod of recognition so that they would know who peeled them.

John Drinkwater is much more varied and philosophical. But both his variety and his philosophy begin and end and have their being in the open air. Sometimes he rambles so far in company with his ancestors and their ways, and with Oxfordshire and Warwickshire, that it grows a little uncertain whether, after all, it is an individualist autobiography and not rather a family history, or a joint autobiography of the two counties. But the individuality is one which can assert itself without being assertive; and that by reason of the way the book is written. Recollection and meditation are put before us with an insight and a lucidity which, in combination with the personal qualities that render meditation and recollection best worth while, set the volumes ahead of many worthy competitors. Life worth living; thought worth thinking; English worth reading.

The country life is set in relief by reason of the second volume consisting mainly of an interlude. From sixteen to

twenty-six he was engaged in office-work, uncongenial and leading nowhere, ended by his breaking free into a connection with the newly-founded Birmingham Repertory Theatre. He had already missed a University career which would have brought him into touch with all that he could have made best use of. He does not strike a balance of loss and gain: the loss leaves him just so much the worse off. But the money was not forthcoming, and there is an end of it. He has a four-square temperament. A deprivation, to him, is just that and nothing else. It never grows into a grievance; nor is it sentimentalized over; still less is it any evidence of him, as it often becomes in autobiographies, of an 'unseen-hand' of Providence working behind the scenes for his good. No, he merely came slowly to the conclusion that office-life was best left, and he left it. Yet it is clear enough that he was good at his work: he was never the born clerk, slowly sinking and not worth rescue, or, like one he knew, who never made a mistake, but passed his life in terror of making one.

Good as the narrative is the quality of the work, and its bearings, are best shown by disconnected quotations, each illuminating the other with its mellow light; blending, however distant; and illustrating his own principle that character in Nature is complete but chaotic, and that therefore the function of Art is to isolate from the multiplicity of Nature certain aspects of character, and present them with a hitherto unrealized lucidity.

Ancestry:

'No emotions are more elusive than those of kinship, and yet they cut very deep. . . . Obscure as the transmission of character may be, I know that I have from them a delight in all such things as the film of earthy chaff underfoot in a rickyard, wet brambles in October, swallows' nests on the rafters of a barn, pans of warm milk cooling on the slate slabs of a dairy, coveys in the stubble, primroses, and the plaited tails and manes of Shire Horses on May Day.

"... a sense of this inheritance ... I have been conscious of all my life, and with increasing pleasure as the years go by. I do not

suppose that now a day passes but what the background of my thought is in some way conditioned by it.

"There are people who say that no foible seems so idle as a concern for one's ancestors. . . . The Chinese, who invest the emotion with worship, know better. It is an emotion that has little if anything to do with pride of family; it is as accessible to the man who has no forbears of any distinction, who, indeed, does not even know who they were, as to the descendent from half the storied houses of a kingdom. It arises from a remote, almost imperceptible, sense, that this frame of ours, with its faculties, intimations, desires, fortitudes, perplexities, is in some sure though incalculable way stabilized by the undefeated courage of many generations. The Chinese are right to see in this a profoundly religious instinct.'

The country-side:

'I knew what kind of moss grew on which walls in Piddington, and would miss a bramble creeper that a year before had been trailing on the water of a ditch. A repaired gate, a rearrangement of the glass jars of bull's-eyes and acid-drops in the tiny shop-window, the cutting of a haystack, the removal of a horse-shoe from the forge wall, the change of cattle from one pasture to another . . . these things were inevitably noted. But of places off my usual round I knew nothing. . . . I could have come to any of them in an hour's walk, and I never saw one. For all times of the day, all weathers, and all seasons, there was enough and to spare of interest, even of excitement, in the few lanes and acres that I knew as well as I knew the contents of my pockets. Far wandering had no attractions for me. I would always rather go to see a nest in the home close four times a day than find a new one in the next parish.

'The influence on character is deep and incalculable.... Wordsworth lived among the noblest scenery in England, and loved it, but his poetic life was largely an effort to subdue the majesty of Helvellyn to the intimacies of a cottage and garden.

'Life in Piddington, by its very economy of effect, was vivid. Everything that happened had its root in custom, old necessity, fitness. . . . So engendering was its frugal reality that after thirty years and more I can still remember the shape of the rookery trees, the plodding of the horse round the churn track, the taste of the little summer apples, one side rosy and the other true apple-green, in the orchard.'

Shepherding:

'I can't say that on my long shepherding days I did any hard thinking, or even that I was consciously observant of nature. But it seems to me that I was intensely aware of the life about me. Doing nothing in particular beyond keeping an eye on the sheep, I was neither lazy nor bored. Some energy that I did not realize was, I am sure, keeping my mind occupied, the growth and change of things, the ways of creatures, the movements of trees and hedgerows, the aspects of weather, the course of the sun and its shadows. I did not know what I was learning, or even that I was learning anything at all, but the instruction was to serve for a lifetime.'

The home:

'My refuge, in these and all other anxieties, was my grand-father. I did not tell him actually of particular troubles, but to be with him was soothing. Also, he liked doing the things that I liked, and he talked to me about serious matters, sometimes in a way that I did not understand, but always in a way that interested me.

'His household consisted of my Uncle Charles, Disciplinarian, my sister and myself, and the servants. . . . Between Uncle Charles and myself an entirely undemonstrative friendship grew up, founded largely on a common hostility towards Disciplinarian.'

School:

'I took not the smallest interest in any of my classes from first to last. What gift my masters may have had for teaching I cannot say; I certainly displayed none for learning. And yet I liked my school, and although I cannot say that it awakened any intellectual life in me, I got a good deal out of it. It was chiefly through the games . . . the mind was no doubt organized by means of instruction the nature of which it has long since forgotten. But searching back into those days I can recall the particulars of no lesson, not even of any subject, that I was taught.'

Limitations:

'English, and bred of a stock as far inland as it is possible for an Englishman to be. . . . I am no seaman. If the weather, the lodg-

ings, the sands, and the company are good, I can enjoy a holiday at the seaside like other people. But for the sea as a trade or an adventure I have no yearning whatever. Ships at sea are beautiful, but I prefer to watch them from the shore. . . . The sea is all right and it has done us a lot of good, but I never hear it calling me. I don't avoid it, but if I never saw it again I shouldn't miss it. . . . I must confess that my chief pleasures in water have been experienced in the bathroom.

'I feel much the same about mountains. I have seen the Rockies and the Alps, the Balkans and the Pyrenees and several others which I forget. I have even climbed up some of them, to great heights. . . Of course, they are magnificent, and Hail Caledonia Stern and Wild, and all that. But I don't need mountains.

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'But the hedges, the lanes, the pastures, the spinneys, and the streams that Shakespeare knew are another matter. If I am away from these for long I grow restless. And, among them, no season or weather comes amiss . . . that quiet, reticent, landscape never becomes either tedious or importunate. It is a comfortable, sustaining friend, unexacting, and infinitely fertile to those who are patient. I find that I have lived with all its moods in my poetry; with the sea and mountains hardly at all.

'Men may climb to the mountain-tops, but they live in the

valleys.

'People talk a lot of nonsense about the sun. They tell you they can't live without it. Of course they can't . . . nor can I. But I don't think less of the sun because it doesn't turn up every morning like the milkman. For myself the sun is definitely one of the good things of which I can have too much. I worship as much of it as I get in England—there are many glorious days all the year round when one really does worship—and I don't want any more. Uninterrupted sunshine would bleach my mind.'

Away from the country:

'I had to start wage-earning as a boy because there was not a ten-pound note in the family. But I have never persuaded myself that there was any virtue in the necessity, and I still wish I could have avoided it . . . a callow schoolboy who seemed to have been pushed suddenly through a door into an inhospitable world of which he knew nothing.

Better far to have started work in a civilized environment . . . stimulated by daily contact with people who know things worth knowing and have done things worth doing.

'Had I known at sixteen what I know now, I would have made

every effort to go to a university. . . .

'Although education in the university of the world may have its points, a good deal of nonsense is talked about it. I can assure anyone who believes in the rough school of experience that, during the years of my schooling in provincial lodgings, I got precious little out of it. . . At the age of twenty, I had really learnt nothing of consequence since I left school.

'It was never any good to me. For years after I left it I had a recurrent nightmare, composed simply of my recapture by an office-stool. . . . Just as in my school-days my real life had been outside the class-rooms, so now in business my eyes were always on the clock. . . . Also I was very poor, and while poverty may be an instructive topic to moralise, it is, even with the world before one, a debilitating experience. I don't mean poverty in the sense of not being able to balance a substantial budget, but in the sense of being short of food. I frequently had no more than threepence for my midday meal.

'The office meant for me nothing but boredom and something very like privation. I seemed there to be marooned, out of sight and sound of the world that, nebulously enough, it is true, had begun to shape itself for me towards the end of my schooldays at Oxford. The effacement in my consciousness of the instincts and influences of which I have written in "Inheritance" was abrupt and, for many years, complete. In later life they reasserted themselves, but as a young man I seemed to have no contact with the boy that had been. The background that almost imperceptibly had formed itself during my six years at Oxford suddenly disappeared.

Long afterwards it was to re-emerge, sharpened and enriched, but as I grew up my life seemed to have no landscape, no perspectives, no associations. . . . The Oxford boy had seldom paused to count his blessings as they flowed, had, indeed, hardly been aware of them, but in a rather casual way he had been alive, eager, responsive. In the Nottingham office his place seemed to be taken by an automatic machine that functioned quite indifferently upon a dinted cash-box, a row of musty sheep-skin ledgers with heavy thonged handles, a copying press, a short-hand note-book. The whole jargon of risks, policies, premiums, tariffs, guarantees and journals was acquired readily and without a vestige of reality. I was quick at the job. Before long I knew the initials and addresses of some two thousand agents by heart.

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'Not but what there were discoveries to be made, even enchantments to be evoked, in Nottingham; but not at the office in Victoria Street. That was nothing but barren wilderness.'

The way out:

'Three years had passed since my resignation from my post with the London and Lancashire Fire Office, and for me they had been years rich beyond all expectation in discovery. I was now thirty. At twenty-seven I had been vaguely aware of faculties and hopes; now I was beginning to know the delights of their exercise and fulfilment. I had employment in a theatre controlled by a rich man of taste, who would back his beliefs, which were mostly also my own, to any reasonable extent. Here, if I had any gift for the stage and playwriting I could prove it in congenial society and in the most favourable conditions. I was writing poetry with sustained pleasure, and had a new book ready, Cromwell and Other Poems, which I knew to be better than anything I had published before. And I was forming friendships with many men who were becoming leaders of my generation.

'It was a strange road for the schoolboy, who fifteen years earlier had entered the Nottingham office of the Northern Assurance Co. to have come. A more commonplace existence than mine between the ages of sixteen and twenty-six could not be devised. My only hope of liberation lay not in anything that I was accomplishing, hardly, it must almost seem, even in anything that I was, but in a dissatisfaction, a sense that what I was doing meant nothing to me. The chances of an effective effort being made in these circumstances must be small. How I came to make it I do not know. I do not think that I was conscious of making it at all. But make it I did, and I have never ceased to thank my fortune for it.

'The psychologists, I suppose, would say that these things in any case are predestined by character. That is all very well, and yet I fancy that the logic of it is often played false by life. It may be an irrefutable doctrine that a man does what is in him to do, neither more nor less, fulfilling an inexorable fate. But the margin of difference between one choice and another is frequently so small that we may be forgiven if we regard the decision as being precious near to accident. The recurrent nightmare of which I have spoken, that I was back in an office, was, I am sure, caused by an abiding sense of how desperately narrow my escape had been. The merest shade more of prudence, the merest shade less of self-confidence, and I might have stayed where I was for ever, or until I retired at sixty with a pension, which at least would have been more than I am likely to do now. I suppose that even so I should have found some means of amusing my mind, but it would have been no better than that. To have missed my chance would have been to miss my life.'

The farms he spent his holidays at when a boy:

'These places furnished my mind with intimacies that could never fade. These many years later there are still sights and sounds that renew emotions then first experienced, fugitive yet exquisitely sharp and vivid in their flight, poignant with a physical intensity, and yet intangible, eluding expression, realized only by some sixth sense. I learnt in those days a good deal about the practical life of the farms, and if put to it I could still drive a plough or build a sheepfold or load a wagon. But it is of subtler, remoter detail that I speak. When I see garden-violets growing in the shelter of a brick wall, or smell butter-milk, or hear a yellow-hammer calling a-little-bit-of-bread-and-no-cheese from a hedge, I do not merely recall these things as known in childhood, but am aware of a veil almost lifted upon I know not what mystery that yet has in it the assurance of an old and simple familiarity.'

Herbert Read has more in common with Alison Uttley, in form, than with John Drinkwater. That is, his recollections are all concerned with childhood. But he resembles the latter in so far as he is looking back as an adult rather than narrating as a child. He resembles both in quality, and in giving the impression that some of his own wording is indispensable when it comes to conveying the sensations and experiences of those

years in which he seemed, as he says, 'not so much to be living as to be lived by the forces outside us.' There was much that must have happened, he reflects, but did happen without leaving a trace on the mind, such as travelling by train now and then, and the excursions connected with trains: 'they were not lived, but pushed without roots into the soil of our daily existence.' But there is one isolated remembrance of hunting, an experience which seems to affect every different child in a different way, and in him took another unexpected turn. This was of being 'blooded' on the first occasion of being present at a 'kill' with the fox-hunt; the severed head wiped across his face till the face was completely smeared with blood: 'I do not remember the blood, only the plumed breath of the horses, the jingle of their harness, the beads of dew, and the white gossamer on the tangled hedge beside us.'

Herbert Read's home-farm was in Yorkshire and the period within this present century, a childhood and a home which were alike ended by the death of the father. Almost all that he dwells on consists of that which is built up by endless repetitions of kindred or identical impressions, such as occur when a child remains in the same surroundings, and those acceptable ones, wherein perception and recurrence and looking forward are pleasures that intermingle. At one time such memories seemed lost by reason of the abruptness of the loss of the home when all was sold up. But:

'... it is reconstructed stage by stage whenever the sensibility recovers its first innocence, whenever eye and ear and touch and tongue and quivering nostril revive sensation in all its child-godly passivity.

'To-day I found a withered stem of honesty, and shelled the pods between my thumb and finger; silver pennies, which grew between the fragant currant-bushes. Their glistening surfaces, seeded, the very faint rustle they make in the wind—these sensations come direct to me from a moment thirty years ago. As they expand in my mind, they carry everything in their widening circle—the low crisp box-hedge which would be at my feet, the pear-trees on the wall behind me, the potato-flowers on the patch beyond the bushes, the ivy-clad privy at the end of the path, the cow pasture,

the fairy rings—everything shimmers for a second on the expanding rim of my memory.'

And yet there are definite beginnings:

'... the only real experiences in life being those lived with a virgin sensibility—so that we only hear a tone once, only see a colour once, see, hear, taste, touch, and smell everything but once, the first time. All life is but an echo of our first sensations, and we build up our consciousness, our whole mental life, by variations and combinations of these elementary sensations. But it is more complicated than that, for the senses apprehend not only colours and tones and shapes, but also patterns and atmospheres, and our first discovery of these determines the larger patterns and subtler atmospheres of all our subsequent existence.'

And so, speaking of the saddle-room and the blacksmith's shop:

'In these two shrines I first experienced the joy of making things. Everywhere around me the earth was stirring with growth and the beasts were propagating their kind. But these wonders passed unobserved by my childish mind, unrecorded in memory. They depended on forces beyond our control, beyond our conception. But fire was real, and so was the skill with which we shaped hard metals to our design and desire.'

FISHING

The countryside, however, must not be represented as a segregation-camp for infants. Infants cannot really fish, though they often think they can; and there are those to whom life has but two aspects, fishing in the 'troubled waters' of the towns and in the clear waters of the country. Plunket Greene belongs to both kinds. Who that has heard him sing will ever forget him as a singer? Who that has read him will forget him as a fisherman, 'Where the Bright Waters Meet?'

From 1902 to 1912 he lived at Hurstbourne Priors, a Hampshire village, nearby which runs the Bourne. But around the fishing in the stream and the social life of the village are built in many digressions, especially concerning fishing elsewhere, in many other rivers; all of which, however, he regards as tributaries of the Bourne. To live as Plunket Greene lived then,

to think like that and to be like that, is to justify the ways of human beings to human beings, and, if widely adopted, would render the importation of Oriental religions superfluous. The latter are designed to mitigate our miseries. Plunket Greene's method abolishes major miseries by turning the act of living into the best of all pleasures, and minor miseries by converting them into a source of amusement. Is it not as efficient and intellectual a solution as any other, and the one employed, in fact, by all those we like best and by all those whom we should have liked best if only we had met them? He catalogues these minor miseries for the mere purpose of extracting the diversion that is implicit in them; the fly in the small of your back which can only be got at by undressing yourself, the British climate, the broken Thermos flask, the disintegrated lunch, bulls, moorhens at the wrong moment, cock-chafers in your eye, the other man round the corner at the very spot you have been working up to all the morning, the cast which doubles back, the matches which have left themselves at home, etc.: and finishes with consideration of how pitiable a figure he must have cut when once he was sitting on a wasps' nest while emptying the water out of his waders.

BUSINESS IN THE COUNTRY

And then there are those whose work lies in the country. A. G. Street and Hamlin Garland may speak for such. Street must have been a near neighbour to Plunket Greene for many of his years, but had a spell in Canada. Garland speaks of pioneering in the 'Middle West' of the U.S.A.

Street writes at the age of forty in 1932. The Hampshire farm was his father's and, from 1917 onwards, his own.

It is doubtful if any one book, whatever its species, could be found which tells more of the essentials connected with farming in England before, during, and after the world-war; the author's experience in Canada providing him with outside knowledge and criterions which stimulated mentality, character and vision. It is clear, genuine, candid, practical, and thoughtful; written from a memory both accurate and tenacious, and from a mind full of sense of humanity. Every paragraph is to the

point, facing the facts and interpreting them: each one technical, each one readable.

He speaks of circumstances, in which he and others found pleasure in their work, and of others when they did not: and of the reasons for both. He speaks of times in Canada when the hours were longer, and each hour more strenuous, than happened here, but when there was nothing but the work that occupied the mind; and of times here when problems were for ever forcing themselves in between the minds both of master and men and the work they were engaged on. Both master and men recalled a time when that had not been so, when a regular routine unsettled none and contented all, when the master could foresee this year and next and next, and labourers had so clear a sense of vocation and of a duty to the land they worked on that the two filled their lives. Wanting as they did for much that science and good intentions demanded, they were free from the burden of leisure they could not fill and discontent they could not account for.

'Of the agricultural labourer of that epoch I can only write with affection and respect; with affection for his kindliness and courtesy to his neighbours, and with respect for his inviolable adherence to his duty by the soil. Not for wages, nor to please his employer, but because the land was a sacred thing for him, and any neglect was deemed a sin. Possibly the fact that he had no other interest had a good deal to do with this, and another factor was a proper personal pride in his own reputation as a craftsman.

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'There is no doubt that the agricultural labourer is much better off now than he was during the period of which I am writing. He has to-day a higher standard of living, a broader outlook on life, and a taste for amusements and interests outside agriculture, but whether he is any happier or more contented is open to question. Definitely he is not such a good farm hand. These other interests distract his attention from the farm. I do not say this in any spirit of criticism, but merely state the fact. Why should he worry about the farm after his working hours, allotted by law, are finished? But twenty-five years ago his sole interest was the farm on which he worked.'

The value of Hamlin Garland's experience as a member of a pioneering family in the U.S.A. during the latter half of the last century has already been referred to under *Adventure* hereinbefore; but much more than a mere reference is called for. He gives so much detail. He tells, for instance, of the pioneers' wooden home, three rooms below and a garret above, lined with brick to prevent it being blown away. Its walls were of rough plaster, its furniture poor, scanty, and worn; three little pictures on the walls; and, for the rest, as devoid of grace as a dry goods' box; the only books a Bible and a 'Farmers Annual.' But inhabitants and neighbours made up for much. His grandmother on the mother's side had all her children round her, seven sons and six daughters, all strong and handsome. The grandmother herself was fully occupied with work and smiles, content to listen and serve. And there was much besides voices for her to listen to: every member of her family played one musical instrument, or several. And a Celtic strain ran through all to render them a mystery to the district and a pleasure to their friends. The other grandfather did not belong to a farming family, as did the mother's side, but had been a carpenter. Stern, and precise in words, work, and ways, he was always spoken to as 'Grandfather Garland,' whereas the McClintock grandfather was always known as 'Grandpap' simply. Both carried their unlikeness into their prayers. The latter was lyrical and wild: Garland elaborate and dull: and Garland's church was the white building on the outskirts of the village, while McClintock's was a vision, away among the clouds, not made with hands. The two grandmothers contrasted as decidedly. Harriet Garland was tall and thin, dark and serious: and an invalid. Serene, nevertheless, and the one member of the two families who cared for traditions and books. Yet it was from his father that the boy heard all about the exploits of the uncles, the mother's brothers, a legendary list, while Grandfather Mc-Clintock attended little to the affairs of this world; a dreamer of dreams, an Ezekiel, his lips moving with words of St. John or the prophet Daniel, absorbed in those parts of the Bible which dwell on the heavens rolling together as a scroll and the earth foundering in destruction, the thunderous prophecies and the

passionate lamentations, the awakening blast of the Resurrection-trumpet, and the vision of fields of amaranth blossoming on the other side of Jordan.

And down amidst all these diversities the boy spent his childhood, and started to work almost before it was over.

'All of this universe known to me in the year 1864 was bounded by the wooded hills of a little Wisconsin coulee, and its centre was the cottage in which my mother was living alone—my father was in the war. As I project myself back into that mystical age, half lights cover most of the valley. The road before our doorstone begins and ends in vague obscurity and Granma Green's house at the fork of the trail stands on the very edge of the world in a sinister region peopled with bears and other menacing creatures. Beyond this point all is darkness and terror. . . .

'Our house, a small frame cabin, stood on the eastern slope of a long ridge and faced across a valley which seemed very wide to me then, and in the middle of it lay a marsh filled with monsters, from which the Water People sang night by night.

"... The doorstone must have been a favourite evening seat for my sister; ... bats whirl and squeak in the odorous dusk. Night hawks whizz and boom, and over the dark forest wall a prodigious moon miraculously rolls. Fireflies dart through the grass, and in a lone tree just outside the fence, a whippoorwill sounds his plaintive note. Sweet, very sweet, and wonderful are all these."

Work at seven.

'My father believed in service. At seven years of age, I had regular duties. I brought firewood to the kitchen and broke nubbins for the calves and shelled corn for the chickens. I have a dim memory of helping him split oakblocks into rafting pins in the kitchen. . . . In summer Harriet and I drove the cows to pasture and carried "switchel" to the men in the hayfields by means of a jug hung in the middle of a long stick.

'As I look back on my life on that woodland farm, it all seems very colourful and sweet. I am re-living days when the warm sun, falling on radiant slopes of grass, lit the meadow phlox and tall tiger-lilies into flaming torches of colour. I think of blackberry thickets, and odorous grapevines and cherry trees and the delicious nuts which grew in profusion throughout the forest to the north.

This forest, which seemed endless and was of enchanted solemnity, served as our wilderness. We explored it at every opportunity. We loved every day for the colour it brought, each season for the wealth of its experience, and we welcomed the thought of spending all our years in this beautiful home where the wood and the prairie of our song did actually meet and mingle.'

And this second home:

'It burned deep into our memories, this wide, sunny, windy country. The sky so big, and the horizon line so low and so far away, made this new world of the plain more majestic than the world of the coulee. The grasses and many of the flowers were also new to us. On the uplands the herbage was short and dry and the plants stiff and woody, but in the swales the wild oats shook its quivers of barbed and twisted arrows, and the crow's foot, tall and sere, bowed softly under the feet of the wind, while everywhere, in the lowlands as well as on the ridges, the bleaching white antlers of bygone herbivora lay scattered, testifying to the "herds of deer and buffalo" which once fed there.

'. . . In herding the cattle we came to know all the open country round about and found it very beautiful. On the uplands a short, light-green, hair-like grass grew, intermixed with various resinous weeds, while in the lowlands feeding-grounds luxuriant patches of blue-joint, wild oats, and other tall forage plants waved in the wind. Along the streams and in the "sloos" cat-tails and tiger-lilies nodded above thick mats of wide-bladed marsh grass. Almost without realizing it, I came to know the character of every weed, every flower, every living thing big enough to be seen from the back of a horse. Nothing could be more generous, more joyous than these natural meadows in summer. The flash and ripple and glimmer of the tall sunflowers, the myriad voices of gleeful bobolinks, the chirp and gurgle of red-winged blackbirds swaying on the willows, the meadowlarks piping from grassy bogs, the peep of the prairie chick and the wailing call of the plover on the flowery green slopes of the uplands made it all an ecstatic world to me. It was a wide world with a big, big sky which gave alluring hints of the still more glorious unknown wilderness beyond.

Winter mornings were a time of trial for us all. It required stern military command to get us out of bed before daylight, in a chamber warmed only by the stovepipe, to draw on icy socks and frosty boots and go to the milking of cows and the currying of horses. Pumping water for our herd was no light job, especially on a stinging windy morning, for the cows, having only dry fodder, required an enormous amount of liquid, and as they could only drink while the water was fresh from the well, someone must work the handle till the last calf had absorbed his fill—and this had to be done when the thermometer was thirty below, just the same as at any other time.

'Milking the cows is spoken of in the traditional fashion as a lovely pastoral recreation, when as a matter of fact it is a tedious job. We all hated it. We saw no poetry in it. We hated it in summer when the mosquitoes bit and the cows slashed us with their tails, and we hated it still more in the winter when they stood in crowded malodorous stalls. . . . No, no, it won't do to talk to me of the "sweet breath of kine." I know them too well . . . and calves are not the "lovely fawn-like creatures" they are supposed to be. To the boy who is teaching them to drink out of a pail they are nasty brutes. They have a way of filling their nostrils with milk and blowing it all over their nurse. They are greedy, noisy, ill-smelling, and stupid. . . . Attendance on swine was less humiliating for the reason that we could keep them at arms' length, but we didn't enjoy that. We liked teaming and pitching hay and harvesting and making fence, and we did not greatly resent ploughing and husking corn but we did hate the smell, the filth of the cow-yard. Even "hostling" had its "outs," especially in spring when the horses were shedding their hair. I never fully enjoyed the taste of equine dandruff, and the eternal smell of manure irked me, especially at table.

'There was something relentless as the weather in the way my soldier father ruled his sons, and yet he was neither hard-hearted nor unsympathetic. The fact is easily explained. His own boyhood had been task-filled and he saw nothing unnatural in the regular employment of his children. Having had little playtime himself, he considered that we were having a very comfortable boyhood. Furthermore the country was new and labour scarce. Every hand and foot must count under such conditions.

'There are certain ameliorations to child-labour on a farm. Air and sunshine and food are plentiful. I never lacked for meat or clothing, and mingled with my records of toil are exquisite memories of the joy I took in following the changes in the landscape, in the notes of birds, and in the play of small animals on the sunny soil.

'There were no pigeons on the prairie, but enormous flocks of ducks came sweeping northwards, alighting at sunset to feed in the fields of stubble. They came in countless myriads and often when they settled to earth they covered acres of meadow like some prodigious cataract from the sky. When alarmed they rose with a sound like the rumbling of thunder.

'Brant and geese in formal flocks followed and to watch these noble birds pushing their arrowy lines straight into the north always gave me special joy. . . . I learnt to imitate their cries, and often caused the leaders to turn, to waver in their course as I uttered my resounding call.

'The sandhill crane came last of all, loitering north in lonely easeful flight. He was the herald of summer. His brazen reverberating call will forever remain associated in my mind with mellow, pulsating earth, springing grass and cloudless glorious May-time skies.

'As my team moved to and fro over the field, ground sparrows rose in countless thousands, flinging themselves against the sky like grains of wheat from out of the sower's hand, and their chatter fell upon me like the voices of fairy sprites, invisible and multitudinous . . . and always the brown lark whistled as if to cheer my lonely task.

'Back and forth across the wide field I drove, while the sun crawled slowly up the sky. It was tedious work, and I was always hungry by nine, and famished at ten. Thereafter the sun appeared to stand still. My chest caved in and my knees trembled with weakness, but when at last the white flag fluttering from a chamber window summoned to the mid-day meal, I started with strength renewed. . . . From such a meal I withdrew torpid as a gorged snake, but luckily I had half an hour in which to get my courage back, . . . and besides, there was always the stirring power of father's clarion call. His energy appeared superhuman to me. . . . And so, lame, stiff, and sore, with the sinews of my legs shortened, so that my knees were bent like an old man's, I hobbled away to the barn and took charge of my team. Once in the field I felt better. O subtle change, a mellower charm came over the afternoon earth. The ground was warmer, the sky more genial, the wind more amiable, and before I had finished my second round my joints were moderately pliable. . . .

Nevertheless the temptation to sit on the corner of the harrow and dream away the moments was very great, and sometimes as I

laid my tired body down on the tawny, sunlit grass at the edge of the field, and gazed up at the beautiful clouds sailing by, I wished for leisure to explore the purple valleys. . . . So, day by day, as I walked my monotonous round on the mellowing soil, the prairie spring unrolled its beauties before me. I saw the last goose pass on to the north, and watched the green grass creeping up the sunny slopes. The prairie hens began to seek seclusion in the swales, and the pocket gopher threw up his purple-brown mounds of cool fresh earth. Larks, blue-birds and king-birds followed the robins, and at last the full tide of May covered the world with luscious green.'

Destructiveness of Pioneering.

"... as foot by foot and rod by rod the steady steel rolled the grass and the hazel-brush under, all of these wild things died or hurried away, never to return. Some part of this tragedy I was able even then to understand and regret.

'At last the wide "quarter-section" lay upturned, black to the sun, and the garden that had bloomed and fruited, waiting for man, lay torn and ravaged. The tender plants, the sweet flowers, the fragrant fruits, the busy insects, all the swarming lives, which had been native here, for untold centuries, were utterly destroyed.'

Returning home after a long absence in towns, he is struck by the essential tragic futility of the existence of his former neighbours.

'An old farmer, bent and worn of frame, halted before me, David Babcock . . . and as I listened to his words I asked, "What purpose does a man serve by toiling like that for sixty years with no increase of leisure, with no growth in mental grace?" Nearly all, even the young men, looked worn and weatherbeaten and some appeared both silent and sad.

'Laughter was curiously infrequent. . . . The hard, crooked fingers which they laid in my palm completed the sorrowful impression which their faces had made upon me. . . . At neighbour Gardner's home I watched his bent complaining old wife house-keeping from dawn to dark, literally dying on her feet. William Knapp's home was somewhat improved but the men still came to the table in their shirt-sleeves smelling of sweat and stinking of the stable.

... Every house I visited had its individual message of sordid struggle and half-hidden despair... Bess had taken upon her girlish shoulders the burdens of wifehood and motherhood almost before her girlhood had reached its first period of bloom. In addition to the work of being cook and scrub-woman, she was now mother and nurse. As I looked around upon her worn chairs, faded rag-carpets, and sagging sofas, ... I thought of her as she was in the days of her radiant girlhood and my throat filled with rebellious pain.

'All the gilding of farm-life melted away. The hard and bitter realities came back upon me in a flood. Nature was as beautiful as ever. The soaring sky was filled with shining clouds, the tinkle of the bobolink's fairy bells rose from the meadow, a mystical sheen was on the odorous grass and waving grain, but no splendour of cloud, no grace of sunset could conceal the poverty of these people, on the contrary, they brought out, with a more intolerable poignancy, the gracelessness of these homes, and the sordid quality of the mechanical daily routine of these lives.

"... This desolate business of lonely settlement took on a new and tragic significance as I studied it. Instructed by my new philosophy I now perceived that these ploughmen, these wives and daughters had been pushed out into these lonely ugly shacks by the force of landlordism behind. These plodding Swedes and Danes, these thrifty Germans, these hairy Russians had all fled from the feudalism of their native lands and were here because they had no share in the soil from which they had sprung."

TOWN AND COUNTRY: ETHEL MANNIN

Diverse indeed from all these was Ethel Mannin. Her parents, an Irish father and a very English country-girl mother, came to live in Clapham, and it was in Clapham that the daughter was born (1900). The mother was especially full of vitality, and both parents were unburdened with artificiality. If Ethel Mannin admits that, it probably was so. They were a pleasant pair in her eyes, but counted for nothing as influences. She herself has spent most of her life in towns but her bent seems to have been rather towards the country, and it is the contrast between town habits and countrified possibilities that form the more significant part of the book; especially as the town habits

were accentuated by adolescence in war-time and by her making an occupation of low-class journalism.

This autobiographical book of hers has been written too soon, and yet not so soon but that the edge of her keen sense of words has already, at twenty-nine, been blunted by literature's two worst enemies, journalism and drink. Short as the book is, there are far too many words in it. But the current is quick, the impulses genuine, and no bitterness in it except against circumstances and conventions which hamper others as well as herself.

Her schooling was premature and mismanaged, but even that serves a purpose, that of the presentation of the weakest points of the weakest kind of a London school in as vivid a light as could be wished for.

Her sense of words was evidently very keen about the age of seven. She learnt spelling backwards, reading t.u.n. as 'nut' and t.o.n. as 'not.' She seems to herself to have lived in a world of her own up to the age of fifteen, continuously preoccupied with writing stories mentally. Whenever anything or anybody broke into it, that breaking in would be no more than one interruption, and whenever writing-materials were handy-and any blank sheet would do-she would be actually writing. But if not, the fact of writing would be present to her mind equally defi-nitely, a flame that had burned inside her since the age of seven. The flame within burned so hot that she came to be possessed with a belief in flame, in a magnetism of desire-a conviction that if a person wanted anything passionately enough, nothing could stop him or her from attaining it, and the worst trouble in life was what happened to most people, the lack of a knowledge of what they really wanted, of single-minded passionateness. And then, in turn, grows up out of this a conviction that all our world is rotten all through and that it is its artificiality that makes it so rotten, and that civilization that is made up of the ingenuities of science, wireless, aeroplanes, motor-cars, central-heating, electric light, tap-water, syphilis, machine-guns, slums, factories, nerves, the tyranny of church and school, and the stupidities and cruelties towards others that she believes these inventions and discoveries drive us into.

It was a sadness that by no means dated from the contradictions of adolescence, and its perversions in post-war London. It was but the prolongation of a chronic sadness which had been associated, perhaps created, by the impressions of the day before each return-home from holidays at a mother's home-farm. She would forget all the crudities of farm-life that had some times jarred on her, and would become profoundly sensitive to the sweetness of the orchard,

'the lure of the little path that led nowhere, the buttercup-field like a golden sea, the barn with its soft deep hay and mysterious twilight, even at high noon, the kitchen garden, with the plank across the ditch, and the sharp green smell of nettles and the blue birdseyes in the rough grass of the narrow paths, and the currant bushes, white and red and black, with the old lace curtains over them to protect them from the birds, and the sweet-briar roses that grew where they were least wanted to so that it didn't matter if you picked them, and the jungle of trees outside the back kitchen door where the chickens ran loose, and which was as thick as a wood, the water-closet at the end of the path of rough stepping stones, ivy growing over its tiled roof, romantic as a summer-house, the great syringa-tree in the middle of the jungle with its shower of waxen sweet-smelling blossom that the young uncles wore for button-holes on Sundays . . . romantic water-closet, nettle-grown kitchen-garden, shining white tree of orange-blossom, baytrees whose leaves were picked and used for flavouring milk-puddingsone mourned them all, intolerably, with the deep, inconsolable sorrow of a child. One mourns them still in a mist of dream-hound memories.'

A FEW OTHERS

Diverse, again, not only from all these, but also from all others is the experience of Thomas O'Crohan. Born in 1856 he writes of seventy years and more of life on the Blasket islands, the other side of Ireland. There have always been people on the Blaskets, living and dying and wresting a bare subsistence from sea and rocks and some handfuls of soil. But it is only now that any record of that life becomes available: and now, here it is, once for all; thanks not only to Thomas but also to Robin Flower who has forgone the attractions of Anglo-Irish in his

translation and given us an Anglo-English rendering, which has, no doubt, more of a faithfulness to the spirit than the more charming dialect would possess. For Thomas O'Crohan has no English, but an acquaintance with his own language that has eased his latter years with a little income from scholar-pupils. The influx of these is one of the many new features of Blasket life as known to Thomas. Tea, sugar, wakes, the very boats they use, things which we are accustomed to think of as part of Ireland's ancient heritage, are likewise innovations within his memory. Had he not described former days, all accurate memory of them would have been lost. His account recaptures and reproduces what had been lived for century after century but will never be lived or seen again. And, alone among autobiographers, so far as I know, does he remember being at his mother's breast. As the latest born he was kept there till he was four.

Yet another contrast is that set in relief by Siegfried Sassoon; rich amid riches, leisurely amid leisure, a gentleman amid 'gentry,' a sportsman amid sport, he has, indeed, this much in common with Thomas O'Crohan, namely, that he is articulate amid the inarticulate. In his set, articulacy is suffocated just as, in the Blaskets, it is starved out. But Siegfried Sassoon had a special gift of words. In fact, his book has become so well-known that it is out-of-place to do much more than mention it. Nevertheless, however well-known it may be to the present generation, it needs to be recommended to each future one. Blundering diffidently through life, as he puts it, he succeeds, equally diffidently, in recreating childhood, boyhood, manhood, in a hunting-centre in a way that will appeal to all who know something of it and will explain much that is difficult to understand to those, abroad and at home, to whom it is alien. His own complete gentlemanliness, most apparent when it seems to him it was fading away, is matched by the gentlemanliness of his servants and horses.

Apart from anything that is the main concern of this chapter, the book needs to be noted as containing an outstanding instance of one of those creations by a child of an imaginary ideal companion whose companionship and character made up for all his creator's supposed shortcomings, and for all those which he perceived in those around him. When Sassoon went to school, this imaginary companion became obliterated. As soon as he started to dwell on his memories for the purpose of writing his book, this ideal from the past sprang into existence again and the recollection of him brought back to mind much that would have otherwise dropped out of remembrance wholly.

With Angela Thirkell, however, we look out on the country from a window in town; a window that she 'can take with her wherever she goes.' The quotation from the nursery-rhyme is not without cause. The whole point of view is so. Servants are servants, tradesmen are tradesmen, the public is the public; all circling round one pleasant spoilt child, who grows up to impart an air of unreality to her setting, whether it be Kensington or the edge of the Downs at Rottingdean: backgrounds for ballet-butterflies. It is one of those feminine books that seem for ballet-butterflies. It is one of those feminine books that seem to be written for private circulation and to have got published by accident. She assumes that everyone knows who she was and is, who all her relations are: and that there is really very little in the outside world that matters. Inside this magic-circle she wraps herself up in an unearned income, proof against all larger visions and depths and breadths and heights, against tragedies and visions alike, sufferings and hopes, which are current among humanity: proof against pasts, presents, and futures. She does, indeed, suspect something of the sort as happening to that grandmother of hers who honestly believed that Ruskin's Seven Lamps of Architecture on every working-man's table would go far towards the amelioration of the irremediable. But both assume that every man owns a table. Accepting her own axioms. sume that every man owns a table. Accepting her own axioms, a pleasant, delicately-etched, picture: but amongst the world's autobiographers, a puppet-play by just one more doll.

Still less can one apotheosize Squire Osbaldestone, who filled the first half of the nineteenth century so bulkily that he frittered away £300,000 without knowing quite where it had all gone to. It evidently went on parasites. He was a great patron of, and boon-companion among, prize-fighters. But

most of his life was spent hunting. He proves beyond doubt that a hunting-man can be as great a bore as a golfer.

It is a pity that he does not give more space to cricket. He was the fastest bowler of his time, and played in the company of the whole cricket-mythology. When he wrote he seems to have been the only bowler known to have taken all ten wickets in an innings. But he deserted cricket early. Perhaps it was becoming too 'high-brow' even then; nothing appealed to him that was not brainless and brutal. Had his autobiography been one written by a four-legged animal, there would have been as much in it to recommend and admire as to deplore; but as one by a hiped—no. one by a biped-no.

How different is J. H. Fabre, who wrote no formal autobiography at all, but whose whole written work bears that character! How, for instance, he came to be possessor of land enough to enable him to pursue his natural-history studies free from interruption; how he, after forty years of earning what was no more than a bare subsistence, had managed to save up the purchase-money of a small piece of waste land, 'harmas,' as they term such land in Provence, land which nobody else would look at and therefore all the more valuable to him, since its minute wild life had been able to breed and thrive there in the same uninterrupted peace (apart from their own civil wars) which their observer valued for his observations. Here he could find scope to verify and extend all that vast, first-hand, accurate knowledge which had gone on growing ever since he, as a six-year-old, had 'listened-in' to the magic of sound, as embodied in what he calls the 'Toads' Litany.'

And so might we go on and on, from one aspect to another of open-air life, from the passionate warped enjoyment of Richard Jefferies, to dogs, mountaineering, poaching, rambles, exploration, one after another, all of which have their autobiographers to speak of what they themselves have experienced. Many have received exemplification incidentally elsewhere in these volumes, as the index shows; many others await both you and me in the bibliography of books unread; many more, of a

certainty, whose titles and subjects remain unknown to both of us, await discovery.

Meanwhile, two last quotations, both from D. M. Richardson's *The Tunnel*:

'... They had wakened her from her first day-time sleep. Asleep! She had slept in broad sunlight at the foot of the little cliff. Waking in the day time is perfect happiness. To wake suddenly and fully, nowhere; in paradise; and then to see sharply with large clear strong eyes the things you were looking at when you fell asleep. She lay perfectly still. Perhaps the girls were asleep. Presently they would all be sitting up again and she would have to begin once more the tiring effort to be as clever as they were. But it would be a little different now that they had all lain stretched out at the foot of the cliffs asleep. She was changed. Something had happened since she had fallen asleep disappointed in the eastcoast sea and the little low cliff, wondering why she could not see and feel them like the seas and cliffs of her childhood. She could see and feel them now, as long as no one spoke and the first part of the morning remained far away. She closed her eyes and drifted drowsily back to the moment of being awakened by the sudden cry. In the instant before her mind had slid back and she had listened to the muffled footsteps thudding along the turf of the low cliff above her head, waiting angrily and anxiously for further disturbance, she had been perfectly alive, seeing; perfect things all round her, no beginning or ending . . . there had been moments like that, years ago, in gardens, by seas and cliffs. Her mind wandered back amongst these; calling up each one with perfect freshness. They were all the same. In each one she had felt exactly the same; outside life, untouched by anything, free. She had thought they belonged to the past, to childhood and youth. In childhood she had thought each time that the world had just begun and would always be like that; later on, she now remembered, she had always thought when such a moment came that it would be the last and clung to it with wide desperate staring eyes until tears came and she had turned away from some great open scene with a conscious body flooded suddenly by a strong warm tide to the sad dark world to live for the rest of her time upon a memory. But the moment she had just lived was the same, it was exactly the same as the first one she could remember, the moment of standing, alone, in bright sunlight on a narrow gravel path in the garden at

Babington between two banks of flowers, the flowers level with her face and large bees swinging slowly to and fro before her face from bank to bank, many sweet smells coming from the flowers and amongst them a strange pleasant smell like burnt paper. . . . It was the same moment. She saw it now in just the same way; not remembering going into the garden or any end to being in the bright sun between the blazing flowers, the two banks linked by the slowly swinging bees, nothing else in the world, no house behind the little path, no garden beyond it. Yet she must somehow have got out of the house and through the shrubbery and along the plain path between the lawns.

'All the six years at Babington were the blazing alley of flowers without beginning or end, no winters, no times of day or changes to be seen. There were other memories, quarrelling with Harriett in the nursery, making paper pills, listening to the bells on Sunday afternoon, a bell and a pomegranate, a bell or a pomegranate round about the hem of Aaron's robe, the squirting of water into one's aching ear, the taste of an egg after scarlet fever, the witch in the chimney, cowslip balls, a lobster walking upstairs on its tail, dancing in a ring with grown-ups, the smell of steam and soap, the warm smell of the bath towel, Martha's fingers warming one's feet, her lips kissing one's back, something going to happen to-morrow, crackling green paper clear like glass and a gold paper fringe in your hand before the cracker went off; an eye blazing out of the wall at night "Thou God seest me," apple pasties in the garden; coming up from the mud pies round the summer house to bed, being hit on the nose by a swing and going indoors screaming at the large blots of blood on the white pinafore, climbing up the cucumber frame and falling through the glass at the top, blowing bubbles in the hay-loft and singing Rosalie the Prairie Flower, and whole pieces of life indoors and out coming up bit by bit as one thought, but all mixed with sadness and pain and bothers with people. They did not come first or without thought. The blazing alley came first without thought or effort of memory. The flowers all shining separate and distinct and all together, indistinct in a blaze. She gazed at them . . . sweet Williams of many hues, everlasting flowers gold and yellow and brown and brownish purple, pinks and petunias and garden daisies white and deep crimson . . . then memory was happiness.'

CHAPTER XIII

THE 'GHOSTLY WINE'

'Love is the ghostly wine.'

RICHARD ROLLE, of Hampole.

EVERY autobiographer has had a childhood. Some give little space to it: some give all their space to it. But all have had one; and saying something about it is the nearest approach to a common factor in Autobiography. The next nearest approach to a common factor is the fact of sex. Far below childhood in the amount of attention given to it it nevertheless makes itself felt more frequently than any other factor, next to childhood. Amongst those factors, moreover, which may be assumed to be influential and yet, in given instances, are passed over in silence, it may be considered as one of the most frequent and the most intense. It may likewise be considered the one which varies most in its manifestations. It undergoes so many, and such strange, metamorphoses, conscious and unconscious, and reappears in disguises so diverse, that a writer who is endeavouring to deal with it as a separate subject must always feel on the verge of intervening and interpreting to an extent which invalidates his effort to remain no more than a critic and an epitomizer. For example, any autobiographer who tends to unusual degrees of intensity will often be found exhibiting moods which appear erotic, or, at any rate, making use of an erotic vocabulary, while he or she is believing himself or herself to be, say, religious. Where these species of intensity begin and end no one can define; and no one is less entitled to classify such moods than an observer who desires merely to record evidence faithfully. Yet one method of classification comes to light, ever clearer as research continues, and

ever more relevant as times goes on. That classification reverts to a biological point of view, whereby human love-affairs partake of the characteristics of both the animal and of the vegetable world, according to whether body or mind takes the lead; and that this becomes relevant to our subject because it thereby links itself up with religion as characterized by Robert Bridges in the quotation prefacing Chapter IX.

At the same time, it seems clear enough that sex does constitute a separate subject. Clearer still, that it cannot be left out. Clearest of all, that it means such different things to different people that no definition of it can be attempted; no such definition as affords unity, or, at least homogeneity, to other chapters. To include the idealizations of adolescents, the pitfalls of sanctity, the manias of lust, the monotony of monogamy, the fever of reproductiveness, the devotion of the chivalrous, the hesitations and fruition of virginity, the pathology of corruption, the wildness of the wild, the tameness of the tame, the faint stirrings of new blood-vessels, the metaphysics of celibacy, the canalizations of conventions, the artificialities of the fictitious, the most familiar of commonplaces and the mystery of mysteries—to include all these under one heading, say, of Erotics, or Sexuality—is it not too much?

I fall back, then, on one to whom the cleaner, the more normal, aspects of a fiery devotion, or exaltation, were daily and lifelong companions, whether as man, poet or hermit; one who knew all, experienced all, attracted others and was attracted by them, and who was ever more and more rapt away by his own intensity and depth, and came ever nearer and nearer to those realities which underlie the illusions and the disillusions of those less fortunate human beings who, in all good faith or bad faith, follow by-paths instead of Richard Rolle's 'ghostly,' i.e., spiritual, high-road.

In method, this chapter can differ from other chapters inasmuch as the men may be separated from the women. And further, those who appear in it will frequently be those whose records have already been utilized elsewhere in connection with their special characters or activities. André Gide, John Freeman and Verhaeren, have appeared in the first part,

John Drinkwater, Arthur Symons, George Moore, Ethel Mannin, Lois Vidal, Isadora Duncan in this one. The remainder are newcomers.

MEN

Two of these newcomers call for no more than a brief mention. Frank Thiess, in his *Farewell to Paradise*, writes in fiction-form, but would seem to be authentic enough, judging from that freshness and exactness of detail and verisimilitude which distinguish autobiographical fiction from that which is conventional, wholly imaginative, or businesslike. His picture of a boy of fourteen in love is one that would be hard to find bettered.

Maximianus, on the other hand, presents us, in his *Elegies* with an equally vivid picture of the wretchedness of wretched old age. It loses nothing from having been written as long ago as the sixth century A.D. He seems to have had a good start in life: to have been able, attractive and successful. He mentions incidentally that he became an ambassador. But all that he recalls of the past consists of three disastrous love-affairs, all physical.

John Drinkwater, on the contrary, lived a calm life altogether; and his sexual life did not cause him trouble either. It was not till he was twenty-one that he learnt the facts of the case, and did not worry about them then; quite unlike so many other autobiographers, who recollect being as disgusted as flabbergasted. Drinkwater's was one of those many cases in which nothing was said or done, and no one any the worse for silence. Social adolescence was what worried him: 'five-thumbed, tongued-tied, short-sleeved': always conscious that when he was spending an evening out, there was never any knowing what he was going to do wrong next.

With André Gide we come up against those misdirections which are occasioned by too strict an upbringing; one, too, in the course of which his mother, the only surviving parent, was specially unfitted for the task by reason of no sympathy existing between her and the boy. However, before his father died, the boy's 'bad habits' were sufficiently habitual for them to be

noticed at school. The master thought the best method of dealing with them was to call attention to them in front of the whole class, and to report them to the parents. A doctor was called in to prescribe. The boy was taken away from school for three months' holiday and then returned as cured; 'at least, as nearly so as is possible.' When he was fourteen, he had a friend who was the more alert of the two and took pleasure in the naughtier parts of the Grande Encyclopédie. But Gide was still in the stage when only plain statements are comprehended, and implications make no appeal. When the friend related the results of his explorations, André only listened, without seeking explanations. But when, at fifteen, he heard it mentioned that a particular street was frequented by prostitutes, and that another friend was in the habit of passing that way, his imagination was suddenly touched and he implored this friend not to use that street. He had a considerable shock when the friend merely smiled and asked if André didn't guess that he knew all about that sort of thing already.

He was still without curiosity in sexual matters:

'wholly given over to that kind of complacency which terms aversion disapproval, and which looks upon it as virtuous. I lived a self-centred, hidebound, life; inhibition became an ideal; if I gave way, it was to secret vice; external temptations I simply ignored. Besides, at that age, with what lavishness does not one deceive oneself? At times, even now, I succeed in believing in the Devil; when I think of my sanctimonious revulsions I seem to hear that "Other One" chuckling and rubbing his hands in the background.'

All this led up to the state of mind reflected in his first book, Les Cahiers d'André Walter, made up of love, music, metaphysics and poetry, and the lapses into secret vice which were recurring again at this age, in spite of the disgust he felt with himself for so behaving. As he looks back, he thinks it expecting too much, however, for him to have been able to recognize, even then, that there was any connection between his departure from normality and his puritanism. His puritan upbringing had made the normal claims of the flesh seem to him evil. The writing of this book, however, turned out to be the means

towards more or less solving the problems then unsettling his mind. If he had not worked them off in this way, he thinks his development would have been still further hindered. Nevertheless, he had still, in his twentieth year, only reached a stage similar to that of a released Prometheus, astonished to find that he could live without his eagle coming to devour his entrails daily. But he was released thus far-that he started musing more and more as to whether he was not free to make his way whither his nature led him. Hitherto he had accepted the leadership of Christ and the dictatorship of Protestantism as inseparable and equally needful. The result had been a state of confusion which penetrated deep. He had not been prepared to live without principles, and the claims of his body had to have the authorization of his mind. But now he came to doubt whether God demanded such restrictions; and once it became clear to him that there was contradictoriness at work where harmony should prevail, the attainment of a true harmony became the aim of his existence.

It was in such a state of mind that he set out for Algeria in 1893 in the company of Paul Laurens. The latter was twentythree, catholic and accustomed to live a Bohemian life; and yet virgin, thanks to instincts which neither had nor sought dogmatic or physical justifications but proceeded from spiritual qualities untampered with. In the case of Laurens, intimate friendship existed between mother and son. Laurens and Gide shared an aversion from all that was eccentric, morbid and abnormal, and agreed upon an ideal of equilibrium, free and full development, physical and mental. For the first time in his life, Gide started on a journey without his Bible; classical ideas were taking the lead. Some of them took the lead altogether when an Arab boy tempted him when they were alone among the sanddunes and he fell very willingly. And soon after Laurens formed a connection with a girl of the tribes whose girls come into the towns to earn their dowry, as a matter of course and custom, by prostitution; and Gide readily shared her with him. His first night with this girl, had an extraordinarily beneficial effect on his tuberculosis, an effect which apparently the connection with the boy did not have; but during the connection with the girl Meriem, his imagination was concerned rather with the boy than the girl.

When they reached Rome they shared an ordinary prostitute between them but she was always objectionable to Gide, thanks to her fashionableness and affectations; and when later, he was left to himself, he made many experiments, but all left him disgusted both with himself and the others. There was the need felt, but no satisfactory outlet. Also, he found it an impossibility, with him, to be moderate; he had always to force himself to extremes against his will.

Parallel with all the above ran a love-affair with his cousin Emmanuèle. Their acquaintanceship dated from neither of them knew when; and their friendship just grew and grew through the ever-increasing discovery of a perfect understanding between them. Emmanuèle was none the less subject to a deep reserve, due to the knowledge of her mother's unfaithfulness to the father. The outstanding recollection on Gide's part was that of their walks when he was round about fifteen; walks starting at daybreak from the family home near Rouen; later came their meeting at the deathbed of his uncle, her father, when André already was conscious of it being his wish in life to marry her; the meeting, indeed, seemed to him to bear also the character of a betrothal. Nevertheless, she refused to marry him, and his proposal was followed by, not only refusal, but silence and separation; the more so inasmuch as it was anathema to him to couple the idea of marriage with satisfaction of corporal needs. Apart from puritanism, too, there were his ideas about Emmanuèle which were primarily mystical, and with reason. Yet it was taken for granted in the family, more or less, that they would eventually marry. And, after his mother's death, it seemed to follow as a matter of course that they should become engaged. The only reason given for her earlier refusal and delay on her part is that she thought it wrong that she should become engaged before her elder sisters. No influence was more definite than hers on the whole of his early life and that influence always a singularly clear influence for good.

It so happens that all the remaining men whose evidence appears to be most useful to quote resemble André Gide in

being among the most expert writers of recent times. This fact does introduce an element of bookishness into the subject which should not be there; at any rate, not in that proportion. This element might be counter-balanced by including someone whose ambitions were rather those of a sophisticated stallion than of an analyst. It would not be as easy as it sounds, because no evidence is more open to suspicion than that of those who offer to be 'candid' about sexuality. As honest a case as could be found is probably that of Casanova, and his recollections as a whole have many merits which have been left out of sight in the anxiety of his biographers to emphasize his eroticism. But there are two objections to introducing Casanova here. One is that what is recorded of him has been made common property so often; another is that the manuscript should be put into trustworthy hands for publication and further judgments and summaries suspended until we know what Casanova really did say. The manuscript contains matter of value, historical and otherwise, and its contents ought no longer to be subject to the risks of private hoarding. And, on the other hand, if the reader is inclined to believe that the mentalities of expert writers are apt to misrepresent the mentality of the man in the street, it has to be considered that the former owe their position rather to a mastery of one medium of expression than to any generical differences.

Here, for instance, are some quotations from Arthur Symons which need no more introduction than what has been told in Chapter IV of his early life. Does not he speak for others?

'When I first read Rabelais and the *Poems and Ballads* I was ignorant of my own body; I looked upon relationship of man and woman as something essentially wicked; my imagination took fire, but I was hardly conscious of any physical reality connected with it. I was inexpressibly timid in the presence of a woman; I hardly ever met young people of my own age; and I had a feeling of the deepest reverence for women, from which I endeavoured to banish the slightest consciousness of sex. I thought it an inexcusable disrespect; and in my feeling towards the one or two much older women who at one time or another had a certain attraction for me, there was nothing, conscious at least, but a purely romantic admira-

tion. At the same time I had a guilty delight in reading books which told me about the sensation of physical love, and I trembled with ecstasy as I read them. Thoughts of them haunted me; I put them out of my head by an effort, I called them back; they ended by never leaving me.

'I think it was a little earlier than this that I began to walk in my sleep, and to have nightmares; but it was just then that I suffered most from those obscure terrors of the night. Once, when I was a child, I remember waking up in my nightshirt on the drawingroom sofa, and being wrapped up in a shawl and carried upstairs by my father, and put back into bed. I had come down in my sleep, opened the door, and walked into the room without seeing anyone, and laid myself down on the sofa. I did not often dream, but, whenever I dreamed, it was of infinite spirals, up which I had to climb, or of ladders, whose rungs dropped away from me as my feet left them, or of slimy stone stairways into cold pits of darkness, or of the tightening of a snake's coils around me, or of walking with bare feet across a floor curdling with snakes. I awoke, stifling a scream, my hair damp with sweat, out of impossible tasks in which time shrank and swelled in some deadly game with life; something had to be done in a second, and all eternity passed, lingering, while the second poised over me like a drop of water always about to drip: it fell, and I was annihilated into depth under depth of blackness.

'Into these dreams of abstract horror there began to come a disturbing element of sex. My books and my thoughts haunted me; I was restless and ignorant, physically innocent, but with a sort of naïve corruption of mind. All the interest which I had never been able to find in the soul, I found in what I only vaguely apprehended of the body. To me it was something remote, evil, mainly inexplicable; but nothing I had ever felt had meant so much to me. I never realized that there was any honesty in sex, that nature was after all natural. I reached stealthily after some stealthy delight of the senses, which I valued the more because it was a forbidden thing. Love I never associated with the senses, it was not even passion that I wanted; it was a conscious, subtle, elaborate sensuality, which I knew not how to procure. And there was an infinite curiosity, which I hardly even dared dream of satisfying; a curiosity which was like a fever. I was scarcely conscious of my external temptations. The ideas in which I had been trained, little as they had seemed consciously to affect me, had given me the equivalent of what I may call virtue, in a form of good taste. I was ashamed of my desires, of my sensations, though I made no serious effort to escape them; but I knew that, even if the opportunity were offered, something, some scruple of physical refinement, some timidity, some unattached sense of fitness, would step in to prevent me from carrying them into practice.'

Another name that here appears for the first time is that of Gustave Flaubert, amongst whose lesser-known writings are two, Mémoires d'un fou, written in 1838, and Novembre written in 1842, neither of which were published until 1910, but which are of major importance for our purposes. Novembre covers more ground; in fact, the whole of Flaubert's previous life. It is magnificently written. Superb rhythm, power, and eloquence are utilized to delineate the growth, the symptoms, the accompaniments, of concentration on eroticism. He has two separate themes, a male and a female; because, when he finds a mate, he writes down her previous life up to the time of their meeting and there is no apparent reason why this account should not be as autobiographical as his own. The two themes are highly differentiated. The male possesses all the fire, the imaginativeness, the vitality of youth in isolation, isolated from any sympathetic fellowship, focusing all his adolescence and the dawn of maturity on erotic ideas and manifestations and outlets in default of training for, and leadership towards, a more varied life or self-direction. The female character is introduced as at hand just when the male, the writer, is too exasperated to endure further delay, but as one who narrates to him her own experiences and tendencies, an instance of a purely animal bent dominating all other capacities, and bending the whole character and mentality into that one channel. Yet, different as the two are, they are well met, since she, throughout the course of experiments in gratifying a rampant, inquisitive, bestiality, has always been in search of the perfectly presentable, sympathetic, and inexperienced male; while, in turn, she did not disappoint him.

He is so wholly wrapped up in the erotic aspect of life that he attributes his own states of mind to all the world, at all ages.

'There is no age when we do not dream of it. As infants, we finger the bosoms of the big girls who take us up in their arms and hug us, however innocent our sensuality may be. At ten years' old we dream of love; at fifteen, it happens.'

His first thirty-one pages deal with the course of his development up to that age. Then a break of three years is mentioned, and the narration starts anew at the age of eighteen, as from the point where the development broke off at fifteen.

The whole is a study of erotics at their broadest. Not a love-story of two; but of a single male with an erotic bias, a bias which gradually usurps leadership, and becomes a love-story without a heroine until the very end of its life, and, indeed, discovers, almost invents, the heroine as an inevitable by-product of its own inherent drift and force combined. Instead of the heroine initiating the consciousness of love, it is a disposition to love that converts the heroine into herself. Given the circumstances, anyone with a sufficiently 'coming-on' disposition might have done: and if that one had not been at hand, another would, almost perforce, have served the turn.

Flaubert had a home and a school and a temperament which predestined him to discontent. A passion for brilliance led up to a vague longing for a splendid existence, and tales that he heard were amplified and defined by tales that he read. Clothes, jewels, equipage, played their part, and demanded a heroine to complete the picture. The details of his day-dreams are the 'properties' of the Thousand and One Nights, but he never mentions reading them: only 'the poets.' He came near to diverting the current of his thoughts into poetic ambitions, but suspected himself of mediocrity too often to be able to persist. He despaired very early and very often. A general rootlessness betrayed him into an accentuated sense of frustration when he was reacting from his dreams. Pride did its share; nothing seemed good enough; the wretched and trivial ambitions and occupations that filled the minds of his schoolfellows and relations, what satisfaction could he find in suchlike? All the hours of his young days he sacrificed to a magnificent god: he converted himself into a temple-and the temple remained empty.

He lived the life of a statue surrounded by buzzing flies. And since, he adds, he made no use of existence, existence used him up: his dreaming exhausted him more than exertion. These were the days before he was sixteen when his state was that of the puberty of the heart which precedes the puberty of the body; when the senses count for little and infinity for much, a transition-state between childhood and youth which passes so rapidly and lightly that even the memory of it gets forgotten. And all the more so in his case, when these beginnings were rather a means of escape from the uncongenial than an inner necessity.

'This passion which I would like to have been feeling, I studied in books. I have not had one single love, and I should have wished to love so often. . . . Oh, how I should have loved if I had loved, if I had been able to focus all these diverse energies which forced themselves upon me.'

Even up to his twentieth year, his world was a tenuous one of brilliance and perfumes. It first defined itself in feminine form when he saw a tight-rope dancer. Thenceforward he would dream away all the evening 'prep.', hurrying over what he could not avoid giving some attention to, in order to escape into dreamland at the earliest moment. At night deferring sleep as long as possible, conjuring up images, listening for each hour to strike, as one more hour past towards the realization of his dreams. By day he would search among books and engravings for all that could be implied in the words 'femme' and 'maîtresse,' and, on discovery of what seemed to him the password of life, looked forward still more feverishly to the time when he would become a man. Especially did the word 'maîtresse' fascinate him, as a satanical key to all the possibilities that seemed worth realizing. Nobody of all those around him knew what was passing in his mind.

Resuming, then, at eighteen, after a three-year interval

Resuming, then, at eighteen, after a three-year interval which is not accounted for, he encouraged himself in exhausting every variant he could invent on the same theme. The same limitations remained. He looked for no kind of partner but a physical one, on the one hand, and, on the other, his energies

attempted no outlet other than that of dreams based on books. His state of mind naturally inclined him to the alternative of suicide at times. He would climb to the top of a tower, lean over, wait for giddiness to overcome him; dally with urges to throw himself down. Or he would examine the points of daggers, and the muzzles of pistols, accustom himself to feel the coolness of them against his skin; would study the enormousness of waggon-wheels as they rumbled through the streets, and imagine his head being crushed beneath them. And then he would dismiss all these alternatives in favour of dying gently on a bed of dry leaves in a wood, and the birds and the rain disposing of his body, little by little. And, then, one day, circumstances favoured his lighting on the one outlet he most desired: and there *Novembre* ends.

Now, that three years' interval that Flaubert speaks of, an interval free from all these preoccupations, a sudden break without anything to account for it, and without any reference, even, to how his mind did occupy itself during that interval, is puzzling enough in itself, and would be still more so were it not that the *Mémoires d'un fou* has survived to show what was occurring then. But even so, it remains strange that no reference is made in the later book to the events narrated in the earlier one; no attempt made to fuse or co-ordinate them. The two, taken together, serve as a reminder of the difficulties to be encountered in any attempt to rationalize Autobiography. The story of the *Mémoires* hinges on a week or two at

The story of the Mémoires hinges on a week or two at Trouville, at a date when Trouville was still no more than a fishing-village, visited by a few Parisians in the summer. The box is sixteen. Within him is a brilliant imagination and he is carried away by all that imagination can suggest to a mind sensitive to all the impressions that crowd in on adolescence, sombre, inspiring, or bewildering. This boy, too, had been living at odds with the cheap and commonplace contacts of daily life. Disliked and despised by his school-fellows, he disliked and despised them in return. Driven in upon himself, dreaming and raging, he spent his time, for choice, with Shakespeare, Byron, and 'Werther.'

One day, at Trouville, he found an attractive-looking cloak on the shore, in danger of being caught by the incoming tide. He removed it to a safe place. In the evening he was thanked by the owner of the cloak, a young married woman, also a visitor there, with her husband. She either was very beautiful, or seemed so. The boy fell in love with her and was young and reserved enough to be made the companion of the married couple during the remainder of their stay there. They went; he went. He never saw her again. Younger girls came and went, in and out of his life, in indecisive ways. On being chaffed about his unmasculinity, he paid one visit to a prostitute. Once was more than enough for him. He tried to become more sociable; but, in the end, all the poetic preoccupation of his earlier years retained their hold on him. Two years later he returned to Trouville. It was then that the real love-affair began. In her absence, he turned over and over again in his mind the reminiscences of the acquaintanceship with her, elaborating and intensifying them, etching them all into his memory, in his loneliness, with a persistence and a vividness that make it seem as if the recording of them so vividly was easy; though, in fact, the recording of them is no less remarkable. Thenceforth they formed the basis, or the sum-total, of all that he had to say or feel or write about love-affairs. A week or two of objectivity; a lifetime of subjectivity; as good a specimen of a youthful love-affair as could easily be discovered in print, and the material out of which a great writer wove his stories of passion.

Let us return to George Moore for a few minutes for the sake of a change of temperament. It may be said that it is change of age rather than of temperament, since Moore writes at the age of forty-six, when he himself is feeling that the time for love is over—at forty-six! But that is what he does say, and adds that at that age, one is consultant rather than practitioner.

He has, of course, much to say. In fact, he never digresses for long. But never at any age could he have considered the subject as a gospel, as did Flaubert; but rather, shall we say? as a matter for an epistle; the epistle of a master and an artist.

'I am penetrated through and through by an intelligent, passionate, dreamy, interest in sex, going much deeper than the mere rutting instinct; and turn to women as a plant does to the light, as unconsciously, breathing them through every pore, and my writings are but the exhalation that follows the inspiration.'

J. C. Powys provides another new variant of Autobiography—a genealogical one, but solely of fathers and brothers. Exceptional is the extent of the influence of the father. It dominates the writer of the book, in little details as in the mass. It is also exceptional in so much influence being exercised without reaction against it occurring. The boys differed; some are not mentioned by name. But those whose names do occur (only three) differed from each other. J.C. was the eldest.

The father, a clergyman, massive and active, very proud and very simple, derived a greater pleasure from the simplest natural things than anyone else J.C. had known; more childlike than any of his children: yet all were childlike and remained so ever. No scientific naturalist, and familiar only with countrified names of flowers, he fell into ecstasy over flowers, birds and butterflies that he came across in the course of walking: the mere act of walking was a deep joy to him: as were recollections of his feats of climbing and rowing. His food was almost incredibly simple: mostly bread and butter, if he had treacle or marmalade he left out the butter. For drink, only water and tea. The whole family took after him in this eating of slice after slice of bread as staple food. One egg for breakfast and stewed pears and rice pudding were his nearest approaches to luxury. J.C. imitated these habits to a comic-extravagant extent. The father kept his money in a leather purse: so did J.C. Only one son, the most original, Theodore, collected nothing, not fossils, eggs, nor anything. All the others followed the father's example and collected something. J.C., in mature age, is found on foot, and exhausting himself, because his father disliked trams and buses. The father carried his antipathy to affectation and superficiality so far as to prefer the company of the most disreputable members of his parish, but without ever being other than evangelically human. 'Old-fashioned' was the father's highest praise; 'new-fangled' his severest condemnation, and this attitude was accepted unconsciously by the family, and asserts itself in J.C.'s freedom from acceptance of current theory at its face values. How far his wisdom was acquired from his father and how far it originated in instincts inherited from their common ancestry and its reticent, solitary, Cymric romanticism cannot be traced, but there it is, and comes out in the feelings excited in him by rocks and stones and trees, and in his impulse to escape from organized society and convention.

The father had a faculty of being carried away into transports by the most ordinary-seeming things, amidst the most ordinary surroundings and this faculty all his eleven children inherited. He experienced no need of others' praise, or authorization; and this, again, is a factor in making J.C. so careless of appearances; carrying this carelessness to an extremity of perversity in antagonizing others needlessly.

J.C. says that his father's Evangelical Christianity was the

J.C. says that his father's Evangelical Christianity was the only characteristic of his that did not affect himself, but mentions, amongst his lifelong manias, that of an antipathy to picking flowers, whereas his father rarely came home from a walk without a bunch in his hand: and further, the father was inarticulate, his son voluble; the father set like rock, the son veering like breezes.

The latter's life divides itself into two halves: up to forty, and after forty. He writes at the age of sixty. During the first half he struggled to arrange his life in accordance with what he admired in his favourite books: during the second he strove to discover what his real inner self consisted of and to allow it free play. This content of his true self had seemed to him to imply evading the common obligations of humanity and cultivating tendencies that were both unprofitable and discreditable. During the later stage these tendencies appeared to him as the product of instincts that were true beyond the truths of his contemporaries and, at least, were precious to him beyond any prescribed values. The earlier stage was one dominated by conscience: the later by sensual-mystical sensation.

But, present throughout, ran a vein of viciousness which harmonized with neither phase. And, as he says, viciousness

whatever form it may take, militates against happiness by reason of its insatiable exclusiveness and savage intensity. The form this vicious strain took in him was erotic.

However, his aims and tendencies worked out as rather more complex than these two phases imply. He sees five discordant elements at work throughout—a desire to enjoy the Cosmos, a desire to play the part of a magician, a desire to play the part of a helper, besides the desires to appease his conscience and to satisfy his viciousness. But afterthought reminds him of two other factors: his father's spirit of independence looms large, a spirit as far-reaching as uncompromising; concerned not merely with an economic independence, attained by going without much that others are ready to sacrifice their independence to obtain, but an independence of desire for name and fame or for competitiveness, a rejection of uncongenial conditions and the warping of thought that the world prescribes; a wholehogging independence based on the towering pride of father, son, and the ancestral line of reputed Welch 'principalities and powers' a Satanic Evangelical-Philosophical, Trinity-in-Disunity, pride which 'towers up like a wavering, fluctuating, gigantic Genie from the smoke-bottle of my own magical soul.'

That last phrase reveals yet another element, a volcanic volubility which turned him into some kind of a lecturer most of his life, and, in the end, into one of the most eloquent writers in English literature, a volubility that becomes eloquent because it ensues from no mere incontinence but from his having so much to say vividly because he has thought and felt so candidly and energetically; a by-product of an intellectual history which has been, to use his own words, a struggle to 'harness my magnetic vitality, which is so terrific, to the plough, not of my cleverness, but of my simplicity.'

"... I am inclined to think that the two great electric currents of my life, the currents that have gathered and gathered their momentum beneath all the changes and chances of circumstance have been, first the gradual discovering and the gradual strengthening of my inmost identity, till it can flow like water and petrify like a stone; and second, the magic trick of losing myself in the continuity of the human generations. By this continuity I mean the

way in which from father to son our life-sensations are handed down from the past, creating a sort of "eternal recurrence" of the poetic mystery of the *little-great* ritual, the daily acts by which we all must live.

'These immemorial recurrences I have learnt how to appropriate to myself, just as if my soul had the actual trick of passing into the lives of the uncounted generations.

'The astronomical world is *not* all there is. We are in touch with other dimensions, other levels of life. And from among the powers that spring from these *other levels* there rises up one Power, all the more terrible because it refuses to practise cruelty, a Power that is neither Capitalist, nor Communist, nor Fascist, nor Democratic, nor Nazi, a Power *not of this world at all*, but capable of inspiring the individual soul with the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove.

'And thus it comes to pass, even while we are still in life, that when our soul loses itself in the long continuity of kindred lives, it does not lose itself in any power less gentle, less magical, less universal than itself, or less the enemy of cruelty; for what it finds is what it brings, and what it sees is what it is; and though the First Cause may be both good and evil, a Power has risen out of it against which all the evil in it and all the unthinkable atrocities it brings to pass are fighting a losing battle.'

The narrative takes us through childhood, school (Sherborne), Cambridge University, life in Sussex and Hampshire, travel in Europe, and a final period of twenty-nine years in the U.S.A. He made many friends and enemies, but three of his brothers form a sort of No. 1 world, around which the outer one revolves, displaying varying aspects.

He speaks much of reading, but does not seem to have read widely or intensively. It is one of the many striking anomalies that his case presents that while many passages from poets seem to have carried him away with enthusiasm, he does not appear to be capable of any sustained or profound appreciation of verse, even while he was using books to facilitate appreciation of pictures, etc. An artist in words by virtue of having much to say and intending to say it, and sensitive up to artistic standards, he is no artist except in so far as his father was artistic.

Appreciation of the beauty that is bestowed by age, the outward mellowness and the inward cumulativeness, circulated within the father like blood, and was transmitted to, and absorbed by, the son. In a collection of pictures he hurried past those that others would examine, except in so far as some book or other had instructed him to stay and impute a value to it, and would linger of his own accord by eighteenth century canvases depicting poetic landscapes. El Greco was an exception; the only one, apparently. Music and dancing were wasted on him. Any medium was wasted on him in so far as it was a human medium, expressive of humanity.

But colour, mere colour, always impressed him. Such attractions and antipathies were in keeping with all that went on in his mind and defined his way of living. Had he adopted a patron saint, his choice should have been Ishmael. And that would not have been contradictory to the dominance in him of what he had inherited and acquired from the parson-father who was on such good terms with his sons and parishioners. The father was hale: the son was diseased. That there was some congenital source of poison always distilling corruption seems probable enough. It is true that, in imitating the father's feeding habits, the whole family debarred themselves even from a sober variety in diet, but yet the abstinence involved may have gone far to counterbalance the monotony. J.C. himself talks much about food, but never mentions a satisfactory meal, or shows signs of any sense of either artistry or open-mindedness in relation to cooking any more than in relation to pictures. But his revilings of himself for greediness need to be taken, so to speak, with a good deal of salt. For one thing, his greed consisted rather of not liking to share sweets with others than of any excesses of self-indulgence, besides that his nervous irritability and egotism leads him into overestimating the importance and degree of all his failings. However all that may be, there remains proof of deep-seated gastric trouble, and neglect in attending to it, which warped his whole life and spoilt his relations with everybody and everything with whom and which he came in contact. Necessary evidence about it all is missing. He speaks of something unknown to him having hurt and jarred his

nervous system in infancy. He says no word about his mother in his 652 pages although, as the eldest of eleven children, he must remember much of her.

A by-product of all this was that a sense of unfitness pursued him all his life. He never learnt to drive a car or use a typewriter; could not dig, or believe he could be tolerable as a waiter; could not deal with cows, horses, or boys; the book itself shows that proof-correction is equally beyond him. Ignorant of mathematics and business, always alienating his audiences and decreasing the demand for himself as lecturer by impossible behaviour or remarks, he nevertheless saw no other alternative for his future than that of taking 'orders' as his father, grandfather, and great grandfather had done before him. His brothers' comments on him do not seem encouraging from that point of view: 'my brother John, the evil one, in a black cloud, making his moan,' and so on. And he prefers the intuitive assurance of authenticity to verification of evidence, because the latter is too much trouble. And yet he is capable of minute observation and recollection. There were so many possibilities inside him that were on the verge of converting him into all that he never became. A tremendous vitality that enabled him to start life afresh each morning, as if his boyhood were preternaturally renewed, combined itself with an Ariellike temperament which, in a different setting, might have turned into a beneficent leadership. And, indeed, to some extent, it may be so turning now. Undoubtedly J.C. has a point of view that is an antidote to many of our acutest, but ephemeral, pains; and it is these temporary handicaps of ours that constitute that setting which kept him an Ishmael. When he was most himself he was inspired by a consciousness of a faculty for tapping some hidden reserve of magnetism amidst which our world revolves and has its being; more, a magnetism which permeates it and is of its essence. He would be aware of himself as a skeleton going to and fro upon the surface of the earth and possessed by a spiritual power that emanated from his bones and dominated them, as it were the 'pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night'; even while his flesh and looks would be impressing acquaintances and friends as foolish and ineffective

and servile. And this gaunt frame, with its mercurial intelligence a-flickering within, seemed to him to be primordial and elementary. Gradually perceptions built themselves up into a conviction that, instead of dwelling on the defects of this state of things as visible to contemporary onlookers, rather was the instinct within him something for them to accept; and more than merely accept. What is wanted, he believes, is a bold return to a magical view of life, a faith in the potentialities of undiluted personality, that faith whence all great poetry and great philosophy and great discovery had sprung; the Logos, in fact. And that what is wrong with so many clever people to-day is a fatal distrust of their own potentialities, distrust lodged there by the transient theories of a superstitious science. What we perceive may be stronger than what we are; but our perceptions are stronger than what we perceive; and truer; our faculties stronger than our perceptions; and the enjoyment of the exercise of our faculties the sole concern of a truly reasonable human being. Conversely, the objective world is fluid and malleable, with properties like the wine of Rabelais' Princess Bacbuc, which tasted differently to each drinker; a world which was worth analysing, but one in which the last word did not rest with analysis, but with the power of the individual determination and instinct to reconstruct by selection and rejection, by denial and affirmation and preference. And, further still, this process, he came to believe, is always operating, and thoughts, when deeply brooded over, tend to become independent and active entities.

Divorced, then, from the gospel of his father, he cultivated prayers and a ritual of his own. Some of his affinities, such as those he discovered in himself with Germans and with Scott's novels, may be accidental, but those with the personnel of the Roman Catholic Church seem to link up with this ritualistic tendency of his, just as another contradictory affinity, namely, with the clergy in general, links up with the tradition embodied in, and transmitted by, his father.

In these cases, his antipathy to the human eye diminished; but in few other cases, not even with those handicraftsmen, indoor and outdoor, whom his father loved, and whose daily life associated them with all those natural antiquities which endeared the world to the son. The sight of smoke rising from a chimney would transport him into one of those ecstasies which characterized his father, whereas the people gathered round the hearth would have made him feel, so to speak, a 'medicine-man' singing the Lord's song in a strange land. Sights and sounds that had been familiar for centuries seized on him with a weirdly powerful fascination. No æsthetic appreciation of the picturesque, no human sense of ancestral associations, could distil what was distilled into him by lanes and cattle-tracks and forest-paths and barns and sheds and windmills and watermills, by churchyards and ancient inns and time-worn bridges, by the fall of the rain and the rays of the sun, the cawing of rooks and the twittering of sparrows, by green moss and yellow stonecrop, lichen and frost, sun-scented road-dust, weather-stained marble, the outskirts of market-towns, wharf-sides, cobblestones and stables. In summer-time in Italy the distilling entered by way of his skin as well as by way of his eyes. Leaning against sun-warmed, golden-brown pillar or porch, he would feel this renewal of ancestral intimacy filtering into him as if it were some heating unguent, fragrant and tinted, an antidote to all that was morbid and cold and dark and too northerly.

And these impressions did not merely form pleasant intervals. That was the least to be said of them. The main thing was that they filled a treasury, stored up sharply defined images, vignettes, essences, which would mature like wine, ever growing more rich, more magical, and enduring to a resurrection and a cumulative after-life in which each would supplement each other.

Such, as he grew old, did he find to be the future he had prepared for himself in earlier days, such might, he thinks, construct a future for everyone who would attend to essentials and not allow the clever people, alive in their cleverness only to novelties, to shut off the magnetic current which exists in what is old and can be transmitted to anyone who attunes himself to it. And, according to his experience and belief, men and women must so attune themselves if they are to get value out of life. A city cannot fulfil its functions except in so far as there exists

in it buildings old enough to have acquired that magnetism and transmit it. Nature serves that purpose best because Nature is always both old and available. This eternal recurrence and this continuity constitute the idiom through which our traditions speak to us; and without our traditions we are dust.

Such was the gospel that the course of his thought dictated him. But the evolution of it was gradual; and the committing of it to writing long deferred. Moreover, he recognizes that expressiveness, whether in words or by any other medium, is an inferior thing to a genius for living. This genius was his in part to excess, and yet for the most part he was totally without it. The Ariel in him was not even pure Ariel. Caliban existed in him, too; and some human qualities which neither Ariel nor Caliban would have welcomed.

In his relations with others he was always behaving in a way that savoured of the charlatan. Ill at ease with what he calls his 'fellow-freaks,' he made them feel ill at ease with him, and whether he was endeavouring to remedy both sources of trouble, or whether he was pursuing some fantastic by-path of his own that degraded himself and discredited his potentialities, the results were equally distressing. The realities which were realities for his inner self were by no means heeded by his outer self. Always liable to become theatrical, or to play the magician, he would often seem to himself, and of course still more often to others, as an impostor who was not even amusing. The poisons which were incessantly fermenting and multiplying inside him were no doubt responsible for much, probably for all, of the poisoning of his intercourse with human beings. At any rate, this poisoning of intercourse existed and persisted, without being any necessary accompaniment of his divergence from customary philosophies of life. It took the form of rendering all his activities cerebral. Both brain and personality were preternaturally active but the two were always at odds with each other. When he was looking for a house to live in, no house made with hands would really do for the brain, which could only consider the Platonic ideal of a spiritual home. This civil war within comes out again in his preferences for faces in mirrors, suns in mists, moons behind clouds, and in his tendency, when gratified, to feel as if metamorphosed into air, fire, water, instead of intensifying his humanity; just as his bookish predilections had rendered it hard for him to distinguish what pictures he really did care for from those which Ruskin and Pater instructed him to revere.

And thus most of his years did he carry on a furtive, surreptitious, double-life, like a monkey in a jungle of 'monkey-puzzles'; a life as futile as it was annoying to himself and others. Most of all was this so in sexual matters. It was not his

senses that lead him astray, but the nerves. Sexuality, to him, was not associated with dalliance with warm-blooded friendly wenches under hay-smelling hedges, as it was to one of his brothers; no more than with the antipathy of the puritan to bare limbs, flushed cheeks, and shining eyes. To him it meant a desperate obsession, an abstract but feverish viciousness; a separate world into which, once one had entered and grazed, like a mad Nebuchadnezzar, on its fatal grass, the ordinary world seemed but 'flat, stale, and unprofitable' until, on returning, the most dull and sordid surroundings would seem sweet and charming and homely in contrast with the previous ab-sorption into these delirious mirages. The least touch of the Rabelaisian revolted him; the humorousness of the average man in relation to sex disgusted him as profoundly as the obscenity of the moralist: impersonality was an essential to his pursuit, which fed on illustrations in books and periodicals, sylphid types of characterless ethereality; always the Undine and never the Thaïs. All its foundations were laid in the school library, and no volumes provided more material than bound volumes of Punch. For reading, any book would do to search through. In later years he would study the forms that lay on Brighton beach or postured in pantomimes, but still immersed in this cerebral idolatry; a poetic lechery circling in an erotic Fourth Dimension. Later still, he would abandon this life like that of a drug-addict and try to find satisfaction in an indulgence in amorous instinct. He married, and seems to have had many years of married life; but says not a word concerning his wife any more than of his mother. The naked truth provided him with no solid gratification; the attractiveness of women to him

was in proportion to the imaginative trespassing that their clothes rendered practicable. Bare legs discomforted him: silk stockings acted like charm. Normality froze him. Maternal instinct was as a coffin to his brittle, fastidious, vicarious, Lesbianism.

And did these obsessions suffer no eclipses? Yes, a few. But their unreality was such that it was not in marriage that an eclipse was to be found, but elsewhere. As a boy, a passionate greediness for sweets was an antidote: but as he grew older, the greediness failed to hold its own against the obsessions. But throughout his three years at Cambridge he was free, quite free. This freedom seems to be connected with the long lonely walks he used to take then on the long lonely roads around Cambridge. The exercise may, of course, have contributed, but as he looks back, the scenes that he saw on those walks become vivid again; become vivid, and then fade away, and in fading away, leave a residue, a residue that did not savour of any æsthetic or intellectual pleasure in the objects he noted or the thoughts that occurred to him then, but consisted of a recognition of some intimate connection between his inner mind and the desolation of the flatness in the twilight, silhouettes of trees and windmills, proximity of posts and palings and heaps of stones, a fuller consciousness of the material out of which he was to evolve his philosophy later. Thirty years later came another period-four years together-when he was almost as free; four years among Dutch Farmers in the U.S.A. But what the cause was, the setting, the people, advancing age, or an operation on his ulcer-ridden inside, or his new occupation of writing books, he does not know. But all the years that might have been years of major efficiency were dominated by ulcers and lust. The suffering from the former, however intermittent, was evidently as frequent as it was intense, and he had the sensation of a fluid being generated by the pain which transformed itself into lust.

On the other hand, he obviously exaggerates when he speaks of himself as predisposed to sadism without any more evidence than that which he produces. And his own observation showed him that he was but an amateur in his own line of viciousness compared with the elderly men whom he saw hunting and hunting and staring and staring on Brighton promenade. And after all, one cannot do everything and J.C. succeeded in the end in extracting from his miseries and failures a philosophy of life that is worth attention and a capacity to combine eloquence and relevance that is very rare, especially late in life. The two remaining men are both poets, John Freeman, and

The two remaining men are both poets, John Freeman, and Emile Verhaeren. Readers may remember that the first part ended with a consideration of the place of poetry in Autobiography, of what results could be obtained in verse, and especially, how far verse could succeed in being a better medium than prose for such purposes. It seemed to be clear that, while prose may be the better medium for narrative, narrative is itself the frame of Autobiography rather than the picture; and that, when we come to dwell on those moments of lifetimes which sum up the past, raise the value of the present to the height of its capacity, and decide the future, then the poet may be able to be more expressive, more truly a chronicler than the prose-writer. And particularly the lyric poet.

Amongst the poets from whose writings examples were chosen were the two above-mentioned. Very little of their

Amongst the poets from whose writings examples were chosen were the two above-mentioned. Very little of their verse was chosen; no more than was needed to illustrate the bearings of the matter then in hand. And what was kept on one side was left intentionally in view of its suitability for this other present subject. Here it is. The quotations from Verhaeren need a few words of explanation. The first, 'L'Etrangère' is from 'Les tendresses premières,' and has nothing to do with the rest of the quotations: it is just a single incident of his boyhood. In parenthesis it may be added that the same book includes one, 'Convalescence,' valuable to anyone desirous of knowing what may be passing through a child's mind during illness. The quotations which follow 'L'Etrangère' come from three series, 'Les Heures claires,' 'Les Heures d'après-midi,' and 'Les Heures du soir.' All these three series are concerned with his married life; the first dated 1896, the second 1905, the third 1911. They are chosen because their significance passes beyond what is simply the experience of a single man. They contain evidence of what constitutes the value of the poet, both as poet

and as autobiographer, namely, as being the kind of man who can both feel deepest and say most, who can speak for, and, in so speaking, illuminate, those less articulate, but not less gifted, people, whose skill is to feel, and to remember, and to go on hoping, rather than write. Verhaeren's case, too, is a rare one: one of those cases wherein our West-European experiment of attempting to combine love and marriage attains its spiritual objective. May it not be connected with this success in his case that his life as a poet was likewise long? The life of a poet, as poet, is usually very short. Inspiration, intermittent as it is, occurs, even so, only in one section of their lives; dies away and never reappears. Too much blessedness, or too little, may be equally fatal to the continuance of poetic capacity. May it not be that a connection exists between the continuity of this particular kind of contentment and this continuance of a poet to be a poet? As was Verhaeren's case, so was that of Robert Bridges, cases in which, in Verhaeren's words, the poet lived in

> L'intérieur jardin tranquillisée, Ou s'unissent, dans la lumière Les pas égaux de nos pensées.

The following poems by Freeman are all from *Poems New* and Old. There is no obvious interconnection between them, no coherence and sequence, such as exists among Verhaeren's 'Les Heures'; but they express, and are quoted to express, diversities of mood and thought.

THE ALDE

How near I walked to Love,
How long, I cannot tell.
I was like the Alde that flows
Quietly through green level lands,
So quietly, it knows
Their shape, their greenness and their shadows well;
And then undreamingly for miles it goes
And silently, beside the sea.

Seamews circle over,
The winter wildfowl wings,
Long and green the grasses wave
Between the river and the sea.
The sea's cry, wild or grave,
From bank to low bank of the river rings;
But the uncertain river though it crave
The sea, knows not the sea.

Was that indeed salt wind?
Came that noise from falling
Wild waters on a stony shore?
Oh, what is this new troubling tide
Of eager waves that pour
Around and over, leaping, parting, recalling? . . .
How near I moved (as day to same day wore)
And silently, beside the sea!

THE DARK FIRE

Love me not less Yet ease me of this fever, That in my wondering heart Burns, sinks, burns again ever.

Is it your love In me so fiercely burning, Or my love leaping to you Then requickened returning?

Come not to me, Bring not your body nearer, Though you overleapt the miles I could not behold you clearer.

I could not clasp you Than in my thought more surely; Breast to breast, heart to heart Might cling no more securely. I do not know you, Seeing you, more than unseeing. What you are that you are Here in my spiritual being.

Leave me you cannot,
Nor can I remove me
From that sevenfold dark fire
You have lit here since you love me.

Yet love unsure No wilder could be burning. Come, go, come, go, There's neither leaving nor returning.

Love me, love me more.

O, not my heart shall quaver
If the dark fire more deep
Sinks and is sevenfold sevenfold graver.

THE DARK NIGHT OF THE MIND

I could not love if my thought loved not too,
Nor could my body touch the body of you,
Unless first in the dark night of the mind
Love had fulfilled what Love had well designed.
Was it in thought or flesh we walked, when low
The sun dropped, and the white scar on the hill
Sank into the dark trees?
Could we indeed so quietly go
Body by body into that heavenly glow?

The elms that rose so vast above the mill
Near leafless were and still;
But from the branches with such loud unease
Black flocking starlings mixed their warring cries
That seemed the greater noise of the creaking mill;
And every branch and extreme twig was black
With birds that whistled and heard and whistled back,
Filling with noise as late with wings the skies.

Was it their noise we heard, Or clamour of other thoughts in our quiet mind that stirred? Then through the climbing hazel hedge new thinned By the early and rapacious wind,
We saw the silver birches gleam with light
Of frozen masts in seas all wild and green.
O, were they truly trees, or some unseen
Thought taking on an image dark and bright?
And did those bodies see them, or the mind?
And did those bodies face once more the hill
To bathe in night, or on a darker road
Our spirits unseeing unwearying rise and rise
Where these feet never trod?

From that familiar outer darkness I Would rise to the inner, deeper, darker sky And find you in my spirit—or find you not, O, never, never, if not in my thought.

THE BODY

When I had dreamed and dreamed what woman's beauty was, And how that beauty seen from unseen surely flowed, I turned and dreamed again, but sleeping now no more: My eyes shut and my mind with inward vision glowed.

'I did not think!' I cried, seeing that wavering shape
That steadied and then wavered, as a cherry bough in June
Lifts and falls in the wind—each fruit a fruit of light;
And then she stood as clear as an unclouded moon.

As clear and still she stood, moonlike remotely near; I saw and heard her breathe, I years and years away. Her light streamed through the years, I saw her clear and still, Shape and spirit together mingling night with day.

Water falling, falling, with the curve of time
Over green-hued rock, then plunging to its pool
Far, far below, a falling spear of light;
Water falling golden from the sun but moonlike cool:

Water has the curve of her shoulder and breast, Water falls as straight as her body rose, Water her brightness has from neck to still feet, Water crystal-cold as her cold body flows. But not water has the colour I saw when I dreamed,
Nor water such strength has, I joyed to behold
How the blood lit her body with lamps of fire
And made the flesh glow that like water gleamed cold.

A flame in her arms and in each finger flame,
And flame in her bosom, flame above, below,
The curve of climbing flame in her waist and her thighs;
From foot to head did flame into red flame flow.

I knew how beauty seen from unseen must rise, How the body's joy for more than body's use was made.

I knew then how the body is the body of the mind, And how the mind's own fire beneath the cool skin played.

O shape that once to have seen is to see evermore, Falling stream that falls to the depths of the mind, Fire that once lit burns while aught burns in the world, Foot to head a flame moving in the spirit's wind!

If these eyes could see what these eyes have not seen— The inward vision clear—how should I look for joy, Knowing that beauty's self rose visible in the world Over age that darkens, and griefs that destroy?

Home for Love

Because the earth is vast and dark
And wet and cold;
Because man's heart wants warmth and light
Lest it grow old;

Therefore the house was built—wall, roof And brick and beam, By a lost hand following the lost Delight of a dream.

And room and stair show how that hand Groped in eager doubt, With needless weight of teasing timber Matching his thought—

Such fond superfluousness of strength In wall and wood As his half-wise, half-fearful eye Deemed only good.

His brain he built into the house, Laboured his bones; He burnt his heart into the brick And red hearth-stones.

It is his blood that makes the house Still warm, safe, bright, Honest as aim and eye and hand, As clean, as light.

Because the earth is vast and dark
The house was built—
Now with another heart and fire
To be fulfilled.

L'ÉTRANGÈRE

Ses yeux disaient: 'Adore-moi,
Comme on aime les eaux, le vent, les bois,
Les jus des fruits et les rosées.
Voici les sèves épuisées
Des mois qui sont la kermesse des fleurs,
Allons-nous en; rentrons; aimons ailleurs:
Les feuilles tombent
Et par les champs s'épand l'humidité des tombes.
Pourtant, bien que le sol soit mort,
Mon corps,
Ainsi qu'une fête d'été
Vers ton désir s'incline encor.

Ma lèvre, elle est vivante et purpurine,
Mon cri sonne plus franc que les clarines,
Et les pommes de la bonne santé
Bombent l'espalier lourd de ma poitrine.
Voici ma sève à moi, voici ma chair,
Rugueuse un peu comme les feuilles,
Mais sentant frais, comme du linge à l'air.
Voici mes bras qui largement t'accueillent,
Ma salive, mes dents, mes yeux,

Autant que mes deux seins clairs et joyeux Et le vallon encore sans rides Et les crins fous de mon ventre torride.' Et longuement,

Pendant des mois, au jour le jour, Nos corps se sont aimés, dans la ferme lointaine, Où rien, sinon les bruits monotones des plaines Venaient mourir, au soir tombant.

Son corps me fut toujours docile.

Les étables, et plus encor, les vieux greniers,
Où l'on versait le grain, par sacs et par paniers,
Nous invitaient et nous servaient d'asile.

Elle épiait, derrière un blanc rideau,
Mon pas qui s'en venait, au long de l'eau,
Vers elle. Elle avait peur de mes paroles;
Elle évitait le bruit et le gêne des mots,
Mais l'accueil était clair: des azerolles
Et des sureaux ornaient les pots
De cuivre et de grès blanc dont s'éclairait la chambre;
Quelques roses qu'elle y soignait jusqu'en décembre
Et, qu'à travers le froid, le gel, la mort,
Heureuse, elle vouait à son amour fidèle,
Parlaient pour elle.

Rapidement, je l'attirais alors,
Je la serrais entre mes bras agiles,
Je l'emportais là-haut, et l'échelle fragile
Ployait—et parmi l'orge, le seigle et le blé,
Miettes d'argent et d'or sous les chaumes mêlées,
Nos multiples désirs étincelaient ensemble.
C'était du vrai pain que sa chair!
Quand j'y resonge, il semble
Que c'est encor sa peau et ses yeux clairs
Qui font claquer ma langue.
Métal riche, si fruste était la gangue!
Nos cœurs s'éjouissaient de ne se cacher rien.
Ce n'était pas le mal, c'était le bien,
La vie et le bonheur que célébraient nos joies;

Elle n'était ni victime, ni proie,

Mais ce repas juteux, luisant et solennel Qu'on sert en Flandre, à Pâques ou à Noël.

Nos corps noués s'encendiaient l'un l'autre, Sous les angles et sous les croix Que dessinaient l'arête et les poutres du toit. D'un bloc, ils s'abattaient-et l'orge et les épeautres Les entourant, ils s'y creusaient un lit, Ils se pâmaient, dans la fraîcheur fondante Du seigle clair et des orges ardentes; Ils se perdaient; roulés, cernés, ensevelis, Dans le ruissellement des pépites dorées. Elle!-sa chair s'en échappait transfigurée, Joyeuse et nue, et de nouveau s'y enfonçait; Des brins de paille entre ses doigts luisaient; Ses bras rouges sortaient de la mêlée; Elle riait, lasse, défaite, échevelée; Et, sous le flux du soir vermeil Qui survenait, par la lucarne étroite, Une dernière fois, son corps avide et moite, Brûlait et se fondait dans le soleil.

Je m'enfuyais, sitôt la nuit venue.

Les gars s'en revenaient des champs;

Les attelages rentraient, par les chemins penchants;

Les étables meuglaient, appelant la venue

Des servantes qui remuaient leurs seaux de lait;

Les yeux soudains des chats étincelaient,

Dans les greniers baignés d'amour encore;

L'heure de l'ombre, avec lourdeur,

Tombait; et jusqu'à la prochaine aurore,

Elle apaisait l'élan et la splendeur des flores

Toujours droites, de notre ardeur.

LES HEURES CLAIRES

XXVII

Le don du corps, lorsque l'âme est donné, N'est rien que l'aboutissement De deux tendresses entraînées L'une vers l'autre, éperdûment. Tu n'es heureuse de ta chair, Si belle en sa fraîcheur natale, Que pour, avec ferveur, m'en faire L'offre complête et l'aumône totale.

Et je me donne à toi, ne sachant rien Sinon que je m'exalte à te connaître, Toujours meilleure, et plus pure, peut-être, Depuis que ton doux corps offrit sa fête au mien.

L'amour, oh! qu'il nous soit la clairvoyance Unique, et l'unique raison du cœur, À nous, dont le plus fol bonheur Est d'être fous de confiance.

LES HEURES D'APRÉS-MIDI

IX

Le bon travail, fenêtre ouverte,
Avec l'ombre des feuilles vertes
Et le voyage du soleil
Sur le papier vermeil,
Maintient la douce violence
De son silence,
En notre bonne et pensive maison.

Et vivement les fleurs se penchent
Et les grands fruits luisent, de branche en branche.
Et les merles et les bouvreuils et les pinsons
Chantent et chantent
Pour que mes vers éclatent
Clairs et frais, purs et vrais
Ainsi que leur chansons,
Leur chair dorée et leurs pétales écarlates.

Et je te vois passer dans le jardin, là-bas, Parfois à l'ombre et au soleil mêlée; Mais la tête ne se retourne pas, Pour que l'heure ne soit troublée Ou je travaille, avec mon cœur jaloux, A ces poèmes francs et doux. Ш

C'est la bonne heure, où la lampe s'allume: Tout est si calme et consolant, ce soir, Et le silence est tel, que l'on entendrait choir Des plumes.

C'est la bonne heure où, doucement, S'en vient la bien-aimée, Comme la brise ou la fumée, Tout doucement, tout lentement.

Elle ne dit rien d'abord—et je l'écoute; Et son âme, que j'entends toute, Je la surprends luire et jaillir Et je la baise sur ses yeux.

C'est la bonne heure, où la lampe s'allume, Où les aveux De s'être aimés le jour durant, Du fond du cœur profond mais transparent, S'exhument.

Et l'on se dit les simples choses:
Le fruit qu'on a cueilli dans le jardin;
La fleur qui s'est ouverte,
D'entre les mousses vertes;
Et la pensée éclose, en des émois soudains,
Au souvenir d'un mot de tendresse fanée
Surpris au fond d'un vieux tiroir,
Sur un billet de l'autre année.

IV

Voici quinze ans déjà que nous pensons d'accord; Que notre ardeur claire et belle vainc l'habitude, Mégère a lourde voix, dont les lentes mains rudes Usent l'amour le plus tenace et le plus fort.

Je te regarde, et tous les jours je te découvre, Tant est intime ou ta douceur ou ta fierté: Le temps, certe, obscurcit les yeux de ta beauté, Mais exalte ton cœur dont le fond d'or s'entr'ouvre.

Tu te laisses naïvement approfondir, Et ton âme, toujours, paraît fraîche et nouvelle; Les mâts au clair, comme une ardente caravelle, Notre bonheur parcourt les mers de nos désirs.

C'est en nous seuls que nous ancrons notre croyance À la franchise nue et la simple bonté; Nous agissons et nous vivons dans la clarté D'une joyeuse et translucide confiance.

Ta force est d'être frêle et pure infiniment, De traverser, le cœur en feu, tous chemins sombres, Et d'avoir conservé, malgré la brume ou l'ombre, Tous les rayons de l'aube en ton âme d'enfant.

V

Avec mes sens, avec mon cœur et mon cerveau, Avec mon être entier tendu comme un flambeau Vers ta bonté et vers ta charité Sans cesse inassouvies, Je t'aime et te louange et je te remercie D'être venue, un jour, si simplement, Par les chemins du dévouement, Prendre, en tes mains bienfaisantes, ma vie.

Depuis ce jour,
Je sais, oh! quel amour
Candide et clair ainsi que la rosée
Tombe de toi sur mon âme tranquillisée.
Je me sens tien, par tous les liens brûlants
Qui rattachent à leur brasier les flammes;
Toute ma chair, toute mon âme
Monte vers toi, d'un inlassable élan;
Je ne cesse de longuement me souvenir
De ta ferveur profonde et de ton charme,
Si bien que, tout à coup, je sens mes yeux s'emplir,
Délicieusement, d'inoubliables larmes.

Et je m'en viens vers toi, heureux et recueilli,
Avec le désir fier d'être à jamais celui
Qui t'est et te sera la plus sûre de joies.
Toute notre tendresse autour de nous flamboie;
Tout écho de mon être à ton appel répond;
L'heure est unique et d'extase solennisée
Et mes doigts sont tremblants, rien qu'à frôler ton front,
Comme s'ils y touchaient l'aile de tes pensées.

VI

Ardeur des sens, ardeurs des cœurs, ardeur des âmes, Vains mots créés par ceux qui diminuent l'amour; Soleil, tu ne distingues pas d'entre tes flammes Celles du soir, de l'aube ou du midi des jours.

Tu marches aveuglé par ta propre lumière, Dans le torride azur, sous les grands cieux cintrés, Ne sachant rien, sinon que ta force est plénière Et que ton feu travaille aux mystères sacrés.

Car aimer, c'est agir et s'exalter sans treve; O toi, dont la douceur baigne mon cœur altier, A quoi bon soupeser l'or pur de notre rêve? Je t'aime tout entière, avec mon être entier.

vn

Vous m'avez dit, tel soir, des paroles si belles Que sans doute les fleurs, qui se penchaient vers nous, Soudain nous ont aimés et que l'une d'entre elles, Pour nous toucher tous deux, tomba sur nos genoux.

Vous me parliez des temps prochains où nos années, Comme des fruits trop mûrs, se laisseraient cueillir; Comment éclaterait le glas des destinées, Comment on s'aimerait, en se sentant vieillir.

Votre voix m'enlaçait comme une chère étreinte, Et votre cœur brûlait si tranquillement beau, Qu'en ce moment, j'aurais pu voir s'ouvrir sans crainte Les tortueux chemins qui vont vers le tombeau.

LES HEURES DU SOIR

ш

Mets ta chaise près de la mienne
Et tends les main vers le foyer
Pour que je voie entre tes doigts
La flamme ancienne
Flamboyer;
Et regarde le feu
Tranquillement, avec tes yeux
Qui n'ont peur d'aucune lumière,
Pour qu'ils me soient encore plus francs
Quand un rayon rapide et fulgurant
Jusques au fond de toi les frappe et les éclaire.

Oh! que notre heure est belle et jeune encor Quand l'horloge résonne avec son timbre d'or Et que me rapprochant je te frôle et te touche Et qu'une lente et douce fièvre Que nul de nous ne désire apaiser Conduit le sûr et merveilleux baiser Des mains jusques au front, et du front jusqu'aux lèvres.

Comme je t'aime alors, ma claire bien-aimée,
Dans ta chair accueillante et doucement pâmée
Qui m'entoure à son tour et me fond dans sa joie!
Tout me devient plus cher, et ta bouche et tes bras
Et tes seins bienveillants où mon pauvre front las
Après l'instant de plaisir fou que tu m'octroies
Tranquillement, près de ton cœur, reposera.

Car je t'aime encor mieux après l'heure charnelle Quand ta bonté encor plus sûre et maternelle Fait succéder le repos tendre à l'âpre ardeur Et qu'après le désir criant sa violence J'entends se rapprocher le régulier bonheur Avec des pas si doux qu'ils ne sont que silence. v

Avec le même amour que tu me fus jadis Un jardin de splendeur dont les mouvants taillis Ombraient les longs gazons et les roses dociles, Tu m'es en ces temps noirs un calme et sûr asile.

Tout s'y concentre et ta ferveur et ta clarté Et tes gestes groupant les fleurs de ta bonté; Mais tout y est serré dans une paix profonde Contre les vents aigus trouant l'hiver du monde.

Mon bonheur s'y réchauffe en tes bras repliés; Tes jolis mots naïfs, joyeux et familiers Chantent toujours aussi charmants à mon oreille Qu'aux temps de lilas blancs ou des rouges groseilles.

Ta bonne humeur allégre et claire, oh! je la sens Triompher jour à jour de la douleur des ans, Et tu souris toi-même aux fils d'argent qui glissent Leur onduleux réseau parmi tes cheveux lisses.

Quand ta tête s'incline à mon baiser profond, Que m'importe que des rides marquent ton front Et que tes mains se sillonnent de veines dures Alors que je les tiens entre mes deux mains sûres!

Tu ne te plains jamais et tu crois fermement Que rien de vrai ne meurt quand on s'aime dûment, Et que le feu vivant dont se nourrit notre âme Consume jusque'au deuil pour en grandir sa flamme.

V

Lorsque tu fermeras mes yeux à la lumière, Baise-les longuement, car ils t'auront donné Tout ce qui peut tenir d'amour passionné Dans le dernier regard de leur ferveur dernière.

Sous l'immobile éclat du funèbre flambeau, Penche vers leur adieu ton triste et beau visage Pour que s'imprime et dure en eux la seule image Qu'ils garderont dans le tombeau. Et que je sente, avant que le cercueil se cloue, Sur le lit pur et blanc se rejoindre nos mains Et que près de mon front sur les pâles coussins Une suprême fois se repose ta joue.

Et qu'après je m'en aille au loin avec mon cœur, Qui te conservera une flamme si forte Que même à travers la terre compacte et morte Les autres morts en sentiront l'ardeur!

JUDGE LINDSEY

In between these personal experiences of these men and the women, an interval will be appropriate, leaving opportunity to say a word or two about Judge Lindsey, of Denver, U.S.A.

He was born 25 November, 1869, in Tennessee, where he spent his early life and acquired a love of the coloured folk in consequence. His father had served in the army of the South during the civil war, and the tales of adventure and daring which his father could tell of himself and of others, contributed to the son's readiness to lead a stormy life.

When the family moved to Denver, the boy realized what a paradise it was they had been living in up till then. The father turned Roman Catholic, and the son thus came to spend his boarding-school life at an institution which was both strict and grossly superstitious but one which left him with most affectionate and pleasant memories. He started work at a University, but just then his father fell ill and failed in business. The boy went to work as a clerk at ten dollars a month. Very soon he changed to a lawyer's office, adding odd jobs in his spare time, he would often be at work from four a.m. to 10 p.m. and, even so, worried much about not earning enough to meet the family expenses. Then the father died. He diec the day after the premium was due on his life insurance. His illness had made him overlook the payment of it. He had paid regularly for twenty years, however short of money. The company refused to pay, and not a cent could be forced out of them. The family had to face debts as well.

Lindsey's misery and sense of failure were so acute that he

bought a revolver and tried to shoot himself. It seemed to him that no one had faith in him; that he would never succeed, could have no future but one of scrubbing floors and running messages. But when the first cartridge missed fire, a revulsion of feeling took place in him. He determined to crush circumstances instead of being crushed by them. He was admitted to the bar in 1894 and made a name as barrister for the defence of juvenile criminals, and subsequently as their 'probation-officer.' In eighteen months he saved Denver county more than \$88,000 by reducing the average cost of proceedings against boys from \$227 to \$11 each case. But that was little compared to what he saved the boys. It was proved that at that date 60,000 boys were sent to gaol every year in the U.S.A., and that three-quarters of them returned to gaol. Case after case brought him up against the system of convicting boys when all that they needed was help; and also against the reason for the system, namely, that somebody was making money out of it at every turn. The boys were the kind of material the State takes for its defence in time of war; but it did not defend them in time of peace. The function of the State was supposed to be to hurt, not help. Lindsey's theory was that the State was 'parens patriae,' and based his theory on the words of two Chancellors. He advocated cutting out all these lucrative legalities and illegalities and substituting humanities which, however unprofitable to the vested interests of the Law and its conventions and its staff, would profit the community. He advocated doing what a naturalist would do for plants; doing what common fairness and reasonableness prescribed and would ensure health, strength, and earning capacity to those who were getting nothing but degradation and deterioration and a training in crime.

His Juvenile Court was instituted in 1907. In it the human artist replaced the executioner. No one was admitted to the court who was not necessary. Proceedings consisted of talking around a table. No one was allowed to go away with the idea that he had not had a square deal. Fear was abolished; loyalty and self-respect were appealed to. When a boy had to be sent to a reformatory, he was sent alone; and he went there,

Youngsters of both sexes came to the court of their own accord for advice. The child-offender became a ward instead of a felon and an outlaw. Those responsible for minors were held accountable as trustees, just like trustees for property; and those responsibilities had to be given effect to, not by violence and vengeance, but by understanding, patience, firmness, and kindliness.

But when Lindsey came to Denver it had been a village. He saw its population rise to 300,000. Gold, pasturage, coalmines, oil, industry, brought the people. The Water, Gas, Electric, Tramway, companies came to control it. They acquired monopolies; and to exploit these monopolies they likewise obtained control over the clergy, and bar, commerce and finance. These entrenched institutions were against Lindsey. As a judge he had two options: he could submit to dictation and administer palliatives and ruin youth; or he could fight. He fought. In 1929 he was deprived of the right to practise law. It was not only his one profession and his means of livelihood that were being taken away from him: not only his lifework being destroyed, and the evils he was abolishing being reinstated. It was war against the spirit of him; against the ideals and the thinkers that inspired him. It was natural to him to be a 'friend of man.'

'The touch of human hands, the sound of human voices, have ever been dear to me. And the sight of human suffering has not left me cold. Some men could see it and not be moved. But for me there was a wrench and a hurt in it. I could not stand silently by.'

For ten of these fighting years Lindsey and his wife had made a cellar their home in order to be better able to carry on the fight.

The reason why the book finds its place here is that the main accusation against Lindsey was that he was demoralizing the youth, and this accusation was based on his advocacy of the application of these same principles of his to sexual matters. It is one of the most noteworthy of all modern autobiographies.

To this digression on Lindsey's life and work a sort of appendix may here be added on two contrasts which link up the two halves into which this chapter naturally falls, the male half and the female half. It is a question, in each of the contrasts, of two books: one by a man, the other by a woman. In the case of the first contrast both books are concerned with the relations between the same two persons; the former partly so; the latter wholly so and written in reply to the man's account. In so far, then, as these two books coincide in subject and experience, they form two autobiographical accounts complementary to each other. And one is stated as fiction, the other as fact. Within their limits, therefore, the two books are worth attention from the point of view of what can be, and is, attempted and achieved through the medium of Autobiography. Unfortunately the limits in this case are narrow. The two

Unfortunately the limits in this case are narrow. The two books are D. H. Lawrence's Sons and Lovers and D. H. Lawrence, by E.T.

The former is primarily the picture of a home, and the heroine is not 'E.T.' but the hero's mother. She is depicted as the heroine of a hero-worshipping son, and he succeeds in rendering her the most objectionable creature that I have ever come across in a book during a lifetime of reading. The foreground of both books is occupied, unconsciously in each case, with the struggles of two very ordinary youngsters to escape from the degradations of our lower-class industrial life, and the only means they think of is to emerge into the pretences of the class above them. The shoddiness and commonness of their mentalities, aims and circumstances are matters of interest to any historian of Victorian England who is willing to utilize Autobiography as a source. The story of the intercourse between the man and the woman has nothing in it to lift it out of the ordinary: neither is the story told, on either side, with the ordinary: neither is the story told, on either side, with insight or power. And yet it has a bearing on the subject akin to the evidence unconsciously provided with regard to industrial life. The joint story is a study in distemper. It is not generally recognized that male human beings are subject to distemper as freely as dogs. Only it does not start till after the period of a dog's whole life and may last several years. And as it coincides with the period of the development of generative organs, which, in turn, are supposed to have an inseparable connection with love affairs, and in fact, do often

have some connection with them, so this period of distemper is often disregarded as such, and instead of being a period which involves some medical care and a great deal of patience on the part of those who have dealings with the animal, it is regarded with sentimental concern and curiosity by the morbid, and a large part of the pseudo-psychological vocabulary is used up in the effort to give importance to what is on the same level with measles.

The second contrast is between the two different points of view of a man and a woman who have this much in common, namely, that both were Europeans and both lived long; but otherwise they differ as much as may be. They lived as far apart in date as articulate Europeans have had the chance to do, two thousand five hundred years; and so on. Anacreon and Countess Tolstoi. The latter's account of her life is somewhat warped. It only exists in order to put herself right with posterity as regards controversies about her married life.

As such, however, it is an interesting case of the disease which may be called 'conjugitis,' a state of inflammation of the nerves by marriage, setting in in her case, after twenty years of happiness, on account of latent tendencies in the husband becoming dominant after middle-age, while the wife, an active, intelligent, practical woman, continues to develop (in spite of having borne thirteen children and nursed ten) the same wide variety of interests with which she and her husband started their honeymoon. It has this much in common with most such cases, that the troubles were due to divergencies due to growth, but differs from the average inasmuch as it was the man who grew narrower and narrower, instead of, as is more usual, the man going on, at any rate somewhere, and the woman coming to a standstill. The extremes of their mutual life occur, on the one hand, in the happiness they enjoyed during the writing of War and Peace and on the other, in the Countess finding more and more consolation in music at a time when Tolstoi decided that it was merely a sensual pleasure.

Now Anacreon, although he lived in the sixth century B.C., is no more the worse for wear than if he had been born in the present B.B.C. era. And it is not a revival; he has never been

forgotten, even though he survives only in quotation by others; less than two hundred lines, and odd words and phrases, in all. So many of the ancient writers refer to him—forty, at least, and they refer to him as one with whom they may expect their readers to be familiar; Plato as much so as anyone. Moreover, he set going a tradition which perpetuated itself by imitations which still pass for Anacreon's own work; endeavouring to reproduce the sunny temperament, the dainty touch, the skill in thought and speech, which betokened the personality which created the tradition which contributed to create Herrick the poet out of Herrick the man. What a testimonial! And every single writer who gives an opinion recalls his memory as of one who was utterly delightful and charming; except Cicero, who affirms that Anacreon's poetical works are entirely erotic. Well, let us hope that one day a complete manuscript may be discovered.

But meanwhile—can such fragmentary relics be considered as an Autobiography? Yes, they can. These fragments are all chips from the same block. For one thing, they all bear the same invariably pleasant character. There is no censoriousness, not even in the one that contains a pithy humour, concerned as it is with a man who was notorious for luxurious habits but who had seen worse days, whom Anacreon reminds of the time when his only garment had been a hairy ox-hide which had once been the unwashed cover of a wretched shield. And then the continuity amounts to something, considering that he lived to eighty-five. He was a mastercraftsman all his long life, and his craft was the art of living. And the reconsidering which is the essence of Autobiography did nothing to modify the first impressions which are the mark of character.

The tools of his craft were few; and always the same; boys and girls and wine and music. They never palled upon him. But with him there were no excesses. He wanted no monopolies, no dominations, no human property, no hard covetous passion. And those whose temperaments inclined them in that direction he gently put in their places. 'As for me, I fled away from her like a cuckoo." Nobody could say of him that he didn't get

drunk; but he did not get so very drunk; it was the way thither rather than the final arrival that spelt beatitude to him.

And something of the same kind comes into view when we note how much more there is about boys than girls. The girls were more definitely associated with sexuality, and, that being so, the period of influence was at a later age than that of the boys, an age that was more assertive and independent and exacting and capricious, when all that they had to bring and to offer was thereby discounted. But with the boys it was different 'And I long to play with you; you have such pretty ways'; 'to be just and fair is a good thing in lovers.' And his main attitude, his line of life, is summed up, maybe, in this following quotation 'for as for me, the children can but love me for my words and my tunes, seeing that I sing pretty things and know how to say pretty things.' Just as his attitude towards drink and things in general (if it is not out of place in speaking of him to speak of the two things as separate) may be summed up in other quotations:

'I like not him who at his drinking beside the full mixing-bowl tells of strife and lamentable war, but rather one that taketh thought for delightsome mirth by mingling the Muses and the splendid gifts of Aphrodite.

'Come let us give up this Scythian drinking with uproar and din over our cups, and drink moderately between pretty songs of praise.

'But as for me I hate all those who have secretive and uncompromising ways; I have learnt that you, Megistes, are one of the childlike ones.

'O Lord with whom playeth Love the subduer and the darkeyed Nymphs and rosy Aphrodite as thou wanderest the tops of the lofty hills, to thee I kneel; do thou come unto me kind and lending ear unto a prayer that is acceptable, and give Cleobulus good counsel, O Dionysus, to receive my love.'

For him attentions bought with money had no attractions; nor, to revert once more to the question of male and female, did he care much for that which strikes him as characteristic of the female—'shining with desire and gleaming with unguent.'

'Look on this picture and look on that.' But is not this too controversial, contrasting, as is the way of controversy, the strong points of the one case with the weak points of the other, divorced from cause and effect and circumstance? Yes, absolutely. On the other hand, there are these 2,500 years between the two, and the true contrast—is it not rather—what have we learnt in the interval, and what suggestions do the contrasts suggest for the future?

WOMEN

An extreme instance of Autobiography in its briefest, most exclusive, and most elusive form is to be found in the Forty-seven Love-poems of Anna Akhmatova. No dates, no narrative, no connectedness: no concern with any aspect of life but one, the erotic. All the rest that may exist suggests to the authoress intervals only; blanks and introductions and burials and resurrections and new arrivals. No indication even of how multiple are the love-affairs and lovers that are being recorded; nor of how much is chronicle and how much epitaph. Every line centres round some concrete detail or other which polarizes the emotional recollection as if by a magnetic attraction. It may be guessed that the translation presented difficulties, but, as the poems stand in the English of N. Duddington, it is equally difficult to guess that they have lost anything.

My breast felt cold and helpless But my tread was light as ever. I put upon my right hand The glove from the left one.

This is the song of the last meeting. I looked at the still, dark house. In the bedroom the candles were burning With a callous yellow light.

There is a smile I have . . . Just a faint curve of the lips. It is for you I keep it . . . It's been given me by love.

What if you are cruel and shameless, What if you love other women— Before me is the golden altar, With me—the grey-eyed bridegroom.

Reverting again to such as have already been mentioned in this volume, there are three women in particular who lived miscellaneous sorts of lives and have something to say which is worth attention. These three are Ethel Mannin, Lois Vidal and Isadora Duncan.

The more significant items in Ethel Mannin's early life have been mentioned in the preceding chapter. The uncongenialities of environment and school tended to submerge all her interests but one-sexuality. This was the one outlet she could find, negatively and positively, whether as a career or as a hobby. After getting herself seduced, she goes from man to man, marries one of the wrong ones, has a child, finds a truelover who seems likely to fulfil all needs and hopes and who commits suicide while the autobiography is in process of being written. Ugly, awkward, intense, she found herself unable to settle down to routine or to discover a satisfying way of her very own, but became one of the majority of us whose lives impress her as fundamentally wrong, nothing but a series of recurrent appetites, 'the gratification of which fulfils no profound organic satisfaction.' The book contains much propaganda about the right and duty of everyone to go to bed with whom they like when they like, but her passion for writing seems the more abiding of the two and suggests that her sexual propaganda, and, perhaps even, her sexual customs result from her living in a world which, for some reason or other, approves of writing and disapproves of sex. If free-love were the rule and writing prohibited, she would doubtless have been lukewarm about sex and hot about writing. However, all that she says is first-hand writing about first-hand experience and her remark that few people understand passion apart from sexuality -is it not a profound truth?

Lois Vidal entered on a promising engagement at the age of twenty-one, in spite of the uncertainty of her mental balance in the future, or even in the present. The man's mother opposed it and ultimately succeeded in inducing her son to break it off. Round about the age of thirty-one she carried on two semiengagements simultaneously, both with middle-aged men, antithetical to her and to each other, with either of whom it seemed likely that a good marriage might ensue. At twentythree she had run very near to getting seduced but her virginity, so to speak, evaded it for her. At twenty-seven she was hesitating on the verge again, this time with a man whose innate worthlessness was apparent to others, and, indeed, to her when she thought about it later, but at the time it hardly struck or bothered her. She remained, as she sees herself from the point of view of her later years, a queer, timid, conscientious creature who had never let herself go since the days when she and her favourite elder brother wrestled on the lawn at the age of seven and nine. Seduction did not come till the age of thirty-five: another choice cad, who talked of marriage and amazed her friends, who remembered her as a fastidious person once upon a time, and knew him to be the reverse. In time she realized this herself; and broke it all off. But her moral balance had now broken down more completely than her mental balance ever did: the breakdown was more continuous, too. While she never could be said to have gone in for prostitution-inasmuch as she never sold herself, even while always being ready to accept money as a free gift from anyone—she went about ready to turn to any likely male stranger at sight, and, if one was not forthcoming, to go hunting.

Isadora Duncan's experiments, too, were variations on the theme of the Spanish phrase, 'por el amor se va al dolor': as much so as anyone's. But her level was a different level. A deciding factor throughout her life was what she learnt from her mother, only she always carried her inferences into logical extremes that her mother never dreamt of; and in this instance shocked her to the point of occasioning violent differences of opinion. Marriage Isadora Duncan classed with funeral rites

and Church dogma as beneath the attention of a reasonable soul. Her antipathy to it increased the more she saw of it. The ideas that inspired her dancing inspired her life, and led her to believe that everything should and could be transmuted, immediately and in daily practice, to something above the degradation of current custom.

It was characteristic for her to speak of a woman who had known only one man as comparable with a musician who was acquainted with only one composer.

But, by 1921, she had known more composers as composers than men as men. She is very frank about her sexual experiments, her search for lovers, her determination to go to extremes as soon as she had found one who seemed likely to satisfy her. Yet her pages about her lovers are few and insignificant compared with her pages about her friends and friendships, and still more so when compared with her devotion to all that concerned her artistic aims and ideas. Neither had any lover the hold on her that each of her three children had. Her loveaffairs were of the kind of 'violent delights that have violent ends.' Several she seems to have destroyed by her insistent temperament, and everyone of them was followed by a reaction in favour of Art. Human life seemed too heavy to her and sexuality pathetic as compared with the life artistic. It was in the latter that she found that spiritual line-of-life which she believed to exist in every one's personality and in the discovery whereof, and adherence to it when discovered, all the happiness and success of each life-history hangs. Love and Art were both powerful within her, but they were ever in conflict, inevitably so, she thinks; and it was the Art which had to win and did win.

Here may follow three others, Barbara Starke, Barbara Peart, and Alma Karlin, all of whose names are new. And the two last-named are also new types, belonging as they do to those who are naturally asexual and so remain, even while attracting men.

Barbara Starke gives no dates but it is all clearly twentieth century U.S.A. After introductory chapters summarizing her home-, school-, and college-life, without paying them many compliments, she runs away in corduroy-knickers and wanders over the whole breadth of her country and most of its length. Often she would sleep out-of-doors, and sometimes she would walk: but as a rule she did her wandering in other people's motors. It may be reckoned that though she was technically a pauper, she was living at the rate of \$3,500 a year. Her food and lodging were provided for by means of invitations, or with money given her by men. Many of the rides and favours offered her were in expectation of obtaining the use of her body, but such matters she decided for herself, all on the lines of her out-of-door temperament which responded unhesitatingly to everything natural and to nothing unnatural. Three men got the benefit of this: two for one night each, and the third for a week. The young and crude did not appeal to her at all; only developed, kindly, temperaments. Such was her own, young as she was. She had a remarkable capacity for 'getting back to Nature.' Everything out-of-doors appealed to her. Ready to talk with anyone, to treat and be treated as play-fellow, she found response in most wayfarers, in spite of the difficulties incurred by her undomesticated appearance, often with men, and almost invariably with women. Yet she was never without a 'vanity-case.' However, she made as many new acquaintances as can well be got into 272 pages, and yet cannot find a 'villain' for her story. Continually warned of the bad men she was likely to meet in lonely country where there would be none to hear her calls for help, she never met strangers in these lonely places without being warned by them against these bad men she was in danger of meeting, but never did meet; not a single one. She read the New Republic and William Beebe, and had an appetite that never failed her. Once her stomach felt so empty that she could feel her backbone from the front. And she had a spirit within her that accounts for all this. And she had a spirit within her that accounts for all this.

'I woke as I always did in the morning, happy, and with a new heart to replace the one that had been broke the night before.

'I felt everything strongly that morning and thought not at all. The sun had penetrated every pore, and I stretched out to it.

I lay until the warmth filled me like a cup and the light dazzled me until I could see more colours in the landscape.

'I felt like a spirit to whom all things were clear and simple as the sharp sensation of sun and shadow.'

Her writing, too, is clear and simple. Everything characteristic of the present-day U.S.A., as distinct from its more permanent characteristics, alienated her, and so, colloquial as she is, her writing is as uniformly pleasant as it is direct and effective. It is to be hoped that there will be more of it. This instalment ends when she is still very young in years. She felt she was walking away from problems that could not be walked away from indefinitely. She could not go on letting others feed her. So the end of the book finds her at work in a New York office.

Barbara Peart writes at the age of seventy-eight, with six out of her seven children living, twenty-nine grandchildren and fifteen great-grandchildren. She never consulted a doctor on her own account until she had shingles at the age of seventysix. She never had occasion to consult a doctor about her children until she had had all seven and the eldest was twelve and measles turned up. All her confinements took place under the most primitive conditions in the Argentine and Mexico; and in every case but one she was up and about after four or five days. All her life she revelled in surroundings which implied continual danger, because she loved to live a vivid life. She married at seventeen, and celebrated her twenty-first birthday on her Argentine farm. The celebration lasted eight days. Thirty guests came to stay. She was expecting her third child. Four times ostriches wandered in during meal-times, swallowing spoons, necklaces, and bracelets, and three tame deer escaped from their pen and loitered around to be fed; some of the guests amused themselves by making the grey-hounds drunk on champagne. At one meal a guest released four pet monkeys.

Her husband was rich, but soon became poor and remained so, bringing all family affairs to ruin. In later years he lived from hand to mouth as an agent for sewing-machine manufacturers. She went into business in Mexico on her own account, and must have been very successful, since she records continual movings with her large family the expenses of which—both movings and family—must have been high. Yet there always seems to have been money to spare, and time to spare, too, for philanthropic work around all her residences. At the place in Mexico at which she stayed longest she founded a hospital, and witnessed more than five hundred operations.

With all this tremendous vitality and ability and fertility, it might be thought that her mind was built on somewhat Rabelaisian lines. Nothing could be farther from the truth. So little practical interest could she take in sexuality, so free was she from liability to be even aware of it, that she was continually landing herself in awkward and even dangerous predicaments through being sex-blind, unable to retain in her mind an idea of what others took for granted, and could not help expecting her to be conscious of. She started married life with an extreme of early Victorian ignorance, was astonished at her husband engaging one room instead of two at the hotel they went to after their wedding, changed the arrangement and plunged her husband into such embarrassing and ludicrous situations at the house of the friends they stayed at next that he saw no alternative but to break her, so to speak, like a colt by force. She never changed. Something in the way of cohabitation she learnt to put up with; that and no more. She had one love-affair; a very candid and clean and touching experience, which left no one any the worse. Rather the contrary.

Before we take leave of 'Tia Barbarita,' as she was universally called, there is a note of hers that is worth adding to others of the same kind that have been mentioned already, namely, concerning the effect of wet-nurses on children's temperaments. Only one child of hers had a furious temper. That one was the only one who had a certain French girl for wet-nurse, who had that kind of temper herself and whose own son had it too. And Tia Barbarita only mentions the case as an example of what she herself, in her varied experience, had found sufficient confirmation of.

Alma Karlin was an only child, a Slav, who grew up to be ugly, under five feet in height, with a flair for languages, journalism, painting, smiling, inquisitiveness and affability. She was no good at housework nor desired to try to be; she walked and walked till she wore out shoes in three months; her stomach had a lining like rhinoceros-hide. Small wonder, then, that she set out in 1919 to see the world with little luggage beyond a typewriter and promises from twenty-three German papers to welcome articles from her. She reduced costs by living everywhere under native conditions and by teaching languages. Eight years she was away, and what with bad climates, travelling third-class on any kind of steamship, undernourishment, and manifold troubles, it was a wonder she did not lose her life. She nearly lost her reason.

Peru was the first place she landed. Going about alone, ignorant of local custom and conditions, she was pursued and laid in wait for night and day by the worst class of men. Asexual to begin with, she not only became anti-sexual, but also her nerves began to give way, with hysteria gaining such hold on her that she found her mind becoming cloudy. Her experiences certainly were as disgusting as they were dangerous. This uncertain state of mind persisted until she reached Japan, where the kindness and courtesy with which she was treated restored her to normality. She may have been handicapped by a certain callousness she manifests about ordinary decency and cleanliness: she likes being preoccupied with the relieving of nature, filthy W.C.s, animals' messes, and so on; and thereby, perhaps, not keeping clear of those surroundings in which our most revolting fellow-creatures are at home and are expecting to meet kindred souls.

And now the reader may be asking—side by side with all these lop-sided obsessions and aberrations and misdirections and gropings in the dark, is there not something else to be found? Are there not people who, for a while, at least, have grown up unwarped, met someone else who finds little difficulty in keeping a place for sex as one element in life, an element which may be welcomed without reserve, so much so that

without it life is in no way fulfilling its promise and, with it, fulfils every promise?

Some record as clean and sweet and sensible as it is passionate, profound, and indispensable? Is it only among the poets, such as Verhaeren and Freeman, that such records are to be found? Is it expecting too much to look for a plain tale in prose which shall suggest, or even reveal, as much amidst the setting of ordinary daily life?

And then—another section of readers may be meditating, why does this chapter go on and on without mentioning Helen Thomas's two books As It Was and World Without End?

Well, these two kinds of readers need introducing to each other; and then the first kind will be supplied with all that they are asking for.

CHAPTER XIV

STUDENTS

What I don't know makes me hungry and thirsty. What a hunger! and what a thirst!

Juan Ramón Jiménez.

THERE happen to be a number of fragments which may appropriately be served up here by way of preface to the more extensive examples of a studious way of living, some of them fragments which are in themselves fragmentary, and others which concern people who have already been mentioned.

In the Introduction to the first part of this book, for example, a short story by Lucian is mentioned as perhaps the earliest sample of Autobiography. Nothing could be more inaccurate. There is the epistle of Plato which is reckoned as number seven. It is an apologia for his stay in Sicily and his relations with the 'tyrant' Dionysius, but, being written towards the end of his life, it becomes more antobiographical in its general character than might be expected, especially from its brevityfifty-eight pages in the Oxford Translations. It does include, in fact, much biographical detail, both individual and as regards a philosopher's life and hardships; likewise as from a sophist giving advice which no one listened to, and as from a good old man who is being roped in to give a semblance of intellectuality and disinterestedness to one side of a family quarrel and to put the victorious robber in the right. He is outspoken and declines to be made a stalking-horse as soon as he realizes what is going on. But, Plato, how is it you did not realize that to begin with?

There was a Welsh student, too, who was anxious to give advice to politicians, Gerald—Giraldus Cambrensis—but he cumbered himself about so many things, and forgot the one thing needful, that is, from the point of view of this chapter. His own

efforts towards scholarship are the part of his life that gets least recognition from him, and his great capacities for it were subordinated to other aims. Throughout his two books about his own activities he is on the verge of writing like Cellini; but it never happened.

John Payne also never came into his own: but for different reasons. At the age of sixty (1902) he wrote a hasty and slight sketch, bitter and unjust to all work that had come, or seemed to have come, into competition with his own; and yet long enough to show the reason why. Early in his childhood an antagonism arose between his parents and himself over his literary tendencies, and to his isolating himself to give effect to them. They withheld light and fire from him in winter, and pocket-money; at fourteen he was taken away from school and spent five years in various employments, at an auctioneer's, a coach-builder's, an architect's, in the civil-service, as printer's devil, and (worst of all) as schoolmaster, until, in 1861, at nineteen years of age, he was articled to a solicitor.

During these years he poured out thousands of verse-translations from a dozen or more languages, having begun in his tenth year, when he found as much pleasure in reading a dictionary as in a novel. He ultimately destroyed almost all of these, regarding them as no more than so much apprenticeship, but during the following forty years issued twenty-seven privately-printed volumes of work which, for variety and quality combined, has few rivals; winding up with nine years spent on Persian verse compared to which, as he truly says, even his other work was child's play. Then there was verse of his own besides, which would justify the epitaph he desired—'Linguam anglicam dilexit.'

Mention may be made once more, moreover, of two women who devoted their whole lives, as nearly as might be, to scholarship, and whose characteristic adolescence is referred to in the first part, but who have more to say worth attention; the one, Mary Boole, concerning her mathematics and early years, the other, Jane Harrison, concerning her later ones; and both with

equal bearing on the human side of scholarship. Both came from quiet homes in nineteenth-century England. Mary Boole's home was that of a parson-father who ruled his parish autocratically by 'ministry.' Even differences between local sects disappeared in his presence and a degree of mutual goodwill blossomed which is always rare and always possible. Yet his own home was a house divided against itself.

'My father and mother were profoundly in love with each other through all their married life. For that reason each turned to the other that side which was most pleasing to the other; and each hardly suspected what the other was really like when they were apart. And each was perpetually finding fault with the children for being the children of the other.

'When I was grown up, my mother said that I had never attempted to disobey her since I was four years old; had never worried her by any grumbling; had never asked her for anything that it was inconvenient to give; had never given her a particle of the trouble about lovers, etc., which many girls do give to their mothers; that she had never seen me out of temper; that I had never hesitated to put aside my own business or pleasures to nurse her when she was ill or help her when busy; that I was as hard as iron, and had never been a bit of comfort to her in my life. Which, being interpreted, meant that I represented to her all that side of father which she disliked and insisted on not seeing; and I had to harden myself as much as I could, in order to prevent her seeing the fierce explosions of anger, to which I gave way when she was not by, at her irreverent denunciations of all those principles which father and I had in common. This lover-like mutual self-delusion of the parents about each other is a cause of strained relations between parents and children in many families. In ours it was intensified by several circumstances.

'Father was one of the victims of the terrible epidemic of influenza which swept over England in the year 1837, when I was not quite five years old. It left him a wreck. For ten years he was unable to do any parochial duty. He put a curate in charge of the parish and went to France to be near Samuel Hahnemann. He was unable to bear children near him except for short periods, and we were left a great deal to servants. We lived mostly in lodgings in various parts of Paris and its neighbourhood, and two or three times

spent a few months of summer in Cornwall where mother's family lived. On those occasions we lodged at St Mawes, then a small fishing hamlet. My father was a passionate lover of the sea, which mother hated; as, poor soul, she did most things that father loved. In all these wanderings, we sometimes attended day school, and sometimes had a daily governess. Sometimes mother gave us lessons herself. Though a very intelligent woman, she was quite unintellectual; and the lessons with her were hopelessly dreary. On the rare occasions when father felt able to give us a little course of instruction, he made everything except Latin more interesting than was safe for a nervous, highly-strung child like myself, and too transcendental to be intelligible to my stolidly-built young brother.'

From out of all these shadows emerged a remarkable mathematician.

There were shadows, too, over Jane Harrison's girlhood; but light, fleeting, ones; as there may be shadows within a chrysalis. The chrysalis-stage over, she became a butterfly. None of the serious, sardonic and sour scholarship for her, but spiritual, incisive and super-good-humoured to the end. And it was when nearing the end that she wrote.

'As to Death, when I was young, personal immortality seemed to me axiomatic. The mere thought of Death made me furious. I was so intensely alive I felt I could defy any one, anything-God, or demon, or Fate herself-to put me out. All that is changed now. If I think of Death at all it is merely as a negation of life, a close, a last and necessary chord. What I dread is disease, that is, bad, disordered life, not Death, and disease, so far, I have escaped. I have no hope whatever of personal immortality, no desire even for a future life. My consciousness began in a very humble fashion with my body; with my body, very quietly, I hope it will end. 'Nox est perpetua una dormienda.'

'Old age, believe me, is a good and pleasant thing. It is true you are gently shouldered off the stage, but then you are given such a comfortable front stall as spectator, and, if you have really played your part, you are more than content to sit down and watch. All life has become a thing less strenuous, softer and warmer. You are allowed all sorts of comfortable little physical licences; you may doze through dull lectures, you may go to bed early when you are bored. The young all pay you a sort of tender deference to which you know you have no real claim. Every one is solicitous to help you; it seems the whole world offers you a kind protecting arm. Life does not cease when you are old, it only suffers a rich change. You go on loving, only your love, instead of a burning, fiery furnace, is the mellow glow of an autumn sun. You even go on falling in love, and for the same foolish reasons—the tone of a voice, the glint of a strangely set eye—only you fall so gently; and in old age you may even show a man that you like to be with him without his wanting to marry you or thinking you want to marry him.'

'Marriage, for a woman at least, hampers the two things that made life for me glorious-friendship and learning. In man it was always the friend, not the husband, that I wanted. Family life has never attracted me. At its best it seems to me rather narrow and selfish; at its worst a private hell. The rôle of wife and mother is no easy one; with my head full of other things I might have dismally failed. On the other hand, I have a natural gift for community life. It seems to me sane and civilized and economically right. I like to live spaciously, but rather plainly, in large halls with great spaces and quiet libraries. I like to wake in the morning with the sense of a great, silent garden round me. These things are, or should be, and soon will be, forbidden to the private family; they are right and good for the community. If I had been rich I should have founded a learned community for women, with vows of consecration and a beautiful rule and habit; as it is, I am content to have lived many years of my life in a college. I think, as civilization advances, family life will become, if not extinct, at least much modified and curtailed.'

Three books stood out for her as marking three stages in her growth; Aristotle's *Ethics*, and Bergson's *L'Evolution créatrice*, and Freud's *Totemism and Taboo*. And so she lectured, lectures which, it is clear, were by-products rather of custom, imagination and volubility, as well as of a true scholarship, than of discipleship or dogmatism.

'Don't you think,' said Mrs. Sidgwick to her, 'you a little confuse between the importance of your subject and the extraordinary delight you manage to extract from it?'

'. . . Professor Gilbert Murray once told me that I had never done an hour's really hard work in my life. I think he forgets that I have learnt the Russian declensions, which is more than he ever did. But I believe he is right. He mostly is. I never work in the sense of attacking a subject against the grain, tooth and nail. The kingdom of heaven from me "suffereth no violence." The Russian verb "to learn" takes the dative, which seems odd till you find out that it is from the same root as "to get used to." When you learn you "get yourself used to" a thing. That is worth a whole treatise of pedagogy. And it explained to me my own processes. One reads round a subject, soaks oneself in it, and then one's personal responsibility is over; something stirs and ferments, swims up into your consciousness, and you know you have to write a book. That may not be "hard work," but let me tell Professor Murray it is painfully and pleasantly like it in its results; it leaves you spent, washed out, a rag, but an exultant rag.'

One of the lessons of her life was provided by Francis Darwin, who found her writing on the 'vannus' without having seen one. He eventually discovered one in an unexplored part of France, and also that his old gardener could make it work, having used it in his youth; with the result that even she, a classical scholar, was in the position of being able to write about something she had actual experience of.

'It was a lifelong lesson to me. It was not quite all my fault. I had been reared in a school that thought it far more important to parse a word than to understand it.'

But Jane Harrison and Wang Ch'ung would never have agreed, had they met. On the other hand, they never could have met, because Wang was born A.D. 27. His is an example of the most ancient form of Autobiography, that of the ancient Chinese habit of writing introductions to books which reveal how the writers came to write them. Wang, at the age of seventy, explains how he came to write his masterpiece of universal knowledge, Lun Hêng.

In infancy he had disliked all frivolous games; at six had learned to behave with politeness, honesty, benevolence, propriety and reverence. Grave, earnest, very quiet, his was the

disposition of a great man. His father never flogged him; his mother and neighbours never scolded him; at school he was without sin. His studiousness astonished everyone; the extent of his reading widened every day. His conversation was out of the common; those who listened to him until he had finished agreed with him. He became an assistant-magistrate; but did not strive for fame. In others he pardoned great faults and pitied small ones; no back-biter, but a pure and sterling character, cheerful and easy-going; Confucius being his ideal. To begin with he wrote ethical books in a popular style to arouse the public conscience. When the Government was trying to govern but could not find the right way to do it, he wrote another book to show them how it was to be done. His masterpiece, although 'not free from imperfection,' cannot please, since it consists of strictures on the depravity of the age. However, though he will die, his book will remain as a guide to posterity. His style is the most euphuistic thing outside Euphues and his character, he tells posterity, composed of:

'... vast virtue of the highest excellency, abundance of extensive knowledge, a pencil dripping with characters like rain, an overflowing spring of words, rich talents, a wonderful erudition, generous deeds, and a noble mind.'

It is a faint heart that does not blow its own trumpet.

Now John de Villiers has nothing like that to say about himself, because he was on the staff of the British Museum.

His father, an Afrikander of Huguenot descent, died of sunstroke at forty-two, and left the mother, a Jewess from Holland, with this son of thirteen to face life in the Minories and very little to do it with. The boy left school at once and went into a shipbroker's office. After a few months there, and hundreds of inquiries, he transferred himself to Mincing Lane and remained there six years, at the end of which he was earning £50 a year, with no prospects of improvement, thanks to Germans being so willing to come over and work for next to nothing while they learnt English and the tea-trade. Villiers liked the tea-trade too, but on those terms preferred to change to a boot factory at three times the pay. Then began study at the City of London College, languages and general education: office 9–6, Classes 7–10; obtaining first-classe certificates in Latin, French, German, Spanish, Italian and Dutch. He therefore came to the conclusion that it was on philological lines he could get best value out of life, specially in a post in the printed books department in the British Museum. He entered for the competitive exam. there in 1887 and succeeded in spite of all the other competitors being Oxford and Cambridge graduates and such appointments being virtually confined to such candidates. The salary was £ 120 a year, with a prospect, but by no means of certainty, of ultimately rising to £450. At thirty he was earning £180 at the Museum, and as much again thirty he was earning £ 180 at the Museum, and as much again by translation and reviewing. During eighteen years of drudgery he tended towards research work, especially that concerned with defining boundaries. His work in connection with those of Venezuela involved reading the forty 2,000-page volumes of the records of the Dutch West India Company twelve times between 1896 and 1904; and he also took a leading part in deciding those of Labrador. For fifteen years he was secretary to the Hakluyt Society, with thirty-seven at the British Museum, during most of which time the map department was housed in a cellar lit through a grating overhead.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

Three from each.

Three from each.

While John de Villiers was still an office-boy in the teatrade, a future Cambridge professor of Italian, Thomas Okey, was working nearby sitting on an elm plank laid on the earth in a cellar with a drain running through it; and tallow candles the only lighting. He had worked in that cellar for fifteen years, for twelve hours a day from the time he was twelve years old, and subsequently from six a.m. till nine p.m. He came of a Spitalfields basket-making family and was born in 1852. When he wrote, in 1930, all his five brothers and two sisters were still alive. His sisters left school at eleven years of age to help at alive. His sisters left school at eleven years of age to help at home, and he married on thirty shillings a week. At eight years of age he had caught sight of a French dictionary going for sale second-hand and spent all his savings, fourpence, on it.

When working, he would attend eight o'clock classes by sacrificing an hour's wages, and got practice in languages by frequenting the French, German and Italian churches on Sundays. The Italian gave the best practice because they had a custom of congregational Bible-readings, everybody taking a turn. He took part in positivist and socialist activities as well, and ultimately found a spiritual home at Toynbee Hall. His reading began with the Book of Martyrs and the Bible; and one Whit Monday he bought Sartor Resartus and spent all his day at the Alexandra Palace absorbed in it, ignoring swings and roundabouts. He remembered the first railway being built through Spitalfields, and poultry running about his street, and seeing a witch stoned; and himself making the wicker bugtraps once in daily use in middle-class families, which were placed at the head of the bed in the evenings and emptied into the garden in the mornings.

Sir James Frazer, on the other hand, has to say,

'So I have always led the quiet uneventful life of a student. It is not a life about which there is much to say, but I have found it a happy one, and I hope to lead it to the end.'

Once, as a child, he was playing on the banks of a stream when the stream broke into flood by reason of the bursting of a reservoir. A neighbour learned of it in time and hurried him away. That, he says, was the nearest approach to an adventure he has ever had.

His father was a Glasgow chemist and had the son inherited his father's gifts he might have risen to be a chemist himself. But never did he give evidence of aptitude for that or any other form of practical achievement. He attributes his success with the unpractical to his bringing up. Neither parent lacked any virtue or possessed any fault: the children neither occasioned, nor ever incurred, punishment. If his father had limitations—as that he never acquired any foreign language—these served rather to intensify than to circumscribe the activities of their perfections. He himself never found the rigid Scottish 'sabbath'

irksome: he looks back to them with affection, and continues to respond to the sound of 'church-going bell' whenever and wherever he hears it. Most of his early recollections which are not concerned with people bring back to his mind the country-side which existed in his young days close around the centres of the towns; and even the manufactures he recalls as being carried on under domesticated conditions and amidst ideal surroundings. His local school he remembers with gratitude and Glasgow University with devotion, especially G. G. Ramsay, whose taste and charm turned Latin into a gateway to all the world. And so to Cambridge and a scholarship at Trinity, thrice renewed and finally granted for life—a sixty-years' connection. Here, again, is another variant of Autobiography not hitherto met with—consisting of two speeches; and those to be found under an unlikely title, 'Creation and Evolution in Primitive Cosmogonies.'

With Leslie Stephen, on the other hand, the essential quality of Autobiography is carried to its logical outcome; retrospective reconsideration without blemish and almost independent of narrative. Sober, pithy, worldly-wise, witty, and gentlemanly, every page contains some contribution to the education of everybody. His comparisons of Oxford with Cambridge; his recollections of, and comment on, politicians, journalism, and literature; his piloting of the Dictionary of National Biography—all in less than 200 brief pages—are models of what to say, what to leave unsaid, how to arrive at a position in which one has something to say, and how to say it. Most of the space is given to his fourteen years at Cambridge. It may be noted that W. E. Heitland's After Many Years, a pleasant book of reminiscences, takes up life at Cambridge just after Stephen left.

Both Max Müller and Mark Pattison spent lifetimes at Oxford, for all practical purposes. Pattison's record, indeed, begins with his arrival there in 1832, and Müller, while arriving later in life, revised his on his death-bed. The two together form a continuous record of Oxford through most of the nineteenth century; and it would be hard to find any work by two writers covering so much of so wide a field with such candour

and authority. Some quotation from Pattison occurs in Vol. I in relation to mental development in general. Some more may follow here with more direct reference to scholarship.

'I have really no history but a mental history . . . all my energy was directed upon one end-to improve myself, to form my mind, to sound things thoroughly, to free myself from the bondage of unreason and the traditional prejudices which, when I first began to think, constituted the whole of my intellectual fabric. . . . I was not exactly idle; to this day I never could be; I was always reading something. . . . My plan of study (1833) has the fatal defect of requiring too much time . . . a scheme of self-education, rather than the hand-to-mouth requirements of an examination. . . . I may say that I have been all my life occupied in carrying out and developing the ideal that I conceived in July 1833 . . . the first stirrings of anything like intellectual life within me. . . . Neither then, nor at any other time since, have I been able to read in an hour the same number of pages that other men can . . . my slow and dawdling mental habits. . . . I was at all . times deficient in mental activity and quickness of social sympathy. . . . Of course a cheap manual of divinity would have given me all I wanted in a nutshell, but I was incapable of getting up (for exams.) from manuals-I could not remember them. . . . I never could let routine be routine, or do anything with any comfort to myself, unless I tried to do it as well as I could. . . . I have never enjoyed any self-satisfaction in anything I have done, for I have inevitably made a mental comparison with how it might have been better done. . . . Slowly, and not without laborious effort, I began to emerge, to conquer, as it were, in the realm of ideas. It was all growth, development, and I have never ceased to grow, to develop, to discover, up to the very last . . . slow as the steps were, they have all been forward.'

Max Müller's book is an exceedingly pleasant one; well-considered, temperate, shrewd, holding the balance between his own qualities and those of others; imbued with a very striking natural modesty, which, without affectation, leaves his achievements, for the most part, to be discovered elsewhere and the causes to be read between the lines.

When a boy, his ideal was to live surrounded by books and

friends, and perhaps to rise to a post of assistant in a large library. And his eminence seems to have occasioned him surprise to the end.

As to his editing the text of the Rig-veda, 'anybody might have done that.'

His father, who was the Müller of the Schöne Müllerin and the Winterreise of Schubert, lived a very happy and gay life but died at thirty-three, as librarian of the Ducal library at Dessau, and thenceforward the widow lived as quietly and sorrowfully as she could. It may be that this was a factor in rendering Max Müller a quiet person who simply wanted to get on with his work, alien to competition, canvassing, controversies, self-advertisement, and side-issues. This became the more so perhaps inasmuch as he spent all his mature life at Oxford, where, as a German, he felt it out of place to enter into local party-politics and could perhaps enjoy a certain exemption on those grounds difficult for anyone else either to wish for consistently, or be allowed.

He recognizes that he has been a 'great admirer' all his life and attributes this to his having spent his youth at the small town of Dessau, in comparison wherewith all else permanently seemed overwhelmingly grand. On the other hand, he was given to weigh people with his 'rusty Dessau balance,' and thereby lost many a friend through its inability to make allowances for human feelings.

His only secret, he says, has been faith and a perfect indifference to worldly success.

Everyone with any familiarity with languages will have come across the marked limitations that exist in acquiring them; one learner absorbing them from one point of view, another from another: but none from all. Max Müller's remarks on his own limitations are very much to the point, coming, as they do, from one of the most remarkable of linguists.

'My own power of speaking foreign languages has always been very limited. . . . I worked at languages as a musician studies the nature and capacities of musical instruments, though without attempting to perform on every one of them. There was no time

left for acquiring a practical familiarity with languages, if I wanted to carry on my researches into the origin, the nature and history of language.'

In the Life of Joseph Wright by E. M. Wright, pp. 10-63 consist of matter dictated by Joseph Wright himself, dealing with his early days, from the workhouse to a schoolmastership; days which never included a whole day's schooling for the boy, and under the rule of a widowed mother who threw Shakespeare's plays out of doors because she 'wouldn't have such had stuff in the house.' However, she provided an inheritance of character, single-mindedness, and sturdiness which rendered all desirable things possible; a basis which culminated in an exceedingly high position in the philological world, principally due to the 'Dialect Dictionary.' But it would be hard to draw up a balance-sheet which showed whether, taking all linguistic studies into account, it was Joseph Wright who owed most to Oxford, or Oxford who owed most to Joseph Wright. What an epitaph! Wright set out to do much; and all that he set out to do he did; and that in a way that stood all tests. When he was a wool-sorter at thirteen years of age and seven shillings a week wages, and his mother out charing all day, she never came back to a dirty house; Joseph had done all the cleaning. Once he nursed her through typhoid as well. Not till he was forty years' old did he have a daily paper. When fifteen years' old, working twelve hours a day, and starting at six a.m., he grew dissatisfied with the little progress he was making at a night-school; he took in Cassell's Popular Educator in fortnightly parts, and made these parts his constant companions for years, often staying up till two a.m. with them, undisturbed by any noise or distraction. It was a by-product of time spent in a spinning-room that noise never took his attention off his work. He learnt French from Roubaix weavers who came to settle near his home, and German from Germans resident in Bradford. At twenty-one he had saved £40. He spent it on giving himself eleven weeks at Heidelberg University. Discovering that he was a born teacher, he turned schoolmaster at £40 a year, and, at twenty-three, matriculated in London, and eventually rose

to £100 a year at Margate. But he abandoned this calling because, much as he loved the boys and the work, he felt he would never arrive at a headmastership because he would never be able to put up with the parents.

TWO TYPICAL FOREIGN SCHOLARS

The early life of Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf has also been summarized in the first volume; including both his childhood as a Prussian nobleman's son in German Poland, and his school-life in Germany. His descent, and the semi-savage surroundings of his childhood, together with the fact of his growing up entirely without playfellows, gave him an autocratic tendency. To his school be owed the utmost benefits derivable from a classical education conceived in the broadest spirit; while his mother transmitted a human and artistic capacity which had much to do with the ripening of his scholarship.

His upbringing was very stern: and yet, he thinks, not stern enough, Patriotism and Protestanism in extremes were the basis of it. His chief occupation seems to have been playing soldiers indoors. He never even looked on at agricultural work, in spite of being surrounded by an immense family estate: labourers, dogs, and plants passed by unheeded. Riding, however, was taken for granted. His father never forgave him for not becoming a cavalry-officer. Yet he could go on riding to the age of seventy and thinks it was of great value to his character both for keeping him fit physically and in counteracting a tendency to dreaminess.

In 1867 he went to Bonn University and in 1870 into the Franco-German war. The Baron became a private soldier, and was sent to the front after months of drill, in the course of which he only fired fifteen bullets. In time he reached Beauvais, where one French father implored the Prussians, billeted on him, not to kill his children; he having been told that the Prussians were cannibals. He has many other similar stories, all ending in how well the Germans and the inhabitants got on together in the end. He never entered the Cathedral, and this was the only occasion in his life during which he was in France.

France was an exception. Even as a boy he used to question

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a gamekeeper who had formerly been a courier in Italy and the words of Mignon:

Dahin, dahin geht unser Weg, O Vater, lass uns ziehen.

thus early defined the issues towards which he was tending. But it was the virtues of his school which decided his career.

His book covers a period of sixty-six years (1848–1914), but was written in 1928 at the age of eighty, and his austere inheritance, together with the embitterment of all relations, both at home and abroad, personal and scholarly, by the war, tend to leaven all he says with an acidity which no doubt would not have entered into it had he written at an earlier age. But it remains, nevertheless, a testimony to the standards and achievements of the nineteenth century when the Germans became pioneers and leaders in all that the truest scholarship implies.

A bibliography of Wilamowitz-Moellendorf's writings would run to several pages and include some of the most learned, profound, and thorough work ever written. Yet he speaks of it as of small importance. He was primarily a foster-father of the best type of student, training those who wished to understand. The results proceeded from what he was and consisted of what they became. He never lectured on those sections of Thucydides which referred to Syracuse because he himself had never visited Syracuse. Personal intimacy, scientific training, and imagination all seemed equally indispensable to him. Goethe phrased later ideals for him as well as early ideas:

> Und setzest du nicht das Leben ein, Nie wird dir das Leben gewonnen sein.

He quotes with amusement the remark of a narrow scholar who put artistic work on one side, saying that it was merely beautiful, and insists that much may be gathered from a lecture which the hearer does not understand provided it directs and stimulates him. More and more did he come to think that his countrymen attended too little to what was being done by

scholars abroad and, in spite of increasing age, set himself to cultivate international relationships.

The central part of his book consists of those orations in which he summed up, from time to time, the merits and defi-ciencies of the present and his hopes for the future. The final one, spoken to an international gathering, contains all that his life had led up to, a notable passage on community of interests. He refers to the old days when one language had served all European scholars, to the passing of that state, and to new conditions. He speaks of those conditions as constituting a new chivalry; held together by the same ideas of honour, loyalty, and effort, in the service of truth. In his own case the preoccupation was with Hellenism, and his interpretation of these conditions as applied to Hellenism is that no aspect of it should be isolated but that Hellenic life as a whole must be the object of study. Such a view was always in danger of obliteration by the multitude of special studies, but these could and should subserve the larger view and the wider knowledge which had been the inspiration of his later years; reviving what was inherent in the feeling, thought, and beliefs of the past in order that their vital forces and truths should continue to influence present and future.

Giovanni Battista Vico, of Naples, also had a broad and brilliant career, lived too long, and died sad. Born in 1670, he writes of his life up to 1731. As a boy he was lively enough, but a fall from a height at seven years of age injured his skull; he was unconscious for five hours, convalescent for three years, and never recovered his spirits. However, he more than made good by hard work, and entered on legal work at sixteen, taking part in court-cases with credit. But his desire was to devote himself to studies. He attracts attention of a bishop who obtains a situation for him as tutor at a castle, a post in every way advantageous, where he spent nine years with ample leisure for study. Studying always by himself, he could attend, at every successive step, to the constructive thought and research which previous work indicated as necessary, free from demands which a normal course made, either by way of fashion, or custom, or

the idiosyncrasies of some particular teacher. On the other hand, this method left him entirely unknown, at a time when patronage was the only means of advancement.

When an adviser suggested the church as a career, Vico answered that his parents were poor and had no other support than himself; the adviser answered that men of letters usually were a burden on their families.

His studies were based on Plato and Tacitus, incomparable metaphysicians, he thought, the latter concerning men as they were, the former concerning men as they ought to be. Starting from that basis, he conceived the idea of the possibility of a study of universal history, distilling a universal knowledge, whence could be extracted a substratum of universal wisdom, to form a universally acceptable and accepted basis for a wiser and sounder constitution of human affairs. In this he was fortified by two recent writers, Francis Bacon and Descartes.

And on a synthesis of these four and his own meditations, he proceeded to evolve a disquisition on the factors common to all legal systems, consonant with human nature, applicable to all administration, and conformable with Christianity (1699). He began with a lecture wherein he demonstrated that universal knowledge was possible, that it was only a matter of willingness to acquire it, that ignorance was as uncongenial to the mind as a stench to the nose, and that if children were taught on these lines, they would be safeguarded against all sinful tendencies. In 1700 a second instalment followed in which he described the world as a place in which fools were condemned to make war on themselves. The series continued till 1707, concluding with the principle that what people had in common was a uniformity of vice, amendable only by three other common factors which were capable of effective development, ethics, knowledge, and eloquence.

Soon after this date he made acquaintance with the 'De jure belli et pacis' of Grotius, a fifth author, who equalled and supplemented the other four and seemed to him to sum up all that the humand mind could assimilate, or had need of.

But all of his five favourites were heretics. Sufficient need, then, for Vico to bestir himself, to compound from them, and from his own observation and knowledge, what would finally set humanity on the right road, once for all. And there he is at the prime of life, full of hope; commissioned, too, by a duke to write a biography which appeared in fine form; the first volume, issued at Naples, embodying all the qualities that the Dutch printers had to impart: the year being 1716.

But his troubles had already begun. Agonizing pains in his left arm, and too many children, were the first to appear; and too little money to be able to provide a room where he might work and write in peace. Then a post fell vacant the offer of which would have provided for him for life, recognized him as an honour to Naples and to all Italy, and compensated him for anything adverse that might have befallen him. It was refused. He was not a vain man, nor greedy: but yet conscious of having worked very hard and deserved well. Others, he thought, would there and then have abandoned the profession of letters. He did not: he struggled on amid ever-increasing disease and worries, encouraged, it is true, by those whose opinion he valued; but without success.

CROCE AND KEYSERLING

Associated with the name of Vico is that of Benedetto Croce, who has revived the name and fame of Vico in our time. Croce, likewise, has written concerning himself. It is one of the unpleasantest of autobiographies. The student's life has its seamy side, and it would be unsuitable to such a survey as this if this seamy side were ignored, or if reputations were attended to instead of each case being taken on its merits. Another such case is that of Count Hermann Keyserling. Admirers of the work of these two may say, perhaps rightly, that the autobiographies of these two belie the merits of the authors. Estimates and summaries such as we are concerned with can take no such factors into account; but only comparisons as between each autobiography and others.

One fourteenth of the whole of Croce's is taken up with an apologetic preface. Anything in the way of confessions or recollections or memoirs is successively ruled out, as bound to arise from trivial vanity, and certain to incur the 'well-deserved

contempt which is the usual reward of attempts to interest other people in the things that have happened to oneself in one's own transient personality.' How and when he has felt most deeply moved form subject-matter which, in his opinion, has no claim to be put into words, any more than his meditations. Nothing has any such claim except a narrative and a criticism of what his contribution to knowledge has amounted to.

It seems strange that one who is so esteemed as an authority on the philosophy of history and the history of philosophy should come to such conclusions. His mission in life has consisted mainly of criticism of criterions, of appraising and appreciating; and this is all the value he sees in Autobiography as a source of knowledge and as a form of authorship worth achieving, 'a by-product of an egotism and a self-consciousness which achieve nothing but to render obvious their own futility and should be left to die of it.' Croce does not exclude, however, an account of his own early life. It is this that explains the rest. A more narrow and self-centred home than his could hardly be invented by the most capable novelist; its influence is seen at work defining what he becomes and does, what he attends to and values and what he ignores and decries.

Keyserling's early environment went to the other extreme. He had no child-companion during his childhood, his interests lay in hunting, and the company he kept was that of tamed animals. He has spent most of his life on the family estate in what is now Esthonia, and his work has the merits of a largescale plan, of that of a landed-proprietor on a princely footing, of manifold feudal descent with intellectual leanings. But above all, an anima naturaliter Germanica who brought himself up on H. S. Chamberlain, and became a most Wagnerian figure; prophetically, cryptically, turgidly, solving all problems from stage clouds, but ever ready to descend, in fact, insisting on descending, to the stage in human form whenever there is anything to be gained by it. He looms gigantic to himself, he admits it: and nothing that is not gigantic is appropriate. This has an unfortunate effect on his generalizations. Most of them could be reversed in meaning without affecting their truth or applicability,

or the general effect of the book: as, for instance, that human beings can only learn from those who differ from them, or that the characteristic English point of view is that the only business in life for a man is to obtain independence and power.

He has twice been dispossessed of his estate (in the revolutions of 1905 and 1918), and speaks as if hurled into poverty each time. Much of his later life has been spent travelling, but only in Central Europe. Only once has he ever left Europe and then only on a tour round the world; sufficient, in his view, for him to become an authority on China and India, without taking any particular interest, he says, in either. He says, too, that it was foretold of him that he would found Empires: but, in fact, he has only founded a School of Wisdom. That was at Darmstadt, in 1920, since when he seems to have been just one more 'intellectual' who has become fashionable. However, he has been saved from the depths of charlatanism and barbarism by a self-conscious earnestness of stupendous impenetrability. But the net impression left by these two autobiographies is similar—that of the two men endowed with unusual gifts and advantages but foredoomed to use them to surround themselves with a vacuum and call it knowledge.

EVELYN CHEESMAN AND HUGH MILLER

In contrast with these let us turn to two other cases in which generalizations are kept severely in their places; left to generate themselves; almost exposed to die, if unfit. An entomologist and a geologist.

The two expeditions referred to in Evelyn Cheesman's Hunting Insects in the South Seas took place in 1924-5, and 1929-30; but the book is a summary of much more than events of those years. It is exceptional in its combination of qualities almost antithetical: endurance and observation; appreciativeness and courage; persistence and receptivity. A sensitiveness which goes to the length of tracking down by their scent two isolated violets surrounded by tropical vegetation, is coupled with the following answer to being asked whether it is not monotonous or boring to collect insects for months on end in the wilds without any form of recreation:

"... The freshness of the data accumulating all the time ... engrosses one so deeply in details of the work, that it is only when brought up against such ugly realities as a wild boar's spoor on the trail, or that there is nothing to eat, or no matches, that one is really conscious of ordinary things. Even then it is only for a spell that one concentrates seriously on them. The insects are the serious part of existence; all the rest is just a joke . . . a bad joke at times, but not worth worrying about."

The illustrations suggest the possibilities of a ballet of butterflies and caterpillars.

Hugh Miller sets out to tell others how he educated himself, and takes the narrative up to his thirtieth year. The idea of writing it was put into his head by a University principal who said to him that the less ordinary the method whereby an education had been acquired, the more interesting the history of it was bound to be.

Miller was born in 1802 in a house in Cromarty which had been built by his great-grandfather, one John Feddes, a buccaneer, of whom many stories were told to the boy. One day, playing alone at the foot of the stairs, he saw John Feddes, who had by then been dead for half-a-century or so, standing there, in his light-blue great coat, gazing at him; and for many years afterwards, the boy never felt sure that he might not come across him again. When he was five, one day at twilight he happened to be shutting the house-door, when he saw a hand and arm, separate from any body, less than a yard away. And later, when ill with small-pox, he was delirious for two days, during which image succeeded image 'as scene succeeds scene in the box of an itinerant showman.' He realized, however, that these were unreal and the effects of illness. And he was able to look at them objectively, and inspect them critically. Eventually he wished to try if he could control any such, and decided to conjure up a death's head,

'But what rose instead was a cheerful parlour fire, bearing atop a kettle, and as the picture faded and then vanished, it was succeeded by a gorgeous cataract, in which the white foam, at first strongly relieved against the dark rock over which it fell, soon exhibited a

deep tinge of sulphurous blue, and then came dashing down in one frightful sheet of blood.'

This he happened to recognize as the waterfall in the incantation scene in 'Der Freischütz,' which he had seen at Edinburgh fourteen years before without taking any particular interest therein.

The home was poor enough, even when the father, captain of a merchant-vessel, was alive. He died when the boy was five. The mother, a seamstress, often worked late into the night and did not earn a living then; and the boy went barefoot. He began work at a quarry and remained a working-man until he wished to marry a girl whose mother objected to the match for social reasons. Miller then turned bank-clerk, and writer as well. His wife raised their joint income to £100 a year by teaching.

At the same time, all this was from choice. He did not go to work till he was seventeen; not till he had decided that he would not become a doctor, lawyer, or minister. The 'professions' meant a town-life, and were overcrowded. A solitary, open-air life appealed to him. But it was a hard one. It was often more open-air than he wanted. The quarrying-work meant moving from place to place, and living in barracks of the most wretched description. When the weather was fine, he could tell the time at night by watching the stars through the roof: when bad, he would be awakened by the rain falling on his face. There was no light but daylight and the fire; a candle would have been put out by the draughts. And the decayed wood which was their only fuel gave such a light that reading could only be done within a foot of the fire, and that at the could only be done within a foot of the fire, and that at the price of a headache. But the barracks were often too crowded for more than a few to sit even within sight of the fire. The work itself was more than hard: pain and fatigue were frequently so great as to hinder him in protecting himself against ordinary risks. During the first few months he <u>last</u> even fingernails, besides suffering other injuries. As he grew stronger this absent-mindedness disappeared, but was liable to recur if over-exertion recurred. There were times when blood was oozing from all his fingers at once. In his trade men rarely lived

beyond forty-five by reason of the damage to the lungs done by inhaling dust from broken stone. Miller had experience of this himself, intensified by working day after day in a waterlogged ditch. The conditions of living, of course, affected their food; restricting them to oatmeal and milk, mostly.

Yet all this while he was at work as a genius without being aware of it. Even as a stonemason he excelled the others in inscriptions, and took to writing in the old English hand before medievalism became fashionable. He extracted good results from the trade itself: when he speaks of reasoning that struck him as sound, he describes it as possessing 'tangibility and solidity.' His two uncles, Sandy and James, contributed much also.

Sandy was a cartwright by trade, but, being unable to obtain employment again after seven years' service on board a man-of-war, had turned sawyer. It was among the pleasantest of all Hugh's recollections to recall his excursions to find Sandy and the place where the latter had set up his saw-pit anew in the woods, and sometimes to spend an hour with him on the seashore on the way home. Sandy, always keen and unbiased by preconceptions, had a rare knowledge of natural phenomena. He lacked a vocabulary but possessed a habit and faculty of more accurate observation. Hugh learned to detect marine formation inland by reason of what Sandy had pointed out to him at ebb-tide on the shore. Sandy was likewise a skilful lobster-fisherman, and in consequence knew the shore for several miles intimately, and the habits of the marine livestock.

Uncle James was the antiquary of the family and also a man of judgment as well as knowledge. Later, at work, he came across one John Fraser, who discarded the idea that fairies were responsible for the placing of great boulders in unlikely places and considered that ice was the agency; and he could build houses that had walls that would throw off the rain when other masons' walls would let in water as freely as a leaky roof. All the principles of mathematics existed in his mind as self-evident truths.

On these foundations Miller built up his extraordinary researches in geology in spite of isolation from other available knowledge and speculations and criticism of theologians' data; achievements only to be appreciated by experts, probably, and, even among experts, only by those who have imagination and know the history of their science. Throughout the book evidence is always cropping up of what it feels like to be a genius at work without knowing it.

Only once did any kind of break occur. When he, the mason, became a bank clerk, he was struck by how indolent he became in leisure-hours; the fatigue ceasing to be one of sinew and muscle and becoming one of nerve and brain; disinclining him for his former intellectual interests. That applies, in his experience, to all clerks and shopkeepers as compared with working men; the latter are the more intellectual class though it be concealed under a less degree of gentility superficially. But as he became more accustomed to his bank work, the former interests returned.

Miller makes many other comparisons which have a double bearing on the life of study. First, they show the interdependence of the student on all around him, on the training that awaits him in the exercise of his faculties on the people and phenomena that abide nearest; just as profound and necessary as the exercise on those far-away, undivined, unexpected, new discoveries on which his instinct and desire are set. And secondly, they show the extent and means whereby that interdependence can be made the most of.

One such comparison is between those of his early acquaintances who remained working-men with those who went on to
a university, and does not find that superiority on the side of
the scholar which the scholar was inclined to take for granted.
What he had studied he knew better; but while the scholar
was studying that, the working-man was studying something
else, and all that equally useful in itself, and generally more
useful for the general purposes of life. Moreover, scholarship
was classical; and the best-read men in English he was to come
across were not the scholars. Scholars could argue better; the
others could reason better. Again, scholars were apt to form a
lower estimate of the mechanic than was applicable, for the
reason that the mechanics they had most experience of were
those who pushed themselves into notice; and Miller never knew

a truly intelligent mechanic of that class. Clergymen were particularly apt to mislead themselves in that way; and be misled. Then again, there are the differences of character and habits imprinted on men by their occupations. It is clear, he says, to most of us that clergymen, merchants, soldiers, lawyers, physicians, have each their characteristics common to their respective classes; but that this is no less true of workingmen, though it passes without notice. There is the great broad difference between those who work outdoors and those who work indoors. The latter more usually work in groups, at work which, however troublesome and long drawn out, is lighter and also does not put so much strain on the respiratory organs as does the work of outdoor workers, normally; and in consequence they do more talking which, again, renders them better able to state their grievances, more ready in tracing cause and effect, and, superficially, more intelligent. Whereas, when the outdoor worker does develop, he becomes a fresher and more vigorous type than the other. A capacity for stumporatory, for instance, would be suppressed in an outdoor worker, but the more there is in the latter the more he develops into something better than any indoor worker.

And again, he compares the tailor with the barber. The latter is bound to become a fluent talker but not a controversial one. His work demands that he should converse without disagreeing with his customers, and the nature of his work does not prevent him doing so to the utmost of his capacity. If his customers belong to an upper class he acquires their ways; and if they are mostly Conservatives, he becomes Conservative too. The tailor comes to regard dress as the most important thing in life, yet while this shows in his being well-dressed himself, his manners are not as good as those of the barber, because his conversations with his customers are technical only and less varied. Hence tailors are more ridiculed than any other class by the working men. A smith, on the other hand, hears as much gossip as the barber, but does not have as much breath left him by his work to take part in it; neither is he under any obligation to please his customers by his talk; a phrase, and that a pointed one, and he is done. The shoemaker, again, cannot keep himself so clean

or so agreeable in smell as tailor or barber. But such characteristics leave him free to acquire more sense. Now a mason tends to grow silent and blunt; and develops judgment in the course of deciding the fate and fashion of every stone that passes through his hands. His vocation educates his sense of sight, so that if he takes to shooting he shoots straight, generally too straight, through not allowing for the curve of a bullet, inasmuch as he deals in the straight lines, uncompromisingly so, of stonework.

Where instinct and example alike failed Miller himself was as regards music. Uncle Sandy, a great psalmodist, failed; 'and to this day . . . though I rather like the strains of the bagpipe in general, and have no objection to drums in particular . . . doubts do occasionally come across me whether there be in reality any such thing as tune.'

He had no greater sense of the abstract, and was too honest to assent to appearances; the more so since he saw reason enough to disbelieve in those who professed to be devoted to an abstract idea of deity. '. . . the feeling in its true form must be a very rare and exceptional one. In all my experience of men I never knew a genuine instance of it. . . .' He therefore remained very much aloof from religious life, though not opposed to it, until he came to be inspired with a genuine liking for Jesus Christ as a man; whereupon his very disinclination for the abstract enabled him to accept readily enough the idea of Christ's divinity.

Of his acceptability to others, there could be no greater proof, probably, than that a band of gipsies soon lost their suspicions of him and allowed him to visit them freely and to sit and listen in their company. All his knowledge of vegetation was as remarkable, minute, critical and profound, as that of humanity and geology; and the same applied to fishing and fishermen. Bravery and determination were operative in him throughout his life, but rather as an undercurrent. It is fortunate that the politics of his time made no demands on them; otherwise he would certainly be known to posterity as one more 'hero' instead of him occupying his own unique position both now and then. After having become a town-councillor and finding there was absolutely nothing to do in connection with

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the office, he absented himself from all meetings for the three years of his term of office, rather than listen to, or add to, the oratory that went on.

THREE PHILOSOPHERS

In the 'Professional' chapter use is made of one section of a German series, the medical section of a series of autobiographies, all written in conformity with the publisher's plan of briefly epitomizing the advances in various branches of knowledge within living memory by means of autobiographical accounts of those achievements by some of those who have achieved them. For modern philosophy recourse may be had to this same series in the persons of Giuseppe Rensi, Julius Schultz, and Karl Joel.

The variations in the tenets that these three men held do not fall, of course, to be expounded here, still less such variations between them and other philosophers. Less still do their controversies need to be made manifest, nor even the facts of the extent to which they indulge in controversy, any more than in their elaborations of new vocabularies in default of new knowledge. Only the lives that they led, with the differences in their origins and environment, and the infinite and irrepressible instinct for search and research which animates and unites all of them, at their best; and the evidence that, even if no philosophy be worth reading, any philosophy is worth living.

Rensi was born near Verona in 1871. His ancestry included engineers, doctors, architects, botanists, landed proprietors, and a mother from Salzburg. After study at the universities of Padua and of Rome, he worked as barrister under a jurist who was secretary to Giolitti, whence ensured growth in interest in social and political questions. These in turn gave rise to much reading in Mill, Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Spencer, Haeckel, Sallust, Tacitus, Dino Compagni, Guicciardini, Taine, Guizot, de Tocqueville, Macaulay, and Ihering. The enthusiasms subsided in time: recollections of the benefits occasioned by them never did, and Spencer never lost his hold however much he went out of fashion. This led to editorship of a socialist paper and participation in other socialist ventures. In 1898 repression

set in, and he withdrew to Switzerland, where he found a wife of the right kind with whom, and their two daughters, he lived happily ever after. As for the province of Ticino, his refuge, he feels he would never have left it or its people had it not been for the directions in which philosophy was even now beginning to lead him. This drift set in now ever more and more definitely and earnestly, but not systematically; it consisted simply of attending to the best books he could get hold of on subjects that troubled him.

By 1906 he was back again, co-operating in the new periodical 'Coenobium,' and later with the Societá Umanitaria, writing books, and becoming increasingly philosophic until his main occupation grew to be lecturing; Ferrara, Florence, Messina, Genoa. But to him, a 'chair' was not the end of a career, but a fresh start. The war meant another fresh start. He was always sensitive to the process of thoughts germinating as if spontaneously and remaining in the germ until some vital reality, kindred reality, came into contact with them, and both quickened each other, as if by electricity. Perhaps it was the war, too, that rendered him more and more Italian. German philosophy had never had the attraction for him that it had for Croce and Gentile. But Rensi trended increasingly towards the antimetaphysical realism of Macchiavelli, Galilei, and Leopardi, the 'effective actuality' of things. The only German who gained a hold on him was Schopenhauer, which was due to all the latter's ideas taking rise from his contacts with the world around him; an apprenticeship which Rensi considers specially needful for philosophers and all whose concern is with the abstract, and that for two reasons; first, it ensures a truer vision in matters philosophical; secondly, it prevents them becoming bores. Hobbes came to be the only foreigner, apparently, on his reading-list. But nothing ever narrowed Rensi. His practical experience of incompatibles in his own country, among Socialists as elsewhere, of the necessity for opposites to remain opposites, and the rights of all to be as they are, and his perception of the irreconcilability of Law and the State, and acquaintance with the experiences of others on these lines—all these led up to a frame of mind that was still fermenting and maturing at the time

of writing, and no doubt has gone further in those directions subsequently.

Schultz (born 1862) was also a late-comer to philosophy. History, Literature, Art and Nature, claimed his time till he was thirty-five. He wrote about the spiritual history of the Middle-Ages, Homeric questions, translated, wrote verses and plays, collected plants, and so on. All that variety of practice in writing gives him an advantage over most philosophers when he comes to write about philosophy. He finds many other advantages in having attended to all these side-issues. He was independent of academical controversies, and ignorant that they existed. He expended no time or effort in seeking academic promotion or in becoming known; nor had need to make more acquaintance with contemporary thought than was needed to carry on conversations. Leaving himself free to choose his own methods and pace, he kept himself immune from becoming stale. After two years' study, he put study aside and turned to express the fruits of his studies in the form of a tragedy. 'Lying fallow' for a year in this way, he returned to abstractions, at the end of the year, with renewed zest. The visibility of dramatic form had counteracted the abstractedness of abstractions. In 1914 he is wandering in Italy and in Greece; Homer once more. His reason for taking to philosophy at all arose from a certain feeling of emptiness that began to make itself felt about his thirtieth year. When he took to reading Kant, then, it was late enough in life to understand him at first reading, to read the book as a book and not as a classic, criticizing with all the freedom of comprehending fellowship, as man to man. On the other hand, when he wrote, it became obvious that he was selftaught. That did not matter much: 'it could be remedied.' The lack of training in psycho-physical methods, and in laboratorywork, he felt more seriously about. But it is just in accordance with the limitations of the series that we hear so little concerning all that. As from the early years of the present century, the rest is argument; and, from 1914, the rest is silence.

Joel (born 1864) belongs to the mountains of Silesia, a district in which all was stimulating to the imagination of a growing boy, and where, at home, existed an intimate family

life which, maimed by the death of the father when Karl was sixteen, was continued by the others; the mother, with unwearying insight and care, provided a rallying-point which never failed.

The father, a rabbi who had been on very good terms with all the local pastors, had also been a student under von Ranke, Böckh, Savigny, and Schelling; the last-named especially influencing him. The recollections of all of them were something which he passed on to the son, even at that early age, in a form that created enthusiasm, and laid the foundations of spiritual interests that inspired all study; perhaps all the more so because of the father's death when the boy was at that impressionable age.

In the same way, when he was eighteen and started studies afresh at Breslau, Joel came up against very destructive professors, whose deductions led down to pessimistic and barrenly egotistic conclusions, all of which found a corrective in the profound affection that existed between mother and son. He does, indeed, seem to have been very successful in maintaining the balance between head and heart. A spirit of affirmation grew up in him, counteracting all the shattering discoveries and theories and disconcerting 'certainties' of the nineteenth century, and also the mechanical and sceptical presumptions of the next generation, a spirit which he traces to the positive values which were apparent to him in the daily round at home, Nature, Family, Belief, Imagination, and Country. At his secondary school, too, there had been a headmaster who combined the sense of his duty characteristic of an earlier age with a wide humanism which stimulated his growing interest in the classical world and in philology. His range of studies was exceedingly wide for his age, and for most people and for most ages, all focused into one main interest, the history of the development of the human soul.

The contradictory tendencies with which he was more and more brought into conflict as he went on growing up he found to be harmonized or set at rest by Plato, and the succeeding fifteen years, all the best of his life, were unified and sealed by studies devoted to the discovery and revelation of Socrates as

he really was, utilizing both the generalizing and the specialist methods which were in favour with his contemporaries and yet not abandoning the historical point of view or regarding it, as so many of the younger ones did (he says) as so much ballast which wanted throwing overboard; who ended by throwing overboard bread and stones together. He worked to disestablish accretions of tradition and convention, criticizing the imperfections of his own work, but vindicating the necessity of something of the kind.

During this period he evidently had many personal troubles which he only refers to by reason of their being solaced or cured by another scholar's inviting him to Basel, and by the congenial friends he found there. It seems to have been his only departure from Germany, except for a later visit to Greece. Both of these visits stand out as meaning so much to him as to set in relief the value of travel to such men, and what they lose by not being free, or willing, to utilize it more.

Subsequent development was on the same lines, honouring all men and all ideas, enthroning none, always searching for and expounding what the diverse philosophies had in common, writing to facilitate the evolution of his own mind, to rectify the narrowness and antagonisms which are for ever trying to establish themselves, and to emphasize the contrast between the devastating and sterilizing effects of public controversy and the progress of quiet meditation towards a truer realization of what is worth while and permanent. The value of philosophy to Joel seems to consist rather in the vision of possibilities, and of ancient truths not yet grasped and divined, even more than the expectation of attaining the attainable or the unattainable. And this involves appreciating much of what underlies sex.

'Every autobiography which aims at being more than a backward glance into standing water, wherein nothing but the Ego is mirrored, must find an outlet from the personal into the Universal, and link itself up with true biography, depicting life itself, which, to-day more than ever, appeals to reason from out of its deepest needs, and so, by implication, to Philosophy, whose mission it is to make manifest and to spiritualize what is inherent in Life as an organic entity tending to a higher destiny and as a force capable

of infinite organization towards spiritual ends-regulation by meditation.'

THE JEW AS STUDENT: SHMARYA LEVIN

The fact of Karl Joel being a Jew may serve to remind us of the special Hebrew instinct for study, and that one of the race may well be given a special prominence accordingly. No one better than Shmarya Levin; all the more so for English readers because his three books about himself are as well translated as they are written. Every paragraph contributes something, and the whole contains a wealth of detail concerning Jewish life and customs; and Russian, too. All the early part is located at Swislowitz, a town at the junction of the Swisla and Beresina rivers.

The whole Jewish community there existed under the wretchedest conditions, practically enslaved by poverty. And, under such conditions, schooling suffered doubly. The Jewish tradition that teaching was a sacred profession, and consequently that no payment could be accepted for it had the effect, when all were poor, that no one would undertake it who could find other employment. All the teaching was done in the teacher's living-room and that room unseemly enough even according to their own down-trodden standards. The boys were treated with brutality, and that for ten hours a day, and those practically continuous. When Levin was eight years old—that would be in 1876—a new teacher arrived, Artzer by name, who, as will be seen, changed all that and provided for all development that ensued.

In some ways, however, the boy was comparatively well off beforehand. He was endowed with exceptional vitality and with peace and kindliness at home and in the town. His child-hood was passed in a peaceful period. There were no pogroms just then. Strict separation between Russian and Jew, and mutual hostility, were taken for granted; but, in practice, fellow-feeling was always taking effect in compromises and working arrangements. Goodwill usually had the last word, except when individuals made it impossible in their own cases. When Levin's

mother was ill, both the churches in the town were kept open for prayers for her recovery. She represented the emotional and enthusiastic aspect of the Jewish temperament, while the father equally well represented its intellectual aspect. They were a pair who could be talked to, appealed to, at night when they said it was bed-time, when, after ten hours, or even twelve, at school, and after disposing of his evening-meal as quickly as possible, the boy would be writing and writing in the evening and the tears be coming into his eyes at the idea of having to stop. At school he had to write as he was told: at home he could write what he chose.

One or two special features in his education are worth noting. It was bi-lingual. Yiddish was in general use for conversation, but Hebrew was in equally general use for other purposes. School-Hebrew, therefore, was no dead language to the boy; and the hours given to Hebrew and Hebrew subjects, amounted to three or four times as much weekly as is ever given to Latin and Greek in Europe. Moreover, he says, there is a great difference between 'classics' as known to the European boy and to the Jew. To the latter both language and narratives are linked up with all his past, present and future, whereas the Gentile is being introduced to languages which are dead, and people who are no relations of his. This hardly applies to a Spanish boy, still less to an Italian; but their world is not in the Europe that Levin came to know. It is true that when he was started on the Talmud at seven years of age, its world seemed to him as dry and logical as a square root, but any picture that was built up in his mind was built up in the Hebrew that had struck root in him through reading.

And these pictures could not have fallen short in vividness. At school he was always taking sides in biblical stories, and had no patience with those other boys who asked him what business it was of his who was right and who was wrong. It was but a story to them; to him it was life: and where there was life there were principles. He went on arguing with the first teacher until the perspiration streamed down the teacher's face. But not so the third teacher.

'For the first time I felt myself drawn toward the man who was my teacher, and I remember how happy the feeling made me. Nothing contents a child more than the process of its own growth, and its constant desire to become a "grown-up" both mentally and physically. And nothing bribes a child more easily than the habit of taking it seriously, and helping it honestly to grow, to develop in understanding and in knowledge. And I felt at once that my new teacher was genuinely interested in me, not because he was paid for it, but because he looked upon me as a little man, and he wanted me to become a big one.'

'I felt grammar to be the logic of speech. I realized vaguely that language was no longer a lawless, accidental sort of affair. The long lines of the conjugations in my table of verbs became like the alleys of a neatly planted and disciplined garden, and I strolled between the lines of flowers: on one side flowers of the past, on the other side flowers of the future; in between, the line of the present. And I myself was a verb-a poal-a thing that works.

I cannot remember that I ever overstrained myself; my brain never became weary. It seemed to me that my brain was always at play, and the things I learned just leaped into my mind. One of my playmates, as I recall, had to work so long and so arduously, to acquire the conjugations, that it was painful to watch him. He gave us the impression of a man chopping wood, the perspiration streaming from his face: it was as though, by hacking away with the repetitions, he could hack a way into his own brain. And he had to repeat the same process with every verb separately. But the trick of the rule, the secret of the principle, came to me so simply and so easily that the separate verbs lost all terror for me. They were like tamed horses, all ready to be put under the same yoke.

'In grammar it was the logical faculty which played the main rôle; but in Bible study it was the psychological factor. Here too I went much deeper in my studies than my schoolmates. I looked, as it were, for the "rule" and the "principle" of the story—the inner connection and not the individual parts. The words were bricks, the verses were lines of bricks, but that was an invisible mortar which held everything together and permitted no changes or substitutions. I never studied the Pentateuch and the Bible with the express intention of knowing them by heart as I did. It was not memory

which played the chief rôle, but the logical indices to the text, worked out in my own mind.

'Back of the faculty which helped me to learn and to remember much without putting myself under an undue strain, was my living relationship to all that surrounded me, and particularly to the world of nature in all its forms. I sought life in all things and found it. I remember some one telling me that stones too could grow, and that all big stones had once been little; and I was happy that one more way of life had been added in this world to others. It was always patent to me that the woods and fields lived not only in the sense of growth, but in the sense of the possession of an individual spirit, which could weep and laugh, as it could suffer and be happy. And later, when I learned the book Shirah, I found nothing forced or unnatural in the thought that the trees have their verses of praise, and the fields theirs, and so on.

'Until I came to Judah Artzer my imagination worked for itself, in a vacuum, for neither one of my first two Rebbis knew how to feed it, or cared to. They had no living relationship to the stories of the past, and where I had managed to establish a contact, it was by the brute will of the imagination. How different Judah was! He himself was given to seeing all things in a living form. He did not simply translate the stories of the Bible, but added to them a conviction and an intimacy of experience which gave them colour and passion. I heard in the Rebbi's voice a far-off ringing echo of my own being, and new strength drew me to my studies. The opening sentences of the chapters were like gates that gave upon new stretches of life.

'Until I found my new teacher my development had been determined chiefly by the small, poverty-stricken, and colourless life of Swislowitz. It is true that on occasions the things I learned in "cheder" (school), the stories I heard from my mother, and the pictures of the big world which sprang out for me from the talk of older people, did lift me out of my environment. But the illusions lasted only for a moment: there was no thread on which to string them, and they never poured themselves into a single powerful stream to carry me away. I lived the realities of Swislowitz, and I dreamed the dreams of Swislowitz, as pitiful, as meagre, as its realities.'

But even while he was still at school, the old world was passing away, and the new entering. Quill-pens were abolished:

nibs came in instead. A sign of the times to him; quills from birds, nibs from factories. And the quills were so much better suited to express individuality in writing. Nevertheless, Levin went out to meet his new world, to fight his way through the manifold and violent cross-currents of modern Jewry, an apostle of Zionism, culminating in membership of the first Duma.

When Shmarya Levin came to urge western education for himself on his parents, he found the opposition of tradition— no relative, even, of the family had ever undertaken it; and where cases had occurred in other families the students always became alienated from their families. In no western country did such a break occur between the two generations. Any Jews who became professional men-doctor, lawyer or engineerrarely retained their connection with the home religious tradi-

rarely retained their connection with the home religious tradition. The movement divided the people into two groups; an intelligentsia without a folk, a folk without an intelligentsia.

Again, in other countries, if a youngster undertakes higher education, he subserves society in the course of developing himself; becoming useful to society means becoming useful to his people. Not so with a Russian Jew. He had to identify himself and his career with an environment hostile to his people. When Shmarya Levin found himself in this predicament, he did not at first see it as part of the normal development, but as a personal tragedy.

He accounts for the intense conservatism of certain sections of Jews by the fact that the exile created a fear that all might be lost if particular ceremonies, etc., were not instituted and maintained to keep the inheritance in remembrance. For similar reasons, Jews, he says, tend to worry more about the future of their children than other parents do; the harder the outside world grew, the more solicitous the inner. And as the governments they lived under never admitted them to the benefits of whatever national philanthropies were going on, so much the more did they develop their own philanthropic organizations.

Still fresh, too, in the recollection of the older generation were the stolen Jewish children; stolen for the army and pressed

to abjure their religion; taken from home at ten years old, and kept for the army perhaps for thirty years without seeing home

or relations; persecuted if obstinate against change of religion; as, e.g., fed for a week with spiced and salted foods, with just enough water to maintain them alive and sane; and then, at the end of the week, taken into the hot room of a Turkish bath, and offered a drink of water with one hand and the Cross with the other; both or neither.

However, Levin went—went to Minsk. And again, how poor the students in Minsk were—living for months on nothing but dry bread, cheap cheese, and tea; a piece of herring was an event with them. An ordinary dinner with the poor families was to buy a herring with a kopeck, when a kopeck was worth a farthing, and half a kopeck's worth of herring juice; bringing a cup for the juice. To the juice would be added much water and little pieces of bread. But he had had a good training for this at home, and had inherited another, a by-product of pogroms. The Jews saved money on a pogrom; they fasted in protest; and however little effect the fast had, it resulted in their being better off, better off in consequence than the Gentiles; fasting was a custom in much use even with those whom poverty did not oblige to fast; Shmarya Levin's mother often fasted on her own account, to satisfy her conscience.

From Minsk he went on to Odessa and Warsaw, and elsewhere, studying and coming in contact with many varieties of Jewish life; and then went abroad for the first time—to Berlin. He speaks of the leaving Russia, 'the great prison,' as constituting a greater break for the Russian Jew than passing from any other country to any other or from continent to continent.

It was not till he returned to Russia, to Ekaterinoslav, on the Dnieper, that he came in contact, for the first time, with the Russian intelligentsia. This intercourse seems to have been due to the governor, Prince Mirsky. And the city itself, typical of the Dnieper and the Ukraine, and of its founder, Catherine the Second, embodied, for him, a magic which no other place produced, except the U.S.A.—on first acquaintance.

In both the impression was succeeded by restlessness and homesickness; but this was in his character. When mature and married, and an accepted leader, he never seems to have made good his early promise, but to have been ready to sink into

inaction and futility. He remains, apparently, to the end, partly dependent on his father for support. Perhaps he always remained too much of a liver-in-the-past, and of an orator; where he was not free to orate, he was not himself.

He made many friends; and was quick to appreciate many people; and inclined to marry several girls; but marriage, when it did come, was almost arranged for him by his sister, after several failures. He seems to have been a better enthusiast than leader; very irresolute; at one time letting himself drift into an ordinary merchant's life; and at Minsk gave himself up to the prevalent card-playing, which would often go on throughout the night and in which sharp practices and dishonesty were usual. When he engaged in work it was as propagandist. 'I was not satisfied with cold truths; I wanted truths that blazed and illumined.'

TWO 'DIVINES'

That persistence, or, at any rate, steady thoroughness, which Levin lacked was possessed to the full by two men, Richard Baxter and Alfred Loisy, whose preoccupation was with theology. Nevertheless, closer examination shows them both to have been students first, and all else afterwards. Both were predisposed towards theology rather by the accident of lifelong ill-health than by an instinct or inheritance. Consideration of such cases does, indeed, throw into relief one defect of this survey of the whole subject: a defect which I mention in the hope that some future worker in the same field may remedy it.

Right from the beginning there should have been included in the notes taken any references by each autobiographer to his health or ill-health; and an appendix added to each volume indicating the symptoms and sources and effects of both. They would have been worth having from a medical point of view, both to doctors and to victims.

Since Richard Baxter is so good an example it will be well to quote his own words concerning his experience as an invalid, as follows:

"... my bodily infirmities always caused me to lose or spend much of it (time) in motion and corporal exercises, which was

sometimes by walking, and sometimes at the plough and such country labours.

'(When Baxter was about sixteen) . . . being in expectation of death by a violent cough with spitting of blood, etc., of two years' continuance, supposed to be a deep degree of consumption, I was yet more awakened to be serious and solicitous about my soul's everlasting state. . . . Thus I was long kept with the calls of approaching death at one ear and the questionings of a doubtful conscience at the other; and since I have found that this method of God's was very wise, and no other was so like to have tended to my good.

'From the age of twenty-one till near twenty-three, my weakness was so great that I expected not to live above a year.

'In my labours at Kidderminster after my return (32-35) I did all under a languishing weakness, being seldom an hour free from pain.

'... preach as a dying man to dying men.

'I was naturally of a sound constitution, but very thin and lean and weak, and especially of a great debility of nerves. . . .

'To recite a catalogue of my pains and symptoms, from head to feet, would be a tedious interruption. . . . I am now fully satisfied that all proceeded from latent stones in my veins, occasioned by an unsuitable diet in my youth.

'I have lain in above forty years' constant weaknesses and almost constant pains, so that I never knew, heard, or read of any man that had near so much. Thirty physicians at least all called it nothing but hypochondriac flatulence and somewhat of a scorbutical malady. Great bleeding at the nose did also emaciate me. The particular symptoms were more than I can number. . . . About the year 1658 I felt both my kidneys plainly indurate like stone. But never having had a nephritic fit nor stone come from me in my life, and knowing that if that which I felt was stone, the greatness prohibited all medicine that tended to cure, I thought therefore that it was best for me to be ignorant what it was. And so far was I from melancholy that I soon forgot that I had felt it even for about fifteen years.

'Constant pain . . . renewed my suspicion of the stone . . . and feeling my lean back, both the kidneys were greatlier indurate than before, and the membrane so sore to touch, as if nothing but stone were within them.

'I have written this to mind physicians to search deeper when

they use to take up with the general hiding names of hypochondriacs and scorbutics.'

Baxter was born in 1615, and died in 1691; his autobiography ending with 1685. Until he was eighteen he lived in Shropshire. Then he paid his first visit to London, but one month of it was enough, especially when he saw a theatrical performance staged on a Sunday afternoon at the Court instead of a sermon. The first ten years of his life he spent with grandparents. But the only personal influence that seems to have counted for anything was that of his father. On the other hand, anyone who had a serious side to him could not fail to have been impressed with the country side as he knew it.

'We lived in a country that had but little preaching at all. In the village where I was born there was four readers successively in six years time, ignorant men, and two of them immoral in their lives, who were all my schoolmasters. In the village where my father lived there was a reader of about eighty years of age that never preached, and had two churches about twenty miles distant. His eyesight failing him, he said Common Prayer without book; but for the reading of the psalms and chapters he got a common thresher and day-labourer one year and a tailor another year; and at last he had a kinsman of his own (the excellentest stage-player in all the country and good gamester and good fellow) that got Orders and supplied one of his places. . . . Within a few miles of us were near a dozen more ministers that were near eighty years old apiece, and never preached; poor ignorant readers, and most of them of scandalous lives.'

He found in himself an aptitude for preaching, 'a very familiar voice and utterance,' used it, and so continued throughout his life except in so far as he was silenced by force, and ended by taking a leading part when negotiations or efforts for peace in sectarian matters were in progress. The central part of his life happened at Kidderminster. During his ministry there he obtained such an ascendancy over the residents that they came to consult him as physician, too: there being then no doctor in the town. There would often be twenty patients at his

door at a time, and the hindrance to his other duties went so far that he induced a doctor to come and settle there. Besides, he was reluctant to undertake these responsibilities for which he had no training. It was a state of things that adds some evidence in support of what George Herbert says (cf. Chapter II) of the need for a priest of that age to be a herbalist. At the church his audiences increased until five galleries were added, and his influence outside turned Kidderminster into a town reformed of its own free-will. Nonconformist extremists admitted that a parish church, used as Baxter used it, might become an instrument of godliness. He strove to create goodwill between the diverse sects and instituted monthly meetings for local ministers, the temper at which meetings becoming such that Baxter looked back to them as the main factor in constituting his Kidderminster period the happiest of his life. He preached in London, at St Dustan's, Fleet Street, until the church had to be closed because the weight of the congregation endangered the rottenness of the structure, or the weakness of the structure endangered the congregation, and after that at St Bride's. Subsequently he was forbidden to preach at the instance of the episcopal party, and for the rest of his life was subject to continual deprivation and persecution. When he lay bed-ridden with illness at the age of sixty-seven, he was distrained upon to recover f, 190, representing fines for preaching five sermons without permission. All his books and goods, even the bed he lay on, were taken, and he himself only left in the house instead of being taken to prison because he was supposed to be dying. There was no charge against him on account of the matter of his sermons. In fact, he was a supporter of the established church and had taken part in promoting the Restoration. More, Cromwell, during his term of office, had spent four hours one day trying to obtain Baxter's support, or neutrality, but I told him that we took our ancient monarchy to be a blessing and not an evil to the land.' Notwithstanding all this, distraint, etc., did not seem enough to Judge Jefferies, before whom he was brought for trial at the age of seventy. Jefferies was in favour of having him whipped through the streets.

Baxter's motives in writing autobiography were, firstly, in the spirit of seamen and travellers, who are wont to give thanks after great adventures and deliverances; secondly, in order to state a case and not to leave it to be stated by opponents when he was dead and defenceless; and thirdly, as advice to youth in times to come. He married late in life, but had no children. He never left England, nor travelled much in it: and came in contact with his fellow-men only in his capacity of minister. Character, and the formation of character by theological means, were his sole preoccupation; and his reading was chosen accordingly. Yet he succeeded marvellously well in combining the qualities of a Hebrew prophet with those of a rational and tolerant human being, though the combination must be regarded perhaps rather as a tour de force than as a success. Ill-health misdirected, warped, and hampered him. But for that, Richard Baxter might have become our Thucydides. Even as it was, as an acute, humane, trained, disinterested, intellect in touch with a variety of men belonging to all parties at the time of the Civil War, his account of what went on in the minds of men, of cross-currents and under-currents, of reasons for decisions arising out of characters, has that same finality and compre-hensiveness which are to be found in the Greek. A battle, the Plague, the Fire of London-in a few paragraphs he brings them before us as they were; as the churchyard at Acton 'like a ploughed field with graves.' And,

'It is scarce possible for people that live in a time of health and security to apprehend the dreadfulness of that pestilence. How fearful people were, thirty or forty, if not a hundred miles from London, of anything that they bought from any mercer's or draper's shop, or of any goods that were brought to them, or of any person that came to their houses. How they would shut their doors against their friends, and if a man passed over the fields, how one would avoid another, as we did in the time of wars; and how every man was a terror to another. O how sinfully unthankful are we for our quiet societies, habitations and health.

'And when the plague grew hot most of the conformable ministers fled . . . whereupon divers Nonconformists . . . when about ten thousand died in a week, resolved that no obedience to

the laws of any mortal men whosoever could justify them for neglecting of men's souls and bodies in such extremities, . . . And that when Christ shall say, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of these, ye did it not to Me," it will be a poor excuse to say, "Lord, I was forbidden by the Law."'

Here, then, supplementing his own words of himself as an invalid, are more concerning himself as minister, as student, and as a man, as modernized by Mr. Lloyd Thomas in his edition.

As Minister:

'I could not distinctly trace the workings of the Spirit upon my heart in that method which Mr. Bolton, Mr. Hooker, Mr. Rogers, and other divines describe; nor knew the time of my conversion being wrought on by the fore-mentioned degrees. But since then I understood that the soul is in too dark and passionate a plight at first to be able to keep an exact account of the order of its own operations.

'My second doubt was as aforesaid, because of the hardness of my heart or want of such lively apprehensions of things spiritual which I had about things corporal. And though I still groan under this as my sin and want, yet I now perceive that a soul in flesh doth work so much after the manner of the flesh that it much desireth sensible apprehensions; but things spiritual and distant are not so apt to work upon them, and to stir passions, as things present and sensible are; and that this is the ordinary state of a believer.

'And it much increased my peace when God's providence called me to the comforting of many others that had the same complaints. While I answered their doubts I answered my own: and the charity which I was constrained to exercise for them redounded to myself insensibly, abated my fears and procured me an increase of quietness of mind.

'(In Kidderminster). One advantage was that I came to a people that never had any awakening ministry before (but a few formal cold sermons of the curate); for if they had been hardened under a powerful ministry and been sermon-proof I should have expected less.

'I found my single life afforded me much advantage for I could the easier take my people for my children, and think all that I

had too little for them, in that I had no children of my own to tempt me to another way of using it.

. . Another help to my success was that my people were not rich. . . . And it was a great advantage to me that my neighbours were of such a trade as allowed them time enough to read or talk of holy things; for the town liveth upon the weaving of Kidderminster stuffs, and as they stand in their looms they can set a book before them or edify one another.

'We mistake men's diseases when we think there needeth nothing to cure their errors but only to bring them the evidence of truth. Alas, there are many distempers of mind to be removed before men are apt to receive evidence.

'The tenor of the Gospel predictions, precepts, promises, and threatenings are fitted to a people in a suffering state. And the graces of God in a believer are mostly suited to a state of suffering.'

As Student:

'I take not any piece of true learning to be useless.

'(In early youth). I was extremely bewitched with a love of romances, fables, and old tales, which corrupted my affections and lost my time.

'I neither understood nor relished much the doctrinal part and mystery of redemption, yet it did me good by acquainting me with the matters of fact, drawing me on to love the Bible and to search by degrees into the rest.

'Besides the Latin tongue and but a mediocrity in Greek (with a considerable trial at Hebrew long after), I had no great skill in languages. And as for mathematics, I was an utter stranger to them, and never could find in my heart to divert any studies that way. But in order to the knowledge of divinity my inclination was most to logic and metaphysics, with that part of physics which treateth of the soul.

'I could never from my first studies endure confusion; I never thought I understood anything till I could anatomise it and see the parts distinctly, and the conjunction of the parts as they make up the whole. Distinction and method seemed to me of that necessity, that without them I could not be said to know; and the disputes which forsook them or abused them seem but as incoherent dreams.

'I was fain to dig to the very foundation, and seriously to examine the reasons of Christianity and to give a hearing to all that could be said against it.

'I must needs say with Mr. Hooker that . . . the subjective certainty cannot go beyond the objective evidence; for it is caused thereby as the print on the wax is caused by that on the seal. . . . I am not so foolish as to pretend my certainty to be greater than it is merely because it is a dishonour to be less certain. . . . My certainty that I am a man is before my certainty that there is a God; my certainty that there is a God is greater than my certainty that he requireth love and holiness of his creature; my certainty of this is greater than my certainty of the life of reward and punishment hereafter; my certainty of that is greater than my certainty of the endless duration of it and of the immortality of individual souls; my certainty of the Deity is greater than my certainty of the Christian Faith; my certainty of the Christian Faith in its essentials is greater than my certainty of the perfection and infallibility of all the Holy Scriptures; my certainty of that is greater than my certainty of the meaning of many particular texts, and so of the truth of many particular doctrines or of the canonicalness of some certain books. So that as you see by what gradations my understanding doth proceed, so also that my certainty differeth as the evidences differ. And they that have attained to greater perfection and a higher degree of certainty than I should pity me and produce their evidence to help me.

'I had then a far higher opinion of learned persons and books than I have now; for what I wanted myself, I thought every reverend divine had attained and was familiarly acquainted with. And what books I understood not, by reason of the strangeness of the terms or matter, I the more admired and thought that others understood their worth. But now experience hath constrained me against my will to know that reverend learned men are imperfect, and know but little as well as I, especially those that think themselves the wisest. And the better I am acquainted with them, the more I perceive that we are all in the dark. And the more I am acquainted with holy men, that are all for heaven and pretend not much for subtleties, the more I value and honour them. And when I have studied hard to understand some abstruse admired book I have but attained the knowledge of human imperfection, and to see that the author is but a man as well as I.

'I am more and more sensible that most controversies have more need of right stating than of debating; and if my skill be increased in anything it is in that, in narrowing controversies by explication, and in separating the real from the verbal, and proving to many contenders that they differ less than they think they do.

'(The Behmenists') doctrine is to be seen in Jacob Behmen's books, by him that hath nothing else to do than to bestow a great deal of time to understand him that was not willing to be easily understood, and to know that his bombasted words do signify nothing more than before was easily known by common familiar terms.

'... as trees in the spring shoot up into branches, leaves and blossoms but in the autumn the life draws down into the root, so possibly my nature, conscious of its infirmity and decay, may find itself insufficient for numerous particles, and assurgency to the attempting of difficult things; and so my mind may retire to the root of Christian principles; and also I have often been afraid lest illrooting at first and many temptations afterwards, have made it more necessary for me than for others to retire to the root and secure my fundamentals.

'I know that every man must grow (as trees do) downwards and upwards both at once, and that the roots increase as the bulk and branches do.

'Heretofore I knew much less than now, and yet was not half so much acquainted with my ignorance. I had a great delight in the daily new discoveries which I made, and of the light which shined in upon me (like a man that cometh into a country where he never was before); but I little knew either how imperfectly I understood those very points whose discovery so much delighted me, nor how much might be said against them, nor how many things I was yet a stranger to. But now I find far greater darkness upon all things, and perceive how very little it is that we know in comparison of that which we are ignorant of, and have far meaner thoughts of my own understanding, though I must needs know that it is better furnished than it was then.

'All which (other duties) besides times of family duties, and prayer, and eating, etc., . . . leaveth me but little time for study, which hath been the greatest external affliction of all my life.

"... in my retirement at Totteridge, in a troublesome, poor, smoky, suffocating room, in the midst of daily pains of sciatica, and many worse, I set upon and finished half the elucidations of a "scheme of Creation" in the end of the year 1669 and the beginning of 1670, which cost me harder studies than anything that ever I had ever before attempted."

As a man:

- '... so mutable a thing as the mind of man would never keep itself if God were not its keeper.
- "... But the kingdom must be twelve years racked to distraction, and 1800 ministers forbidden to preach Christ's Gospel, upon pain of utter ruin... But though experience teach some that will not otherwise learn, it is sad with the world when their rulers must learn to govern them at so dear a rate; and countries, cities, churches, and the souls of men, must pay so dear for their governors' experience.

'I more than ever lament the unhappiness of the nobility, gentry, and great ones of this world, who live in such temptation to sensuality, curiosity and wasting of their time about a multitude of little things, and whose lives are too often the transcript of the sins of Sodom, pride, fullness of bread, and abundance of idleness and want of compassion to the poor. And I more value the life of the poor labouring man, but especially of him that hath neither poverty nor riches.

'I saw that he that will be loved, must love; and he that rather chooseth to be more feared than loved, must expect to be hated, or loved but diminutively. And he that will have children must be a father; and he that will be a tyrant must be contented with slaves.

'And I the more know it is sinful in me, because it is partly so in other things, even about the faults of my servants or other inferiors, if three or four times warning do no good on them, I am much tempted to despair of them, and turn them away and leave them to themselves.

'I mention all these distempers that my faults may be a warning to others to take heed, as they call on myself for repentance and watchfulness. O Lord, for the merits and sacrifice and intercession of Christ, be merciful to me a sinner and forgive my known and unknown sins.

'In my younger years my trouble for sin was most about my actual failings in thought, word or action; but now I am much more troubled for inward defects and omission or want of the vital duties or graces in the soul. My daily trouble is so much for my ignorance of God and weakness of belief, and want of greater love to God, and strangeness to him and to the life to come, and for want of a greater willingness to die, and longing to be with God in heaven.

... These wants are the greatest burden of my life, which oft maketh my life itself a burden.

'While we wrangle here in the dark, we are dying and passing to the world that will decide all our controversies. And the safest passage thither is by peaceable holiness.

'To have sinned while I preached and wrote against sin . . . doth lay me very low. . . . When God forgiveth me I cannot forgive myself, especially . . . for any rash words or deeds by which I have seemed injurious and less tender and kind that I should have been to my near and dear relations, whose love abundantly obliged me, when such are dead, . . . every sour or cross provoking word which I gave them maketh me almost unreconcilable to myself, and tells me how repentance brought some of old to pray to the dead whom they had wronged, to forgive them in the hurry of their passion.

'And though I before told the change of my judgment against provoking writings, I have had more will than skill since to avoid such. . . . Sometimes I suspect that age soureth my spirits and sometimes I am apt to think that it is long thinking and speaking of such things that maketh me weary, and less patient with others that understand them not . . . but the principal cause is a long custom of studying how to speak and write in the keenest manner to the common, ignorant and ungodly people (without which keenness to them no sermon nor book does much good), which hath so habituated me to it that I am still falling into the same with others. . . . And I have a strong natural inclination to speak of every subject just as it is, and to call a spade a spade. . . . But it is faulty . . . because whilst the readers think me angry (though I feel no passion at such times in myself) it is scandalous and a hindrance to the usefulness of what I write; and especially because . . . I know that there is some want of honour and love or tenderness to others. And therefore I repent of it, and wish all over-sharp passages were expunged from my writings, and desire forgiveness of God and man.

'I am less for a disputing way than ever, believing that it tempteth men to bend their wits, to defend their errors and oppose the truth, and hindereth usually their information.

'I have lost much of that zeal which I had to propagate any truths to others, save the mere fundamentals. When I perceive

people or ministers to think they know what indeed they do not, and to dispute those things which they never thoroughly studied, or expect I should debate the case with them, as if an hour's talk would serve instead of an acute understanding and seven years' study, I have no zeal to make them of my opinion, but an impatience of continuing discourse with them on such subjects, and am apt to be silent or to turn to something else, which (though there be some reason for it) I feel cometh from a want of zeal for the truth, and from an impatient temper of mind. I am ready to think that people should quickly understand all in a few words; and if they cannot, lazily to despair of them and leave them to themselves.'

Alfred Loisy was born in 1857: his autobiography is dated 1913. His ancestry was agricultural: entirely so on his father's side. The mother's family included some who had entered the priesthood. The ancestors had worked on monastic farms for the previous century and a half at least, and had taken over property of that kind when it was up for sale during the Revolution. The attitudes of the two parents towards religion reflected what their forefathers had done and thought. The father respected religion, practised it a little, did not object to his wife practising it more than he did. He had learnt to read but had no time for reading; he was conscious of not being competent to criticize what priests affirmed and had no respect for those who uttered opinions on subjects they were not acquainted with. He therefore remained silent. Popular superstitions brought a smile to his face, but no words.

The boy Alfred was weakly, too much so to follow an agricultural calling; unequal to handling a plough, afraid of horses. His parents were willing enough for him to continue school-studies, at which he showed great promise. Amidst these, a visiting preacher made a deep impression on him by working up to a conclusion that every Christian had not only to consider the obligation to adhere to Christian standards of living but also whether there was not something more that he could do for the service of God in the future; and, if so, how much more?

He entered the priesthood, and developed a capacity for

research work, and for formulating and imparting methods and inferences appropriate to it, which made him one of the first scholars and teachers of his time.

That work and that mentality undermined all that the chief officials of the Church regarded as essential to its authority. Endless hesitations and decisions, patience and efforts, ensued on both sides which do equal credit to both, and some strategy and tactics which did them less credit but were very natural under the circumstances. But the persistence of his subconscious qualities, derived (like Houtin's; cf. Chapter IX) from centuries of agriculture, the consciousness of the necessity of such inquiries as his, and his ideal of ministering to pressing needs, led to his being excommunicated. At fifty-one, then, he returned to his mother, assisting her in the care of her chickens and her garden; to a daily round and simple demands which had never lost their hold on his affections; and there regained freedom and peace of mind, and the ability to continue to attend to the needs of posterity.

His health was better now than it ever had been. Its precariousness had made much difference to the way he and the Church officials thought and acted. He thought he was going to die soon and they expected to live, and expected the Church to live still longer, if not undermined. It would not have been surprising if his distressing, and often critical, physical state had embittered or unbalanced him. It never did.

His doubts began at the seminary. His faith remained intact, and his assurance that the teaching was true. His idea about doubt at this stage was that it existed amongst those on whom Christian morality weighed heavily and who consequently had a personal interest in the non-existence of God and Hell. Yet teaching was continually stirring up hesitations in him as to whether this or that theorem propounded a reality. He tried to satisfy himself by study of St Thomas Aquinas on his own account. The attempt was disastrous. He received the impression that the Summa was but a vast logomachy. Instead of filling his mind, it left it all the emptier. All theology always did. As soon as he took up what he calls 'positive' studies, his peace of mind returned to him. And when someone came to teach Heb-

rew, Loisy bought a Hebrew Bible, dictionary and grammar, and when the teacher had nothing more to teach him, continued by himself. Before he was ordained sub-deacon, he was in possession of the text of the Septuagint and was comparing both texts with the 'Vulgate.' These are almost the only details he mentions which give any idea of the amount of work he got through.

By 1880 he was the youngest 'curé' in France, intent on planning a vast undertaking which should demonstrate, from history and philosophy, the truth of Catholicism. He realized later that the purpose was in truth an effort to establish that truth in his own mind.

Being transferred to the Institut Catholique at Paris to receive the most advanced intellectual training available for French priests, he was required to attend the lectures of M. Vigouroux on biblical criticism. Renan was amongst the lecturers: but it was Vigouroux who made it impossible for Loisy to remain orthodox. The lecturer's sole aim was to demonstrate the criminality of rebelling against tradition. But in criticizing criticism he drew attention to it; by inadequate refutations of the irrefutable he laid bare the weak points of the structure; and by rendering the defence of the faith deliberate he set in relief the fact that faith can only be maintained in so far as one takes it for granted. Loisy came to perceive the state of his age to be one in which two spirits were abroad and in conflict; one of routine entrenched in tradition. the other of revision based on research. He looked around for someone fit to hold the balance, to lead, to guide, to decide. He could find no such person. The bishop of Châlons assured him that if religion were not of divine origin it would most certainly have been expunged long ago under the weight of our ignorance: just as, later, when the bishop had been promoted to be a cardinal, he assured Loisy again of his interest in biblical studies; an attractive book, the Bible, he would say, but we study it, so to speak, in a close-shut room. Now and then he would try to open a window, so to speak, just a little, and he never wrote a book without endeavouring to introduce something of utility into it-without, of course, compromising

himself. And by virtue of continual prudence he had succeeded in making life quite a pleasant business. But it was no good recommending such procedure to Loisy, 'a perpendicular personality,' as a friendly opponent said of him. He could no longer consider God an historical personage, but was bent on working with and for the Church. Tradition need not be cast aside. Much that was outworn and undesirable was in daily use, but what was so to one might not be so to another. In any case, the spirit of it must be retained, and the organization. Otherwise, humanity could not be educated. If the Church was too much given to capitalizing casuistry it also did as much for devotion and uprightness, for happiness at home and peace amongst neighbours. Utopia alone could hope to broadcast morality without recourse to Christ and the Church. Science was not able to take the place of the Church.

On the one hand, the whole system needed re-casting. On the other, re-casting it was no work for a lecturer. Loisy was now (1886) lecturing in Assyrian and Hebrew, and reading the Bible throughout each year in the original texts in connection with his work; work, which, with the inferences from it, was primarily speculative without direct bearing on the conduct of life. Tenets that were unsubstantiated were nevertheless symbolic and morally efficacious. There was no occasion to uproot himself, and his own roots were in the Church. The passion for study was always regaining the upper hand. What was not admitted now would be admitted fifteen years hence; and the conclusions he had come to would have to be recognized some time or other. Thus did he reason.

But he himself had still to learn that the Church would not allow a priest to be catholic by halves, and intended, not to change with a changing world, but to dominate it. In 1894 he was forbidden to lecture and was appointed almoner of a Dominican convent, where his duties consisted in instructing little girls in the catechism. The appointment had the opposite effect of what was intended. Hitherto he had been occupied with special studies. Now he was concerned throughout the year—for five years—with daily adaptation of catholic doctrine to contemporary child-mentality. Dogmas passed unnoted over

their heads: what constituted rightness and duty they willingly absorbed. And he found that ceremonial was a means to that end. Neither did the nuns concern themselves with dogma: but rather with sacrifice. And he was left to meditate on the spectacle of the Church at a crisis, doing what it had done in crises before, resting on its oars, looking back to the past as to times when things were supposed to have been as they should be, lamenting the present, and seeing no remedy otherwise than in stricter supervision and in maintenance of tradition. By tradition was understood what had been taken over from the previous generation. He had been told that he would do better to write in Latin, so as to avoid scandalizing the laity. He answered that if Renan had been persuaded to write in Latin, it would have been bad taste on his part not to have done likewise. But, as things were, all the Latin in the world would not serve to restore their ignorance to those who had read Renan. Besides, the only reason for writing in Latin would be to instruct theologians; and would it not be an impiety to suppose they had anything to learn?

Irony was as far as he would go. Satire, insinuation, recrimination, contempt, all the stock-in-trade of controversy, he dismissed. No individual was responsible for prevalent errors; is it not inadvisable to alienate a community when one's object is to convince its members? And he was still ill. Sometimes he could no longer meditate. But his determination never weakened. Independence always remained an essential; but it never hindered his being on good terms with opponents personally, or with his popularity with his pupils. How far he would go in reply is exemplified in one instance when the moderation of the language of his lectures was pointed out to a critical superior, who commented that a smile might alter the meaning and effect of a phrase; sufficiently so as to diminish the hearers' respect for the Scriptures. Loisy's comment was if his smile could be printed as part of his lecture, it would be found that it would affect, not the Bible, but only its interpreters.

His analyses of his opponents' characters and standpoints are remarkably fair. The chief mistake lay, he came to see, in his imagining that he had the remotest chance of being understood. He had taken the Church and his life seriously: result, he had disturbed the one and wasted the other. He recognized too late that the search for the truth is perilous in the extreme for a priest; and, perhaps, no desirable occupation for a human being. Permanently old, forsaken, forgotten, unable to pray to God as to one from whom one might expect a hearing, he still found prayer a consolation considered as a method of conferring with his conscience as to what was fitting and permissible. And it was clear to him that there remained a measure of usefulness in the form originality took with him, namely, in believing it to be a valid method even in ecclesiastical history, to see clearly, and to penetrate as intimately and as fully as possible into what is implied by the evidence and the facts. He ended by seeing himself as several persons in one.

'There exists within me an old peasant who does not like changes, and who is terrified at the idea of a new home; an invalid who will be well advised not to undertake an apostolate; a student who longs for no other things than to be left at liberty to go on with his historical research-work. But there still exists in me, too, a priest who can still be hurt by unjust suspicions, and who is anxious to be a faithful servant of his Church, in conformity with his conscience.'

CHINA: KU CHIEH-KANG

But, after all, what are any of us but children in comparison with the Chinese? It is so with autobiography, too. Moreover, we are only just making a start with out knowledge of Chinese autobiography. And even that much could hardly be said but for the efforts of an American scholar, A. W. Hummel, in co-operation with the Sinological Institute of Leydon. Their joint effort consists of a translation of the autobiographical introduction to a work on ancient Chinese history by Ku Chieh-Kang, and information on the whole subject of autobiography in China; all done in a way for which we have every reason to be thankful.

Ku Chieh-Kang was born in 1893 and writes in 1926. This is not his first autobiography: he wrote another at the age of twelve. When still an infant-in-arms he displayed such an

insatiable interest in the characters of the shop-signs that the shop-keepers would exclaim that he must have absorbed them in a previous existence. However, there does not seem to be much need to look elsewhere than to his grandfather for the cause, who started early in training his eldest grandchild. As soon as he grew able to listen, the grandfather went on to explain the meaning of all the inscriptions they met with in the course of their walks, inscriptions over arches, and doorways, on bridges, etc. And when the two reached home again, the grandfather would write down all that they had seen, and speak of their history. In such a way there grew up in the boy's mind, thus early, the notion that such things had not been there from the beginning, but had been put there; and the reasons why they had been put there.

Grandfather and grandmother were expert story-tellers, and some of the servants as well; but on the whole his father's interests in literature and history seem to have had the greatest influence. At six years old the boy was reading plays, novels, and some of the easier classics, so much so that his physical development suffered permanently. At seven he was handed over to a teacher for advanced studies, so severe and violent a man that the boy became a confirmed stammerer. From eleven to thirteen he received no systematic instruction. He was left free to play, or to listen and join in with the studies of a family which seems to have been somewhat haphazard. These two years were those to which he looked back with pleasure as the time when he absorbed knowledge with greater ease than during any other period. There was hardly any kind of book he did not dip into, and buying books had become a habit. He was turning towards the study of the classics, which study, in its turn, developed into concentrating on the historical evidence contained in them. His thirst for the contents of books was such that he rarely finished one, the next and the next and the next attracting his attention endlessly. He decided on a scheme of living which included reading every book ever written, but also climbing every mountain and navigating every river, ending with death in a battle.

In 1906 all this came to an end. A grammar-school was

opened and he gained first place in the entrance-examination. The teachers exasperated him; they attempted nothing but explanation of text-books which he understood without explanation, and which he found worthless.

These were the years when the 're-awakening' of China was most apparent, culminating in the revolution of 1911. Ku Chieh-Kang was caught up into the movement, and gave himself eighteen months' experience of socialism. It was enough for him for a lifetime: he left convinced that a political career was not in his line. But the interval was far from wasted: he found he had learnt much about life and people.

In 1913, then, he entered Peking University and for two years gave himself up to unlimited enthusiasm for the theatre; years which he always reckoned as amongst the most valuable for his education. Hitherto he had regarded all such matters with contempt. Now they linked themselves up with the folklore and traditions with which he had been filled by the storytellers in the family circle at home, and with the history he had studied. This linking-up decided all his future as student. Now began the gradual formation of a plan for a history of Chinese scholarship, although the possibility of fufilling such a plan, as he equally gradually realized, implied the gathering of material by a multitude of specialists who had not yet started work and who, perhaps, had not yet been born.

But now succeeded a series of calamities. He fell ill and had to return home. His wife also fell ill and died. Worn out with illness and grief, he has no heart to continue to study, sitting idle, waiting for days and nights to pass. His grandmother is stricken with paralysis and makes demands on him which he, as eldest grandson, cannot refuse. As he sat idle, the songs the children sang about the house turned his mind again towards all that underlay folk-song, drama, and tradition, in time leading him to start work once more. But that involved journeys backwards and forwards between Peking and home, seven such journeys in a single year, conveying quantities of books on each journey. The grandmother grew worse: he has to stay at home: she dies; his insomnia returns. Six months of idleness in consequence.

At the 'modern schools' he had spent ten years in all, frittering away hour after hour to no purpose, under teachers whose teaching was so obviously all pretence that he would spend class-time reading surreptitiously, whenever possible. When that was not possible he indulged in day-dreams, which induced neurasthenia and his mind became confused and restless. After entering the University he realized that time was too valuable to be got rid of in this fashion and rebelled against it. But all around him was an organization of teachers who were only interested in drawing salaries, and students eager for nothing but diplomas. Besides his own regrets and deprivations, it was pain to him to contemplate the coming generation of Chinese being slaughtered in these institutions and coming up so willingly for the purpose.

And now that he had earned a post in the Research depart-

ment, smoke from neighbouring factories injured his health still farther until pustules were breaking out all over his body and tuberculosis threatening. He obtained four months' leave and departed, with a new wife and baby; home again, living amidst grass, trees, and flowers until these became companions to him, and himself fit for work, though still looking ten years older than his age. This was in 1923, and his chief worry was now associated with his 20,000 volumes dispersed in three places. In order to have them all at hand he moves to Peking; but here he finds himself harassed by an endless stream of visitors, due to the diversity of his interests. And the payment of salaries falls into arrears owing to the Civil War: nothing is paid but small instalments and there is no knowing when the next will come along, nor what its value will be. His poverty becomes so great that even when he can procure a book he sends a messenger for it, to avoid the misery of going in person, and seeing on the shelves books that he cannot afford. Bombing goes on overhead. In 1922 he was invited to write a school-history book which would have provided some of the much-needed money, but when the time came for the manuscript to be delivered he had got no farther forward than increasing perplexity as to what sources he could use. All that purported to be records of given periods were, to his knowledge, fictions

compiled subsequently in order to accredit theories of government prevalent at the time of writing. How fortunate must we not consider ourselves in Europe, where the truth about a country's history is plain for all to ascertain in its school textbooks, or, at any rate, in the text-books of some other country? And we need not be plagued by doubts as to whether our history is not 'ancestor-worship of the wrong kind of ancestors,' and still less 'a nightmare from which we are trying to wake up'? Every investigation of Ku Chieh-Kang's raised fresh problems. Some affected chronology, too, and unsettled the number of the year they were living in: and if it was not 4609, what was it?

He formed a plan for writing an Exposition of Spurious Literature, involving a cross-examination of all Chinese historical literature; and there was no knowing whether it would stop there.

But after the re-settlement of his personal affairs in 1924, he went ahead, up to the time of writing, with the following triple programme:

- r. Historical criticism. Sixteen subdivisions; all concerned with the collection of material, and anticipating difficulties incidental to the impoverishment of whole districts by military lawlessness, in consequence of which many scholars who were qualified to assist were having to take any employment that offered itself.
- 2. Folklore. Including folk-songs: sacrificial societies: religious systems.

He observed that the distinction between humanity and divinity seems to have been even less observed in Chinese records and ideology than elsewhere in days gone by. For instance, the god of literature had originally been a constellation, but after filling both posts simultaneously for a period was believed to have existed as a general in the tenth century A.D. The evolution of the deities was due, it became clear, to geographical influences. It was only after the introduction of Buddhism that divinity became separated from human personality and devoid, accordingly, of human desires; male and female divinities being thenceforward equipped with moral

sentiments of the most austere description 'all gay and romantic features being relegated to the realm of fox-possession and other abnormalities.'

3. Archæology. There were districts in which one only had to stir the ground with one's foot in order to bring to the surface ancient pottery, and where buried cities were known to be awaiting excavation. But the work entailed by Nos. 1 and 2 left no opportunities at present.

As it was, the contemplation of so vast an accumulation of work awaiting him dimmed his vision and set up a buzzing in his ears.

Meanwhile, the troubles of his country were afflicting him so deeply that he was simultaneously trending towards philosophy, psychology, and sociology, in the hope of discovering some underlying realities which would afford a clue to the riddles of life and the universe. But all these plans and ideals must be controlled, he concluded, by recognizing that the most a man can learn is elementary, and has very little relation to the sum of things; that the development of the inner life must be a man's chief task, and that his intellect is no more than a subsidiary means thereto.

This inner self had itself been somewhat refractory. Self-willed and intractable, emotions like flames, insisting on striving to become a creative artist and only admitting failure at the end of a tenth year; easily fatigued, irritable, nervous, liable to extreme depression when the solution of a problem is not forthcoming, hopelessly useless in the routine of daily life. He has started to master four foreign languages, but has not gone far with any one of the four. Like all his efforts, this, too, reminds him of hot-house flowers. Nevertheless,

'in my own field of historical research, my interest no longer flags, my mind is not lacking in power of discrimination, in selfconfidence, in decisiveness, in receptivity, or in perseverance.'

He has turned aside into many by-paths; but none were blind-alleys; all yielded some contribution to the general store; love of old books, theatricals, gambling, prostitution, chatting in tea-houses. It is necessary, of course, he says to give up each in turn and in time; but one cannot find the right road without searching for it. Particularly in China. There a research worker is in the position of a pioneer in the wilds, who has to build his house, provide a water supply, weave garments, etc., before he can start doing things indoors. He is always being distressed by the trivialities which social observances force on him, and driven by his environment towards becoming just one more starving man. Economics and Society lie in ambush to enslave him.

'Society does not really love me; it only wants to use me.' As when a mule is full-grown it is put to dragging loads, increased until their weight grows intolerable; then the lash is applied until he bleeds; only when he falls dead in his tracks can his work be called finished. He had to consider, moreover, whether the Chinese race is not effete, and whether it is not wisest to assume its extinction to be so inevitable and imminent that all that is required is to sit down enwrapped in pessimism and await the end.

Then there is the difficulty of earning a living. How can anyone be a scholar when he has to write several thousand words a day to gain a bare existence? Necessary journeys are out of the question. The alternative is to engage in all this empty social intercourse in order to procure favours, or to win promotion by means of intrigue.

As for all the whittling away of his beloved minor activities, miscellaneous reading, home, art, outdoors, etc., he reminds himself of a tree that has been pruned until it looks like a lamp-post. His eldest daughter, at school, writes, 'Father, won't you write me just a few lines?' And when his younger daughter wants him to correct an exercise for her, he has to wave her away and tell her to take it to her mother.

'To lose the opportunity of intimate and loving familiarity with my own children is very distressing to me.' His programme is by analysis, classification, comparison, experiment, to discover the laws of cause and effect underlying China's scattered and disordered historical materials, utilizing the

methods of physical science, if possible, as well to achieve this aim. At present, he feels like a rag-picker; physique deteriorating; harassed as if he were pursued; time gone; time being wasted; the thought of how precious time is possessing his mind and wasting more time. His mind turns to the story of the Chinese stickleback who somehow got out of the ocean and landed in a cart-rut; and, when he implored a passer-by for just a pint of water, was told there was a river not far off—why not go there? 'Oh well,' said the stickleback, 'you may just as well put me in a dried-fish shop at once.'

Meanwhile, bombing continues overhead.

However, it was the cessation of normal activities that enabled Ku Chieh-Kang to write his autobiography. And to meditate a little. Perhaps, even if the Chinese race is decadent, what about eugenics and education as means to revive it? And, in any case, those three Chinese 'immortalities'—great virtue, great deeds, great words? and the wisdom of repudiating the self that he once was in favour of the self he now is? Is not learning a gradual process, in which no miracles are to be looked for; nor luck? No results will come otherwise than by method and work: no standard to be looked for but whether a thing is so or not. 'Ought' and 'ought not' do not come into the question, any more than personal pride, or gains and losses.

Previous scholars have been weighed down by orthodoxy: he lives in a new world in which orthodoxy is a foolish game and heterodoxy a need and a privilege; and he must go forward in order to hand down what he believes and not what he half-helieves.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

A full bibliography is an impossibility. No one with acquaintance with what would be involved by such an undertaking would attempt it. In order, therefore, to compile the following supplementary bibliographical list I am obliged to have recourse to the aim that underlies these two volumes, and apply that as far as may be. May I re-state that aim in the words already used in the preface? namely, 'to establish that Autobiography and its uses constitute a source of knowledge that is unfamiliar, and to endeavour to render both of them less unfamiliar and more intelligible; and to facilitate further inquiry by those who will be better able than I am to carry such inquiry further.' Just as those books already utilized in the text are primarily quoted as examples of what remains to be explored, so, in adding to both bibliographical sources and to individual titles, I continue the same process.

First, as to sources:

MAX ARNIM: Internationale Personalbibliographie, 1850-1935; 1936. Essay and General Literature Index, 1900-33; N. York, 1934. International Bibliography of Historical Sciences; in progress. London Bibliography of the Social Sciences; 1931-2.
C. Northup: Register of Bibliographies; 1925.
Georg Schneider: Handbuch der Bibliographie; 1930.

and all similar compilations may be consulted with profit, provided the research-worker does not expect to find any specific reference to autobiography as apart from biography, in most cases. The same applies to the following examples of more specialized work (again, a few out of many):

HENRI BREMOND, Histoire littéraire du sentiment religieux en France.

Comte Henri de Castries: Les sources inédites de l'histoire du Maroc.

HAVELOCK ELLIS: Studies in the Psychology of Sex.

G. G. COULTON: A Medieval Garner.

Hakluyt Society.

Navy Records Society.

Royal Empire Society catalogue.

The scores of thousands of pages such publications contain, presenting the results of hard work and ripe thought which have not been duplicated elsewhere, will be added to by everyone who follows up any particular line of study, and each item will rarely fail to make its own contribution to an autobiographical list.

Then there are still more specialized books, namely:

JULIUS BAHLE: Der musikalische Schaffensprozess, 1936.

ERICH EBSTEIN: Aerzte Memoiren aus vier Fahrhunderten, 1923. Johann Constantin Hubler: Scriptores qui de sua ipsi vita exposuerunt, Wittenberg, 1716.

C. A. Murchison: History of Psychology in Autobiography, 1930.

M. Westphal: Die besten Memoiren, Lebenserrinerungen und Selbstbiographien aus sieben Fahrhunderten, 1893.

And perhaps it is as well to add a reference to the series called *Autobiography*, thirty-four volumes of reprints issued in London 1826–32, although it never was more than a catchpenny undertaking and contains no volume that has not been superseded since 1832—or before.

The foregoing, then, taken together with the bibliographical references already mentioned in the text and its indexes, and the titles which here follow, will be found adequate to provide any student of the subject with at least five years' well-directed occupation and training, and will give everyone specializing in any subject at least clues whereby he may be enabled to utilize the ideas which I have been suggesting. But any inquirer in the future will doubtless prefer material issued later than these two volumes of mine. In that case it will be easy for him to select, say, three, out of many European periodicals, which will, month by month, provide him with more material of the kind than he can keep abreast of. In view, however, of the number of books which I have been unable to find a place for, I am adding these titles which here follow. Many of them I have read; all are such as I have reason to believe I would attend to next if I were not going on to the third part of my undertaking, that is, as stated in the introduction, an Iberian section. These said titles are classified as follows. First, there are a few entries supplementing each chapter already written, with two exceptions. One exception is that concerning 'Adventure,' for the reason that practically all adventure is automatically autobiographical; the other is the one on 'Poetry as Autobiography,'

which is because each entry under that heading would require such detailed comment as to involve starting all over again on another chapter. It must suffice to refer to Henri Lichtenberger's study of Goethe's Pandora and that of the Marienbad Elegy by G. Bianquis, both included in the Études concerning Goethe by the Université de Strasbourg in 1932, as rather out-of-the-way items, and likewise as models of their kind; and also to the anthologies of foreign poetry, which are issued more freely in France than elsewhere. When each of the other chapters has been supplemented in this way, there follow two more groups; one by women, the other by men. The former, with the exception of Margery Kempe, illustrate the wider activities of women in recent years; the latter range more widely in date, and are primarily historical in character. Each entry is illustrative, in one of the more commonly known languages, of something which is different from what has already been spoken of and is also too varied in character to be precisely classified. Where no place of publication is mentioned, 'London' is to be understood; and where no indication of the date of the writer is given, he is to be understood as belonging to the last hundred years. Further details, appropriate to scientific bibliography, are not required, since I am not writing for bibliophiles, but solely in order that the reading-public may be enabled to give orders to booksellers, or to identify entries in library catalogues. All books which seem to be written primarily for cash or notoriety are excluded, and preference is given to the lesser known without excluding the better known when the latter possess an unexpected value.

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